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BY THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES

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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON,

HIS COURT AND FAMILY

BY

THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES,
(MADAME JUNOT.)

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON,

His Court, and Family.

CHAPTER I.

Our Russian and English friends—M. von Cobentzel's travelling costume—French Institute—Messieurs Denon and Millin—David the painter—The steam-pumps of the brothers Perrier—Mirabeau and Beaumarchais—The museum of the Louvre—The Committee of Public Instruction—M. Denon, and the old paintings—Original drawings of the great masters—The gallery of Apollo—Visit to M. Charles the philosopher—The camera obscura, and M. von Cobentzel's secretary—Mademoiselle Chameroy—Scene at Saint Roch—Napoleon's anger—The Archbishop of Paris—The cabinet of medals—The National Library—Its rich contents—Charitable institutions—The barriers round Paris.

In compliance with the expressed wish of the First Consul, several English and Russian friends were invited, to their great satisfaction, to join all our excursions, to view the objects of art; and M. von Cobentzel, hearing that intruders were admitted, begged to be included among the elect, and was not refused. The recollection of his travelling costume affords me, even now, a degree of that hilarity with which my young mind first scanned it. He arrived at my house at twelve o'clock, accoutred like Baptiste the younger, in the *Orator thwarted*, with the exception of the helmet, the absence of which was fully redeemed by a little turned up three-cornered hat, and all this preparation was for a ride, not to the valley of Montmorency, but to the Rue de Richelieu, or the Louvre. He proved, however, the best and most agreeable of companions on such occasions, for he was remarkably well informed, and could converse with interest on all scientific subjects. Among our most intelligent and most polite

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guides were Millin, Denon, the Abbé Sicard, who was at the head of the institution of the blind, M. Lenoir of the Museum of the Petits Augustins, and Reigner, Director of the Armoury.

David was also one of our most useful cicerones. Although he and Robert did not very cleverly understand each other's vernacular tongue, they were both versed in the language of science, which needed no interpreter between them. I indulged a few moments of pride in the triumph of French talent over foreign prepossession. The name of David produced at first rather a singular effect; but the mist of prejudice speedily dispersed in presence of the head of our regenerated school, and David was not only received, but sought after by all that was noble or enlightened in Paris, even from the most distant lands. It was, however, in his own gallery that the victory was completed. His Belisarius was there to be retouched, which is not the less a fine picture for being somewhat inferior to Gérard's. There is poetry in the old soldier recoiling with surprise and pity at the sight of his aged General, blind, and soliciting alms. It must, I think, have been this picture which inspired Le Mercier's admirable cantata, for I can call it nothing else, which Garat has so finely set to music.

We visited the *Gobelins** and other manufactures of Paris, and extended our excursions to some leagues distance, to Jouy, Virginie, Versailles, &c., and amongst other curiosities the steam-engine of Chaillot, called the Perrier waters, which Paris owed to the skill of two brothers of that name in 1778.

A circumstance, not generally known, relating to the Perrier waters, is the controversy between two highly celebrated men on the subject of the original company's proceedings. Beaumarchais and Mirabeau were the parties in this paper war, which degenerated into virulence and abuse for want of temper on both sides; not content with carrying it through the medium of the journals, pamphlets were circulated, which are now extremely scarce, and not to be met with at all in the shops. Mirabeau accused Beaumarchais of making a stock-jobbing affair of it. The fact is, that several proprietors having treated with the government, the latter came into sole possession, and the pumps were placed under the direction of public functionaries.

* It has been generally said that this establishment was first instituted by Colbert, the Minister of Louis XIV. This, however, is a mistake. *Jean Gobelin* had a manufactory on the same site as the present, about the year 1400, and chose this spot, as well as many other dyers, owing to the excellent quality of a small stream, the Biévre, for the purposes of dyeing woollen goods. This man realized a fortune, and added considerably to his premises. Subsequently Colbert purchased the whole, and it then became a royal manufactory.

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One of our earliest visits was paid, as may be supposed, to the museum of paintings, which, independently of the curiosity so admirable a collection (then the finest in the world) must universally inspire, was moreover a novelty to the French themselves; as the gallery had been but a very short time adorned with those numerous *chefs d'œuvre* that we had conquered from barbarism and indifference, and in many instances, as I shall presently prove, from approaching and total ruin.

The establishment of the museum of painting and sculpture, in the situation it now so beneficially occupies, is due to M. Thibeaudeau, who, in 1702, was a member of the committee of public instruction, where his voice was as influential as it deserved to be; and the convention, in compliance with the report of that committee, ordered the establishment of a national museum, and fixed the 10th of August in that year for its opening.

On the first opening of the gallery of the Louvre for the reception of works of art, nearly five hundred and fifty paintings, by the first masters of every school, were deposited in it; but it was not till 1798 that the museum was enriched by that profusion of inestimable treasures of art, from Italy, Piedmont, Holland, and the Netherlands, which rendered it the first in Europe. In the spring of 1800, they were opened to general inspection, but the restoration of such works as had sustained injury was not completed till 1801, when we were at length enabled fully to enjoy the rich fruits of our various conquests. Denon had himself restored many of the finest productions to more than their pristine virtue, these were yet in the grand saloon of the Louvre, waiting to be placed in the gallery, where they were to make an incalculable addition to the value of the treasures already committed to his charge.

The Institute had published notices of the paintings exhibited, and Denon, though a contributor to that catalogue, had himself compiled a similar one. Both contained curious details respecting the pictures and their adventures. The walls of the gallery then displayed twelve hundred and forty pictures, by the first masters, and of all the schools.

The gallery of Apollo had been opened to the public a few days previous to our visit, and contained a new treasure, consisting of original drawings, not only of French painters but of all the Italian schools. There we contemplated the first ideas of Raphael, Carlo Maratti, Michel Angelo, Buonarotti, Leonardo da Vinci, Corregio, Guercini, the three Caraccis, Julio Romano, Perrugino, Tintoretto, and a number of other illustrious names. Denon told me that this

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gallery had always been dedicated to drawings which, however, till the resurrection of our museum, remained nearly in obscurity, though amounting in number to more than eleven thousand, principally by Lebrun, Jabach, Lesueur, Lanoue, Poussin, and others whose slightest efforts are deserving of attentive study.

There were, however, but few drawings of the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools. Amidst that profusion, where the eye, fatigued with the beauties and wonders of the Italian school, reckoned more than three hundred original drawings of each of the famous painters I have mentioned, but one could be found of Rembrandt's, one by Ruysdael, and three by Teniers, so fertile in the productions of his easel. At that time we had only one drawing by Van Huysum; Rubens alone produced seventeen or eighteen.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the rarities that enriched the gallery of Apollo! Magnificent tables of the finest mosaic, ancient bronzes, Etruscan vases, etc.; and in the adjoining room how many precious curiosities were deposited!

The museum of armoury was not in existence at the time of our rambles, but was already commenced under the superintendence of M. Reigner, and we were shown at his house a number of singular curiosities; such as a small missal, enclosing a pistol; an ancient emblazonment partly effaced, was still sufficiently distinct to indicate its having been formerly the property of a high dignitary of the church. M. Reigner had already amassed a large collection of rare and curious arms, which his care had preserved from the revolutionary wreck. Many notable articles from the château of Chantilly, and the royal wardrobe, were in his possession. The armour of Joan of Arc and Charles the Bold were also among these treasures of antiquity. Joan's armour was not complete, yet the weight of the remaining portion amounted to sixty-six pounds. This feminine panoply was of most singular construction, uniting the uttermost extremes of deficiency in safety and ingenuity to avoid fatigue. I know not whether Agnes Sorel was attired in similar armour, when on her white palfrey she occasionally followed her royal paramour to the field.

During a visit we paid to M. Charles, a scientific man, who had constructed in the upper story of his house a magnificent camera obscura, a ludicrous incident occurred.

M. von Cobentzel had solicited the addition of one of his private secretaries to our party, for the purpose of taking notes of all that passed under our observation; and he desired the poor secretary to go down to the court, walk twice across it, and when in the middle to

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take off his hat and make us his best bow. The unfortunate wight, who did not much like the part he was to perform, set out with all the reluctance of a jaded horse. To descend two or three hundred steps, then mount again, and afterwards return by the same circuitous route, and all for the simple purpose of making a genuflexion, was not indeed calculated to afford much diversion to the actor: but he would have been amply repaid could he have witnessed the intense delight of M. von Cobentzel. No sooner did he perceive his man at the extreme point of vision, than he broke into the most joyous exclamations. As he advanced, the raptures increased; but when at length the secretary, faithful to his injunctions, stopped in the middle of the court and made us his three obeisances, civilly taking off his hat, as every man who knows how to salute is in duty bound to do, oh! then M. Von Cobentzel screamed with delight, as children do the first time they see the magic lantern—clapped his hands, danced, and returned the salutations of the secretary, addressing him in German; in truth, it must be confessed, in extenuation of his absurdity, that it was not a little amusing to see before us, at the distance of a hundred and fifty or a hundred and eighty feet, a little figure offering to our view, not a resemblance, but the very identity of a person who, but the moment before, was of our party. About this time an event occurred which made much noise at Paris. Mademoiselle Chameroy, a famous dancer, had died in childbed, greatly lamented by Vestris. The Curé of St. Roch deemed the profession of the deceased and the mode of her death doubly scandalous, and in all charity refused her admission within the pale of the church.

The people of Paris were not yet, as in 1816, replaced under the ecclesiastic sceptre; they were discontented; the Curé did but augment the evil by grounding his refusal on facts injurious to the memory of the unhappy deceased; the storm had begun to threaten when it was dispersed by Dazincourt, who acted in this emergency with courage and firmness, and succeeded in preventing a scandal still greater than that which the Curé sought to avoid, for the people were beginning to talk of forcing the church doors. Dazincourt prevailed on them to carry the body to the church belonging to the convent of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, where the functionary performed the funeral service, and the matter terminated.

Not so the First Consul's displeasure; his recent restitution of the clergy to their churches, and provision for their support, was accompanied by the implied condition that intolerance and fanaticism should be expunged from their creed; and a sort of hostile declaration on their part, following so closely upon the recovery of their

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immunities, extorted a frown, and excited him to let fall some of those expressions which never escaped him but when he was violently agitated. "They were foolish to insist," said he, in the presence of a large company; "if the Curé of St. Roch was determined to create scandal, they should have carried the corpse straight to the cemetery, and induced the first wise and tolerant priest who passed near to bless the grave; there are still many good ones. The Archbishop of Paris, for instance! He is a worthy clergyman. What a venerable old age is his! That man may say within himself,

"'I have attained this advanced age, without having injured any one: I have never done any thing but good.' And do you know why? Because he acts upon the moral precepts of the gospel. Whenever, in his former diocese, he wanted alms for the poor, and a ball or fête was given in the neighbourhood, he appeared among the company to plead the cause of charity, while his heart was opened by mirth and pleasure: he knew that it was then most sensible to virtuous impressions, and his austerity did not take alarm at the tune of a dance. Yes, he is a worthy priest."

The Curé of St. Roch was condemned to do penance, which was announced officially to his parishioners in the Moniteur. The latter article is in a peculiarity of style which betrays the hand, or at least the mind of the First Consul; those who intimately knew him will recognise the turn of his peculiar phraseology in the following copy: "The Curate of St. Roch, in a temporary forgetfulness of reason, has refused to pray for Mademoiselle Chameroy, and to admit her remains within the church. One of his colleagues, a sensible man, versed in the true morality of the gospel, received the body into the church of the Filles-St.-Thomas, where the service was performed with all the usual solemnities. The Archbishop has ordered the Curé of St. Roch three months' suspension, to remind him that Jesus Christ commands us to pray even for our enemies; and in order that, recalled to a sense of his duty by meditation, he may learn that all the superstitious practices preserved by some rituals, but which, begotten in times of ignorance, or created by the over-heated imagination of zealots, degrade religion by their foolery, were proscribed by the Concordat, and by the law of the 18th Germinal."

Poor Mademoiselle Chameroy was a charming dancer, and pirouetted delightfully; but how would her reputation fall off now, if compared with Mademoiselle Taglioni! The course of the Opera has reversed that of all the other theatres; their glories are extinct while it has risen higher—but in its company and decorations only; such beautiful ballets as Psyche and the Danso-Mania, Flora and Zephy-

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rus, and many other charming compositions of the olden time, must no longer be looked for. The cabinet of medals and antiques was much less frequently visited during the Consulate, than at the present day.*

Millin, its guardian, was truly proud to usher us into his own domain, as that portion of the national library confided to his care, may be properly called. Such historical memorials of the earliest ages and of all nations, offered an interesting field of investigation, half the pleasure of which may fairly be challenged by our learned

* A slight history of the formation of the cabinet of medals will not be uninteresting here. The cabinet was not always in the royal library. It was commenced at the Louvre. Francis I., who appears to have been the first king of France who interested himself with such subjects, collected some gold and silver medals of the middle ages, not to form a cabinet, but as ornaments for his apparel, and for that purpose had them enchased in rich gold and silver filligree. He was followed by Catherine of Medicis, who brought an abundant store of such curiosities from Florence. Charles IX. increased his mother's collection by that of the learned Groslier. But the civil wars, the commotions excited by the league, produced an era of destruction that nothing could resist, and the medals were almost entirely pillaged and dispersed. The good king who succeeded, would willingly have remedied all the evils of those disastrous times: he recovered some of the stolen gems, and summoned the learned Bagarris to Paris, to superintend the cabinet of medals he intended to form. But alas! death intervened, and his son, a perfect cipher, did not concern himself with following up the plans of his predecessor. Bagarris quited Paris, carrying with him the treasures he would have contributed.

The fine cabinet of medals and antiques of the Louvre, was at length instituted by Louis XIV., that is to say by Colbert, who, far more deserving of the name of great, than his vainglorious master, augmented that rich collection by whatever treasures his extreme economy enabled him to purchase: he despatched enlightened connoisseurs into Switzerland, Italy, and Greece, to select the most valuable specimens, but it would seem that a sinister fate has invariably attended an institution which should be distinguished in the annals of science alone. In 1662 the Duke of Orleans, father of the celebrated Mademoiselle, bequeathed to the king all the rarities, medals and manuscripts, in the Château de Blois, where he resided; and Bruneau, the well-informed keeper of the collection, was appointed by Louis, conservator of the medals of the royal cabinet. In November, 1666, this unfortunate man was assassinated and robbed in the Louvre itself: and the circumstances of the crime made it apparent that the medals were the object of the assassins. The precious deposit was in consequence transferred to the royal library, which was then, as it is now, in the Rue Vivienne.

An antiquary named Vaillant enriched the cabinet of medals, by an ample harvest brought from Africa, Persia, and the most distant countries. In 1776 under the reign of Louis XVI., it acquired the immense collection of M. Pélerin, comprising many rare and precious articles, and amounting to no less than thirty thousand medals

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instructor. The medals, when we saw them in his keeping, were not yet arranged with all the care which had been bestowed on them before the disgraceful robbery of last year; but the collection already boasted sixteen hundred drawers, besides those in the middle of the room.

I cannot exactly recollect whether it was General Hitroff, aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander, then in Paris, and one of the best informed persons I have ever met with in the numismatic science, that accompanied us to the cabinet of medals, or a Germanized Dane; but whichever it was, his presence gave rise to a warm discussion respecting one of the votive bucklers found in the Rhone, upon which opinions were very much divided; the foreigner maintaining that the design represented the continence of Scipio, while Millin defended the antiquity of his buckler, declaring it to mean the restoration of Briseis to Achilles, and this opinion agrees with that of Winkelman. It weighs forty-two marks, and is six feet and a half in circumference; another is forty-three marks in weight and six feet nine inches round. The cabinet contains numerous similar pieces, but our scientific riches consisted chiefly in medals. We had many that were unique, and the nationality of such a treasure ought to have made cupidity itself tremble to covet it. The gold medallion of Justinian, which is justly at the head of the collection, is three inches in diameter. Another choice medallion, engraved with a fine head of Pescinnius Niger, is in silver. Next to this were medals of Romulus; Alexander, a tyrant in Africa; and the younger Antoninus. If this last medal has been stolen, it is an irreparable loss to art and to France, so indeed are all the others I have mentioned above.

Amongst other parts of the national library, we saw the cabinet of manuscripts, at the head of which at that time was M. Langles, containing Chinese manuscripts, those of the Arabian Tales, the thousand and one nights, so dear to all who have derived from nature a fertile and creative imagination; an immense quantity of Hebrew, Tartar, Greek, and Latin manuscripts, and amongst them perfect copies of Propertius, Catullus, Tibullus, and Sappho, and a poem by Claudian, etc. It is well known that the library* now occupies the *Palais Mazarin*, and that the largest of its five rooms was formerly the Cardinal's library: it is a hundred and forty feet long

* The Royal Library contains now (1836), 800,000 printed books, 100,000 volumes of manuscript, 1,000,000 of papers relating to Natural History. During the year 1825, 15,000 volumes were added to it, and a great number of curious pamphlets. The prints are contained in 7325 portfolios, amounting to about 1,400,000

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by twenty-two in width. The ceiling was painted by Romanelli.

The cabinet of engravings, water-colour drawings, title-deeds, and genealogies is also very curious; the collection of engravings made by the Abbé Marolles, contains specimens from the year 1470, when the art was first invented, up to the present day. I would particularly recommend to the attention of visitors a collection of engravings or stamps made to illustrate an edition of Dante in the year 1481, only eleven years after the first invention of the art. At the time we thus visited, like foreign travellers, this magnificent depôt of human truth and error, the number of its printed books, as we were informed by the persons at the head of the establishment, were upwards of three hundred thousand; of the manuscripts, fifty thousand; and the cabinet of engravings might contain three hundred thousand pieces in ten thousand portfolios. We visited also the libraries of the various public edifices, but after examining that which I had so much admired, it was mere waste of time. It must certainly be admitted, that in whatever advances the interests of science, Paris is the most amply endowed city in the world.

All the charitable institutions, of which I had partly the superintendence, by virtue of Junot's office as commandant, of course attracted our attention, as well as other establishments calculated to excite curiosity; such as the Orphan Asylum, the Museum of Natural History, that temple of nature, comprising an abridgment of the universe, which the solicitous care of Messieurs Thibeaudeau and Fourcroy rescued from the general destruction of the days of terror; and to which M. Chaptal, when he rose to a place in the ministry, afforded his special protection, as belonging to the science he professed.

We dedicated one day to a survey of the barriers, those proofs of the folly of M. de Calonne, and no less of M. de Brienne, however he may have afterwards repented it. Those barriers, destined to promote the interests only of the farmers-general of the revenue, excited horrible complaints all over the city. The new enclosure appeared to its inhabitants a species of prison, and even the unnecessary and ridiculous pains bestowed on the decoration of the barriers, could not reconcile them to their confinement; but as the good citizens cannot even scold without a laugh, ballads were composed on the subject—for what do we not turn into ballads? Among other epigrams, the following was produced,

"Le mur murant Paris rend Paris murmurant."*

* This equivoque cannot be rendered in English.

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These excursions occupied altogether six weeks; the party constantly varying with the engagements of our friends, who had all occasionally other calls, some of business, others of pleasure; for my own part I have preserved to the present moment a sweet remembrance of those days which passed so rapidly, yet were so well filled.

CHAPTER II.

The First Consul's sponsorship—The eldest son of Madame Lannes, and my daughter, the first godchildren of Bonaparte—Cardinal Caprara and the Chapel of Saint-Cloud—Napoleon's ambassadors—Anecdote of the Prince Regent of England and General Andréossy, related by the First Consul—Madame Lannes, Madame Devaisne, Madame de Montesquiou and Napoleon's preferences—Lannes the Rolando of the French army—My daughter's destiny—Ceremony of Baptism at Saint-Cloud—Cardinal Caprara's cap—Baptismal gifts of the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte—Return of the army from Egypt—Bianca, the heroine of the army—M. and Madame Verdier—Anecdotes—Marmont and his wife—General Colbert—General Menou and Monsieur Maret.

The children to whom the First Consul stood sponsor with Madame Bonaparte (for he never admitted any one else to share the office with him, except, indeed, very rarely, Madame Bonaparte, the mother, and Madame Louis, his sister-in-law), were always baptized with imposing ceremony. Soon after the publication of the Concordat, several children, and amongst them my Josephine, the first goddaughter of Napoleon, and the eldest son of Madame Lannes, were waiting till the First Consul should appoint the time, to be admitted to the sacrament of regeneration. I received with pleasure an intimation to hold myself in readiness with my daughter, as in two days Cardinal Caprara, the Apostolical Nuncio, would perform the ceremony for all these little ones in the consular chapel at Saint-Cloud. I do not know whether Cardinal Caprara may be very well remembered at present; but he was one of the most crafty emissaries that ever obtained, even from the seat of Saint Peter, a temporary currency in the commerce of diplomacy. Notwithstanding the decrepitude of his mien, the weak and subdued key of his musical voice, the humility of his deportment, and the stealthy inquisitiveness of his glance; that head concealed under its gray hairs and the scarlet cap of his order, more subtlety, more cunning, more petty perfidy, than can well be imagined.

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The First Consul, at that time, liked him tolerably well, seeing in his various artifices only a source of amusement; for, as nothing could then exceed the frank simplicity of our diplomacy, the Nuncio's guarded reserve and insidious scrutiny were equally waste of time. Generals Lannes and Junot, ambassadors to Lisbon, General Beurnonville, to Madrid, General Hedouville, to St. Petersburgh, Andréossy, to London, Sebastiani, to Constantinople; all these selections, made by Napoleon from the military ranks, sufficiently proved that the missions with which they were charged required no other enforcement than the will of him from whom they derived their credentials. It is true, the national vanity suffered a little from the proceedings of some of these personages, a rather diverting register of which is in existence, exhibiting sundry infringements of courtly etiquette; notwithstanding all which this was, to my mind, the most glorious era of French diplomacy.*

* The First Consul once related an anecdote which he considered favourable to the Prince Regent's good taste, and it was very unusual for Napoleon to approve any word or act of the Prince of Wales, for whom he certainly felt no partiality, and was aware that the dislike was reciprocal.

General Andréossy had replaced M. Otto in London; the General was by no means deficient in politeness; he had been very well educated, but was unversed in the language of courts; he had entered the military service previously to the Revolution, and was then too young to have acquired, from intercourse with the best society of that day, those polished and obsequious manners which are exacted by the highest ranks in all countries. England is, perhaps, of all the nations of Europe, the most rigorous in this exaction. He was frequently in company with the Prince of Wales, then the most amiable of heirs apparent, the most liberal of men in all his notions. He frequently met the French ambassador at the Duchess of Devonshire's and other tables, where the affability, easiness of access, and apparently compliant and obliging disposition of a personage so near the throne, could not fail of giving universal satisfaction; while the profound and ceremonious respect observed by all who approached the Prince, and of which his utmost condescension never tolerated a moment's transgression, imparted to His Royal Highness's popularity a tinge of aristocratic homage, the singular effect of which cannot be thoroughly understood by a stranger to English manners. General Andréossy, who was always politely saluted by the Prince of Wales, perceiving that His Royal Highness accosted with perfect familiarity several persons, whom he (the General) considered greatly his own inferiors, imagined he might use his discretion in the article of etiquette; and chatted accordingly with the Prince in a style of easy indifference that soon became insupportable to one who prized above all things that extreme elegance and polished high-breeding of which he was the English model. Amongst his offensive familiarities, was a habit the General had contracted of always calling him *Mon Prince!* "Good God!" said he one day, to some one near him, "do pray tell General Andréossy to desist from calling me *Mon Prince!* Why, I shall be taken for a Russian Prince." To comprehend the full point of this

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But where have I been wandering? From the keen, wily, artful Cardinal Caprara, all reverential obsequiousness, coughing in the chapel of St. Cloud, in full canonicals, with his eyes, and great part of his cheeks, concealed behind an immense pair of green spectacles. A remedy, perhaps you imagine, for nearness of sight. No such thing: but fearing the penetrating look of the First Consul, that glance which was dreaded even by the most crafty, he intrenched himself behind a redoubt as the best means of escaping it. I have been told it was but a repetition of the part his Eminence had enacted at Florence during the negotiation of a treaty, in the course of the Italian wars; but Napoleon, who knew that the Cardinal was not near-sighted, rallied him so effectually, in the present instance, that the spectacles disappeared.

On the day appointed for the baptism, we all went to St. Cloud with our children. Madame Lannes and I were the two most advanced in our maternity. Her eldest son, Napoleon, now Duke de Montebello, was only a few months older than my daughter. He was a good and lovely child, and possessed a degree of sensibility very rare at so tender an age; his mother doted on him, and not only punctually fulfilled all the maternal duties imperiously enjoined by nature, but entirely devoted herself to him, with a self-denial highly meritorious in a young woman of such uncommon beauty and attractions. The First Consul professed a high esteem for her; and this was no slight distinction, for during the fourteen years of Napoleon's power, I have known but two other females, Madame Devaisne and Madame de Montesquiou, to whom he gave ostensible proofs of similar respect; though he may have felt a warmer friendship for others, to say nothing of a more tender sentiment. The conduct of Madame Lannes has on all occasions justified the preference shown her by Napoleon over the other ladies attached to his military court, who were highly affronted at seeing her seated more frequently than themselves on the right of the First Consul at table; chosen for a party of cards, at a hunt, or an excursion to Malmaison. These decided marks of favour were no doubt partly ascribable to her husband, *that Rolando of the French army*, as Napoleon called him; but those who, like myself, have intimately known Madame Lannes, can conscientiously certify that they were as much due to her own character as to the General's

repartee, it must be recollected that both France and England were at that time inundated with foreigners, especially with Russians, the greater part of whom were called my Prince, because their fathers, or perhaps their grandfathers, had been capital horsemen on the banks of the Borysthenes, or the Yaïk, the only qualification for nobility amongst the Cossacks.

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fame; and of this the Emperor gave her the strongest proof in nominating her as lady of honour to his second wife,—to her who was the object of his tenderest solicitude, and who in return conferred on him nothing but misfortunes, fetters and death.

My daughter at the period of her baptism promised all the loveliness of grace which her advancing years matured. I may be pardoned this effusion of maternal pride, for that beauty, those graces, and, I may add, those talents, and, dearest of all, those virtues, are buried beneath a religious cloister, and my child has bid adieu to the world. Napoleon used to smile at the illusion I sought to pass upon myself at that period in dressing my child as a boy. "What is your design?" inquired he one day, rather seriously, looking at my little girl, beautiful as a Cupid, in a little dark-gray sailor's jacket and black beaver hat. "What object have you in putting that child into such a dress? Do you destine her for the superlative task of regenerating her sex, and restoring the race of the Amazons?" The inflection of his voice, his smile, the expression of his eye, all indicated a degree of satire, which made me cautious in my answer. "General," replied I, "I have no intention of making a Joan of Arc of my child. The bronze circle of a helmet and its chin-piece would be a very unsuitable mounting for those pretty cheeks, where the lily and rose strive for mastery." The First Consul looked again at my daughter. "It is true that little noisy pet of yours is very pretty," said he, recollecting the circumstances of her baptism; "and if she is not to wear a helmet or set a lance in rest, I suppose it will one day be her vocation to be POPESS."

This was an allusion to an amusing little scene which took place at the time when with pride I carried my beautiful child in my arms to the baptismal font. She was then fifteen months old: the chapel, the numerous company, the clergy, and the bustle, so terrified the poor little creature, that, hiding her pretty face in my bosom, she burst into tears. She had not yet seen Cardinal Caprara; his toilet, on occasions of ceremony, was not very quickly completed. He made his entrance at length from the sacristy, as red as a ripe pomegranate; resplendent in the blaze of many pastoral and cardinal rubies, and eminent in withered ugliness sufficient to scare infantine minds accustomed only to look upon gay smiles and merry faces. As soon as Josephine saw him, I felt her cling closer to me, and tremble in my arms, her rosy cheeks turning pale as death.

When the service was nearly ended, and the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte approached the font to present the infants for the ceremony of sprinkling; "Give me your child, Madame Junot," said the First Consul, and he endeavoured to take her, but she uttered a

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piercing cry, and casting a look of anger on Napoleon, twined her little arms closer round my neck. "What a little devil! Well, then, will you please to come to me, Mademoiselle Demon?" said he to the little one. Josephine, however, did not understand his words; but seeing his hands held out to take her, and knowing that her will, whether negative or commanding, was pretty generally absolute, she raised her pretty head, fixed her bright eyes on him, and answered in her childish gibberish, "I will not." The First Consul laughed. "Well! keep her in your arms then," said he to me; "but do not cry any more," he added, threatening the child with his finger, "or else..."

But his menaces were unnecessary. Josephine, now brought nearer to the Cardinal, was no longer afraid of him, but no doubt thought him something very extraordinary; and her eyes fixed on the prelate, seemed to inquire what sort of animal he was. The Cardinal wore on his head the little black cap, resembling those of our advocates, and which is the sign or ensign that bestows and sanctifies the purple. and the object of ambition to every man who enters the ecclesiastical profession. Its whimsical form, surmounting a face no less singular, captivated Josephine in the highest degree. She murmured no more, shed not another tear, suffered the First Consul to take, and even to embrace her, and imprint several kisses on her little round cherry cheeks, without any other mark of dissatisfaction than wiping her cheek with the back of her little plump hand, after every kiss. But her large eyes were meanwhile riveted upon the person of the venerable Cardinal with an eager attention truly laughable. All at once, when no one could possibly guess what the little plague was meditating, she raised her round, fair, soft arm, and with her little hand seized and carried off the cap or *barrette* from his Eminency's head, with a scream of triumph loud enough to be heard in the courts of the castle.

The poor Cardinal, and all the assistants at the ceremony, male and female, were as much alarmed and surprised as diverted by this achievement. Josephine alone preserved her gravity. She looked at us all round with an inexpressibly comic air of triumph, and appeared determined to place the cap on her own head.—"Oh! no, my child," said the First Consul, who had at last recovered from his laughing-fit, "with your leave,—no such thing. Give me your plaything, for it is but a bauble, like so many others," added he, smiling, "and we will restore it to the Cardinal."

But Josephine was in no humour to surrender her gay prize; she would put it on my head, or on her godfather's own, but she had no

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notion of restoring it to the cranium to which it rightfully pertained, and when taken from her by force her cries were tremendous.—"Your daughter is a perfect demon," said the First Consul to Junot; "by heavens, she has as stout a voice as the most masculine boy in France; but she is very pretty,—she is really pretty." As he spoke he held her in his arms, and gazed on that captivating face, which in fact was "really very pretty." She looked at Bonaparte without resentment, and talked no more of leaving him, she even made a slight resistance when I took her from his arms. "She is my *godchild, my child*," said he, pressing her father's hand. "I hope you rely on that,—do you not, Junot?"—Junot in such moments had not a word to offer; his heart was too full. He turned a moistened eye on the First Consul, and, when able to speak, said in a faltering voice, "My General, I and all mine have long been accustomed to owe all the blessings of our existence to your bounty. My children will experience its effects, as their parents have done, and like their parents, they will devote their blood and their lives to you."

The day after my eldest daughter's baptism, Madame Bonaparte sent me a necklace, consisting of several rows of fine pearls of the size of large currants; the clasp was composed of a single pearl of the purest whiteness; to which the First Consul added a present of a different kind—no other than the receipted purchase-contract of our hotel in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, which had been paid by Napoleon's order as a baptismal gift. It cost two hundred thousand francs."

I have not taken sufficient notice of an important event that occurred about this time—the return of the army of Egypt. I was already acquainted with many of Junot's friends; but every day now witnessed the arrival of troops of brothers in arms, and companions in danger, whom Junot would run to meet, press their hands, embrace them with transport, and introduce them to me with a faltering voice. So rejoiced was he to see them return safe and sound, after escaping the sabres of the Mamelukes and the perfidy of the English. One day the servant announced that General Verdier awaited him in his cabinet, and that there was a lady with him. "By Jove,' exclaimed Junot, "that must be our dear gallant Bianca. I must run to see her. Laura, I bespeak your friendship for her; she is a charming woman." And away he flew. I had often heard of Madame Verdier, and knew, that having followed the army to Italy as a singer and actress, under the name of Bianca, she had married General Verdier, and afterwards followed her husband in the eastern campaign, where she never quitted his side. I had heard numerous traits of her ad

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mirable conduct, and had learned to esteem without knowing her; but the idea I had formed of the person by no means corresponded with the figure now introduced by Junot. My imagination had portrayed a tall masculine form, jet-black eyes, raven hair, tawny skin; and, in short, the whole semblance of a *Chevalier* d'Eon; my surprise may therefore be conceived on seeing a small, well-made, pretty, graceful woman enter the apartment, with chestnut hair, complexion rather inclining to fair than brown, pleasing manners, and a voice soft as music! Madame Verdier, in short, very rapidly gained my heart. Some portion of her history I knew almost from day to day, for she had traversed the desert in company with Junot, who had imparted to me his vivid remembrance of every thing that passed during that journey. "What!" said I, taking her delicate little hands, "could this wrist lift a sword! fire a pistol! and guide a spirited Arabian horse?"—"Oh, yes! dear Madam," answered she, with that soft inflection of voice, which in an Italian is harmony itself, "to be sure I used a sword! but, Holy Virgin! not to kill! But you know I must follow the General!"

And from the naïveté of her tone it might have been supposed it was obligatory on all wives to follow their husbands to the wars. Then she recited her fatigues in the Desert; spoke of the burning simoom, and of Junot's giving the small remains of water he had preserved, and afterwards his cloak, to shelter her from the abundant dew, and making her a seat of two cross muskets.

"*Caro, Caro!*" And she held out to him her pretty little hand, which he shook as heartily as he would have shaken her husband's. "Regard this amiable and charming woman with friendship," said Junot, addressing me. Then he told me that in crossing the Desert her horse was once a little behind; and she was hastening to rejoin her troop, when she met an unfortunate soldier afflicted with ophthalmia, which had quite destroyed his sight. The poor creature was wandering in that sea of burning sands without guidance or assistance, and gave himself up for lost. Madame Verdier approached and questioned him, and perceived with a shudder that his sight was totally lost. And no relief at hand! no possibility of procuring a guide! "Well, then! I will be your guide," said Madame Verdier. "Come here, my friend, give me your hand—there—now do not let go my horse; when you are weary you shall mount him, and I will lead you. We shall proceed more slowly, but God will protect us, no misfortune will overtake us." "Oh!" said the poor soldier, "do these sweet sounds that hear fall from an angel's voice?" "Why, my friend, I am the wife of the brave General Verdier." And the excellent woman

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said this with an accent of simplicity and nature that went to his heart.

Madame Verdier brought me that day an article, which with all my experience in perfumery, I have never since been able to procure; a large bottle of essence of roses. It was neither attar of roses, nor that rose water which we Europeans use for strengthening the eyes, but gave the perfume of an actual bunch of the living flowers in its most odoriferous species. She told me that the Egyptian women use this delicious essence, to which no other perfume bears any resemblance, when bathing. It had none of the strength of the attar of roses, which affects the head so violently, and attacks all the nerves; it was mild, sweet, enchanting. The Countess Verdier is no longer living, but the General still survives.

Among the most remarkable of the acquaintances recommended to me by Junot were; the excellent M. Desgenettes, for whom I speedily imbibed a sincere regard, that subsequent years have not diminished; General Davoust, since a Marshal, whose return had preceded that of the rest of the army by some months. He frequently visited both me and Madame Marmont, to whom I was much attached, for no sooner did she arrive from Italy, after my marriage, than Junot said to me, "Laura, Madame Marmont is the wife of the man whom, next to the First Consul, I love best in the world. I cannot pretend to direct your affections, but if Madame Marmont should inspire you with sentiments similar to those I entertain for her husband, it will make me very happy." Fortunately I found her all I could desire in a friend; and our intimacy was based, on my side, on real affection. I shall return hereafter to this amiable lady, who deserves a chapter to herself. General Joseph Lagrange, General Menou, M. Daure, the two brothers of Augustus Colbert, one of whom, now Lieutenant-general Edward Colbert, was about this time aide-de-camp to my husband, these names, and many others which friendship's memory has safely guarded, but which space will not permit me to place here, were then pronounced in my hearing with expressions of attachment and esteem. Never did I see more convincing proof of Junot's goodness of heart, than at this period of his life. His joy and emotion on again meeting his comrades were sincere and extreme. The First Consul was equally affected, but his feeling partook of that grief which the loss of a dear friend occasions; and though he never showed his dissatisfaction, I am sure he felt resentment and ill-will against General Menou. That officer owed to the good offices of M. Maret, then Secretary of State, that he was not disgraced; and also his appointment, at a later period, to the government of the provinces beyond the Alps.

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CHAPTER III.

Prolongation of Bonaparte's Consulate—Senatus Consultum—Remarkable answer and prophetic words of Napoleon—Breakfast given to Madame Bonaparte at my house in the Rue des Champs-Elysées—General Suchet and his brother—My ball, at which the First Consul was present—Present of a hundred thousand francs—Madame Bonaparte as *Erigone*—The Consulate for life—The wish of the nation—Junot's objections to the measure—His quarrel with Napoleon, and his illness—The First Consul's conversation with me at St. Cloud—His visit to Junot when ill—Junot's recovery—Rupture with England—Bad faith of the English government—Napoleon's preparations—Lord Whitworth's departure—Consternation of the English at Paris—Military preparations—Napoleon commands Junot to arrest all the English in Paris—Napoleon grossly imposed upon by false statements—Colonel Green denounced—Junot's remonstrance upon the injustice of the step—Result of his discussion with the First Consul.

It was about the same time, that is to say, returning to the spring of 1802, that the first appeal was made to Napoleon's ambition to reign, by his nomination as Consul for another ten years, after the expiration of the ten years fixed by the constitutional act of the 13th of December, 1799. Very little attention was at that time paid to this renewal or prolongation of power; and the Senatus Consultum, which appointed Napoleon Consul for life, conveyed the first warning to the French people, that they had acquired a new master. It declared that "the French Republic, desirous of retaining at the head of her government, the magistrate who had so repeatedly in Europe, and in Asia, conducted her troops to victory; who had delivered Italy; who had moreover preserved his country from the horrors of anarchy, broken the revolutionary scythe, extinguished civil discords, and given her peace; for it was he alone who had pacified the seas and the continent, restored order and morality, and re-established the authority of the law; the Republic, filled with gratitude towards General Bonaparte for these benefits, entreats him to bestow on her another ten years of that existence which she considers necessary to her happiness."

The First Consul's reply is admirably conceived in the style of true simplicity, and noble elevation; and is besides pervaded by a tincture of melancholy, the more remarkable, as the expressions are

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for the most part prophetic: "I have lived but to serve my country," replied he to the Senate,—"Fortune has smiled on the Republic; BUT FORTUNE IS INCONSTANT; AND HOW MANY MEN WHOM SHE HAS LOADED WITH HER FAVOURS, HAVE LIVED A FEW YEARS TOO LONG. AS SOON AS THE PEACE OF THE WORLD SHALL BE PROCLAIMED, THE INTEREST OF MY GLORY AND MY HAPPINESS WILL APPEAR TO POINT OUT THE TERM OF MY PUBLIC LIFE. BUT YOU CONCEIVE THAT I OWE THE PEOPLE A NEW SACRIFICE, AND I WILL MAKE IT," &c. &c.

In the present day this historical event has been the subject of much discussion. The survivors of that brilliant epoch are still numerous; and I appeal to all who like myself have preserved its remembrance and fear not to reveal it. Let them describe the enthusiasm of France; let them repeat to those who in the present day will, with unblushing audacity, assert and re-assert that Napoleon *seized power, and usurped the crown*, that usurpation consists in some hundreds of individuals, profiting by the weakness and lassitude of a nation, to impose on her an unknown yoke, through the medium of miserable intrigues which honour disavows. Let them tell the succeeding generation with what acclamations of affection Napoleon was saluted when he travelled through France. Let them relate to their children, and grandchildren, how he was received in that Vendée, watered by so many streams of French blood; that Vendée of which he had been the pacificator!

The important organic *Senatus Consultum* I have cited above, was presented to the First Consul, and his answer returned on the 6th of May, 1802 (20th Germinal of the year X.) Junot, who felt for him that passionate attachment which makes every thing a matter of ardent interest which affects the happiness or honour of its object, said to me, "We must celebrate at the same time this memorable event in the life of my General, which testifies the love of a great nation, and our gratitude to the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte for their generous favours. You must invite Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at our house, in the Rue des Champs-Elysées, before it is completed. She must see it in its present state; to wait till it is furnished would delay the project too long; would, moreover, deprive us of a new opportunity of inviting her. Arrange the matter with Madame Bonaparte, and I will undertake for the First Consul."

I waited then on Madame Bonaparte and proffered my request: she received it with extreme kindness. She was gracious whenever an opportunity allowed, and with a charm of manner that enhanced her favours. She accepted my invitation, therefore, conditionally. "Have you mentioned it to Bonaparte?" said she. I told her that

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Junot was then with the First Consul making his request, and she replied, "We must wait his answer then, for I can accept no fête or dinner without Bonaparte's special permission." This was very true; I had myself been witness to a sharp lecture she received from the First Consul for having breakfasted with a lady for whom he himself entertained the highest esteem, Madame Devaisnes, only because he had had no previous notice of it. I believe he was actuated by prudential motives, and a knowledge of Madame Bonaparte's extreme facility in accepting every thing presented to her; at the Tuileries it was difficult to approach her, as no one could visit there without authority; yet even there a few intriguing old ladies paid their respects to her regularly three or four times a week, with petitions, demands for prefectures, seats in the senate, commands of military divisions, places under the receiver-general, in short, nothing was forgotten in this long list, except the good sense which should have prevented such unbecoming interference. The First Consul was aware that her favours were so unsparingly and indiscriminately distributed, that she would sometimes make fifteen promises at a single breakfast, dinner, or fête; he was consequently extremely particular where he allowed her to go. He knew, however, that at our house, she would meet only the same persons who visited at the Tuileries.

Junot was delighted at the kindness with which the First Consul had received his request. He had granted it, but with the singular addition of desiring that no other men should join the party except Duroc and Junot, while the women were to be twenty-five. The breakfast took place, but was not honoured by the presence of the First Consul. Madame Bonaparte and Madame Louis came without him; Madame Bacciochi and Madame Murat were also present, and all my young married comrades, if I may apply that term to the wives of Junot's brothers-in-arms. Some were very agreeable, and all in the beauty of freshness and youth; so that no spectacle could be prettier than that our table exhibited, when surrounded on this occasion by from twenty-five to thirty young and cheerful faces, of which not more than one or two could be called ordinary. Madame Bonaparte was an astonishing woman, and must have formerly been extremely pretty, for though now no longer in the first bloom of youth, her personal charms were still striking. Had she but possessed teeth, I do not say ugly or pretty, but only teeth, she would certainly have outvied nearly all the ladies of the consular court.

The breakfast passed off very well. When it was disposed of, Madame Bonaparte chose to visit every part of the house, and in this amusement the morning passed rapidly away. At three, Madame

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Bonaparte proposed a ride to the Bois-de-Boulogne. General Suchet and his brother accompanied us, and did not take their leave till we re-entered Paris. During the ride, Madame Bonaparte conversed with me respecting our new establishment, and concluded by saying, that she was commissioned by the First Consul to inform Junot and myself that he presented us with the sum of a hundred thousand francs, for furnishing our house. "It is ready," added Madame Bonaparte; "Estève has orders to hold it at your disposal. For it is of no use, Bonaparte says, to give them a house unless it be made habitable."

Some time afterwards I gave a ball for my house-warming, when its newly-finished embellishments appeared to great advantage. The whole ground-floor was opened for dancing. The First Consul, whom the Republic had just called to the Consulate for life, did us the honour to be present. Madame Bonaparte had said to me the preceding day, "I am determined, in compliment to your ball, to dress in the very best taste; you shall see how charmingly I can perform my toilet." She made good her promise. She personated *Erigone*; her head was adorned with a wreath of vine-leaves, interspersed with bunches of black grapes, her robe of silver lama was trimmed with similar wreaths; her necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets were of fine pearls. Hortense accompanied her mother, and was on that occasion, as on all others and in all places, graceful and fascinating. She danced like a sylph, and I seem to see her still, slender as an aërial nymph and dressed after the antique, in a short tunic of pink crape, embroidered in silver lama, her fair head crowned with roses. I see her, as she always was, the life of the party; her gaiety, good humour, and spirit of pleasing, imparting the same qualities to all around her. The young people grouped about her, looked at her and loved her, as the crowd would now and for ever follow and love her. As for the First Consul, he insisted on seeing every part of the house, and Junot, at his desire, acted as his cicerone to the very cellars and garrets. He stayed only till one o'clock; but for him that was a very late hour, and we were proportionably grateful.

The *Senatus Consultum* requiring rather than declaring the prolongation of the Consulate, did not appear sufficiently satisfactory; another was presented to the First Consul on the 31st of July or the 1st of August. Junot went early that morning to the Tuileries, and had a long interview with the First Consul; and on his return assured me that Napoleon was still undecided whether or no he should accept the Consulate for life. It was two months after the requisition for the prolongation of the Consulate for ten years, that the nation, sensible

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of the necessity of preserving to the utmost possible extent that protection under which France had seen her prosperity revive, demanded the Consulate for life. But Napoleon, great as was his ambition, desired that the will of France should justify it. An appeal was ordered, registers opened. The citizens were at liberty to sign or not, without fear of proscription, for it is remarkable that Napoleon never revenged any political offence. Of this Moreau is a notorious proof.

"The life of a citizen belongs to his country," replied the First Consul to the deputation of the senate; "as it is the wish of the French nation that mine should be consecrated to her, I obey her will." Surely, he had a right to say that it was the will of the people, for of three millions, five hundred and seventy-seven thousand, two hundred and fifty-nine citizens, who voted freely; three millions, five hundred and sixty-eight thousand, eight hundred and ninety, gave their vote in the affirmative.

The opinions in which Junot had been educated were so entirely and purely republican, that the *Senatus Consultum* declaring Napoleon Consul for life was, by no means, so agreeable to him as might have been expected from his attachment, at a time when indifferent observers saw in this event only the present and future welfare of France. One day when we dined with the First Consul, at St. Cloud, I remarked that Junot's countenance on returning to Madame Bonaparte's drawing-room, after half an hour's interview with Napoleon, was altered and wore an expression of care. In the carriage, on our way home, he was thoughtful and melancholy; at first I asked in vain what had affected him; but eventually he told me, that having been questioned by the First Consul as to the opinion of the better circles at Paris respecting the Consulate for life, he had answered that it was entirely favourable—which was the truth; and that the First Consul had observed, thereupon, his brow becoming stern and gloomy as he spoke, "You tell me this, as if the fact had been just the reverse. Approved by all France, am I to find censors only in my dearest friends?"—"These words," said Junot, his voice failing so much that I could scarcely hear him, "these words almost broke my heart! I become my General's censor! Ah! he has forgotten Toulon!"—"But, it is impossible that the expression of your countenance should have been the sole cause of his uttering such words!" Junot was silent for some time, then, without turning towards me, said, "No; I certainly spoke of our regret—I may use the word—on reading the new *Senatus Consultum* which overthrows the constitution of the year VIII.; in reducing the tribunate to a hundred and fifty

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members! The tribunate is a body much valued by the friends of liberty and of the Republic—then the mode of election is absurd—those two candidates for the senate—in short, all this has been found great fault with in the country, particularly what has been done for the council of state." I asked Junot what he meant had been done for the council of state.

"It has been recognised as a constituted body," said he: "I told the First Consul that this measure had been ill received in many of the provinces. I have been, as I always shall be, an honest and loyal man—I shall neither betray my conscience, the interests of my country, nor those of the man whom I revere and love above all things; but I believe that I am serving him better in speaking the truth than in concealing it. I then explained, that any expression of dissatisfaction which he might have remarked upon my countenance, was not to be attributed to his nomination as Consul for life, but to the unfavourable impressions very generally produced by the numerous *Senatus Consulta*, which for the last fortnight had daily filled the columns of the Moniteur. The nomination for life of the two other consuls, is also spoken of in terms that I do not like to hear applied to any thing which relates to the First Consul. I have much friendship for one of them, and a high esteem for the other, but why should two magistrates be imposed upon the nation which certainly has not raised its voice for them as for my General? In fine, my poor Laura, I spoke as I thought, and I begin to see that we have got a court in earnest, because one can no longer speak the truth without exciting displeasure."

This journey to St. Cloud caused Junot a fit of illness. His affection for the First Consul was so great, that whatever tended to disturb it went directly to his heart. Some days afterwards I received an invitation from Madame Bonaparte to breakfast at St. Cloud, and to bring my little Josephine. I went alone, because Junot was confined to his bed by indisposition. Napoleon, it is well known, never breakfasted with Madame Bonaparte, and never appeared in her room in the morning, except occasionally, when he knew that he should meet some persons there, to whom he was desirous of speaking without exciting observation. This morning he came into the room just as we were rising from the breakfast-table, and on advancing towards us, at once descried in the midst of the group, the charming figure of my little Josephine, with her pretty light hair, curling round a face that beamed with grace and intelligence, though she was only eighteen months old. The First Consul immediately on seeing her, exclaimed, "Ah! ah! here is our god-daughter, the

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cardinaless! Good morning, n. amselle—come, look at me—there, open your eyes—Why the devil! do you know that she is prodigiously pretty—the little thing resembles her grandmother—yes, faith, she is very like poor Madame Permon. And what a pretty woman she was—she was really the most beautiful woman I ever saw." As he was saying this, he pulled the ears and nose of my little girl, who did not approve of it at all, and required some efforts on my part to pacify her.

The First Consul soon afterwards drew me aside, and inquired what was the matter with Junot. In the conversation that ensued between us, I frankly told him that my husband's indisposition resulted from his exceeding susceptibility, and that he attributed it to the dispute he had recently had with him.

The First Consul looked at me some moments without speaking —took my right hand which held my little girl upon my left arm, then suddenly rejected it with a very singular movement; seized Josephine's little white and mottled arm, kissed it, gave a pretty hard tap upon her cheek, pulled her nose, embraced her, all in a minute; then disappeared like lightning. I repeated this little scene to Junot, whom, on my return, I found very ill. He was not only morally very irritable, but his constitution itself was opposed to his reasoning tranquilly upon any thing that agitated him. His adventure at St. Cloud had totally overset him.

On the same evening, while I was watching at his bedside, to my great surprise, the First Consul made his appearance, having entered the house very quietly. His presence and the kind words he addressed to Junot, sensibly affected my husband.

He continued to walk on as he talked; while I looked at him with a fixed attention, and a smile which I could not suppress. At first he did not remark this, but in the end guessed the cause, which was the singular style of his costume, always absolutely laughable, when he assumed the dress of a private citizen. From what cause I can scarcely tell, but all the illusion of glory which surrounded him could not make his appearance imposing when not attired in military uniform. It might arise from his being wholly unaccustomed to this undress; but at all events he was totally different in it, even in its very eccentricity, from other men. On this occasion, his great-coat was of superfine cloth, and his hat was a remarkably fine beaver, but it was still of the same unfashionable make, and was set on the head in the same peculiar manner, with the difference only from his former appearance, that his hair was not powdered, and the curls had disappeared.

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"Well! Monsieur Junot," said he, after having made the tour of my apartments, the only portion of the house yet unfurnished, 'I hope this little journey round your domains has radically cured you?" Junot seized the hand which the First Consul presented to him, pressed it between both his, and wept without answering. At this moment he was neither the man of strong mind nor the courageous soldier, but a feeble child. "To prove that you are quite cured," continued the First Consul, "you will breakfast with me to-morrow at St. Cloud. Good night, my old friend. Adieu, *Madame la Commandante.*"

We attended him to the street-door. No one knew that the First Consul was in our house; he had imposed silence upon Heldt, the only one of our servants who had seen him; and it is well known that Napoleon was not one of those persons who might be disobeyed. He was right in this privacy; the knowledge of his visit would but have created jealousies: he had crossed the Tuileries on foot, and at the entrance of the Champs-Elysées, a chaise, or sort of cabriolet drawn by two horses, which Duroc generally used, was waiting for him.

Junot slept badly that night; his mind was so ardent, that happiness and sorrow were equally inimical to his bodily health. He was, however, quite recovered the next morning, went to St. Cloud, and returned perfectly enchanted. But a new storm was already threatening. Fouché, whose rank should have made him the friend, as he was the equal of his brother in arms, but who was, in fact, his most active enemy, and the more dangerous because unsuspected, took advantage of the extreme irritability of Junot's character, to which it was so easy to give a sinister colouring.

It was some time after the adventure which I have just related, that the rupture with England took place. Falsehoods of all kinds have been written upon this subject; there are many persons who, breaking the idol which they worshipped for fifteen years, do not now hesitate to tell us that his fatal ambition caused all our losses; that he despised treaties, and violated that of Amiens, because he hated Mr. Pitt. Without doubt, he was desirous of invading England. Who would attempt to deny it? But he wished to do it at a convenient time. Yes, in truth, he wished to set foot on the island. He had too many accounts to settle with haughty England, to be backward in hostility towards her; but he was not insane; and General Soult was preparing at Boulogne an army for a continental war, rather than for crossing the Straits.

The treaty was broken by England: her Carthagenian faith de-

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stroyed the parchment which promised alliance, while the heart breathed nothing but war. The First Consul was apprized of the intentions of the cabinet of St. James'. He held himself on the defensive, and took every precaution: is this deserving of reproach? No. It was the great Condé's axiom, that a great captain might be beaten, but ought never to be surprised. When, therefore, the reiterated messages of the King of England to his parliament in the winter of 1803, and the harangues of his ministers in the same parliament, spoke of war as if the cannon had already sounded, is it to be wondered that the First Consul, whom France had just charged more solemnly than ever with her interests, should watch over those interests with increased solicitude? He asks conscripts of the senate,* because the King of England has organized the militia of his kingdom; he sells Louisiana to the United States, because the capture of our ships, without any declaration of war, announces that the third punic war is about to break out, and that money will be wanted to prosecute it.

Lord Whitworth quitted Paris about the 15th of March, 1803. The greatest agitation reigned among the English who continued there. Junot, then commandant of the capital, was desirous that its tranquillity should be as well attested as its splendour: he redoubles his cares. His daily reports and those of the Count Dubois, the Prefect of the Police, and charged with the civil, as Junot was with the military superintendency of the city, contained nothing alarming; but there were men who pushed Napoleon upon a career which threatened to be fatal to him; and one of them commenced even at that time those odious manœuvres which pressed upon the Emperor like the anathema of Providence. I am about to raise a corner of a curtain, behind which is hidden numerous facts connected with the rupture with England. I know them, and ought to speak out. Many English people are still living who will understand me; and I have been assured by the Duchess of Devonshire herself, then Lady E. Foster, and by many others, that my information was correct.

The rupture was now complete, camps were formed on the borders of Picardy and Normandy, and every thing they required had been effected with the rapidity of lightning. General Mortier was sent to Hanover, and Junot, to whom his absence occasioned a great increase of labour, devoted himself to it with all the ardour with which it was his nature to serve the First Consul, whom he conceived to be, in the

* One hundred and twenty thousand conscripts were granted by the Senate during the month of April, 1803.

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present instance, chiefly concerned. One morning, at five o'clock, the day having scarcely dawned, an order arrived for Junot to attend the First Consul; he had been at work till four o'clock, and was just retired to bed, but was obliged to rise and proceed immediately to Malmaison; I waited breakfast for him, but he did not return; and at ten o'clock, a horse chasseur of the consular guard, arrived with a note for the aide-de-camp on duty, demanding to have the daily report instantly transmitted. My husband did not return till five in the evening. It will be seen that the sitting had been long; it had been more stormy still.

When Junot reached Malmaison, he found the First Consul with a ruffled countenance, contracted features, and every indication of one of those terrible agitations which could not be witnessed without trembling. "Junot," said he to his aide-de-camp, as soon as he saw him, "may I reckon upon you as my friend?—Yes, or no? no evasion."—"Yes, General."—"Well, then, you must instantly take measures for arresting ALL THE ENGLISH, WITHOUT EXCEPTION, in an hour's time. The *Temple*, *Montaigu*, *Laforce*, the *Abbaye*, there will be room in the prisons, and they must all be confined. Their government must be taught, that if it breaks the faith of treaties, confiding in its island intrenchments for impunity, it may at least be punished in that which it commits to the guardianship of an enemy who owes it no fealty! That perfidious cabinet refuses to surrender Malta! and gives for reason"—passion here checked his utterance, and he was compelled to stop to take his breath. "They give for reason, that Lucien has by my order influenced the court of Spain to dissolve the Spanish priories, and that by the terms of the treaty, the island is to be given up only on the entire reconstruction of the order. And moreover, Junot, would you believe that this power, always wily, always hostile, now pretends to except against the treaty of Amiens, averring that its stipulations were founded upon the respective circumstances of the contracting parties, at the time of its signature?" Then drawing Junot to his desk, he put into his hands two letters, importing, in effect, all that he had been just saying.

Junot was thunderstruck, not because the rupture with England was announced; it was foreseen; it had even been known some days. But these letters contained what might be construed into an excuse of the terrible measure which Napoleon had commenced. He, to whose orders he never made an objection; he, who might have said to him, "Junot, give me your life," and it would have been given, now required of him, commanded him to perform an act from which his sense of honour, as much as the liberal principles in which he had

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been educated, revolted. He stood motionless and silent. The First Consul waited some time for an answer, but seeing Junot's attitude, he proceeded as if he had not even required one, and as if an interval of ten minutes had not elapsed.

"This measure must be executed by seven o'clock this evening. I do not choose that the most insignificant theatre, or the lowest restaurateur of Paris, should this evening see an Englishman in its boxes, or at his tables."—"General," said Junot, recovering himself, "you are aware of my devoted attachment to your person and to your interests. It is this very devotedness which makes me hesitate to obey, without supplicating you, General, to take some hours for reflection upon the measure which you wish me to execute." Junot, while representing to the First Consul that he considered this measure likely to prove injurious to his interest and his glory, did so with all the deference which his conviction of Napoleon's superiority in all things could not fail to inspire. The First Consul bent his brow as he listened, and when Junot ceased speaking, exclaimed,

"Again! what, is the scene of the other day to be renewed? Lannes and you take strange liberties. Even Duroc, with his very tranquil air, thinks himself licensed to preach to me. But by heavens, gentlemen, I will let you see that I can put my cap on the wrong way. Lannes has found it out already, and I suspect is not much delighted with eating oranges at Lisbon. For yourself, Junot, do not trust so much to my friendship. The day when I doubt yours, will destroy mine."—"My General," replied Junot, deeply hurt at being misunderstood, "it is not at the moment when I am giving you the greatest possible proof of my attachment, that there is justice in talking thus to me. Ask for my blood.... ask for my life.... you are master of all that is mine.... but to command a thing which must...." "Well, proceed! what should happen to me, because I return to a faithless government the insults it heaps upon me?"—"It does not become me, my General, to decide how far your conduct may be correct; but I am sure that if it should be otherwise, it is because you are fascinated by men who give you none but mischievous advice, leading you to acts of severity."—"Who are you speaking of?"—Junot at first made no answer; he knew who the persons were who merited this character; but to accuse was repugnant to his noble heart....The First Consul, however, pressed, and Junot at length mentioned the names which were most publicly and violently animadverted upon, as evil advisers. The First Consul walked as he listened, and appeared absorbed in thought.

"Fouché," said Junot, "is my personal enemy.—It is not, however,

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from hatred towards him that I now speak, for I hate no one. Moreover I am just;—I am willing to allow to Fouché all his merits. He has talent; but he serves you, General, in a fashion which your friends would not like to adopt. He assumes, for instance, towards the emigrants, and the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Germain, the appearance of indulgence, and that, as he declares, in spite of the danger which he runs of losing your favour in so doing. I, who know there is no truth in this insinuation,—what can I think of it? But this is not all; I may also say that you are often excited to a severity foreign to your character, by reports in which there is little or no truth. With respect to other personages, one of whom, General, is near to your ear, and the other to your hand, to receive whatever falls from it, I shall say but one word.—Duroc watches like them over your safety; well, General, receive his reports .... They are those of an honest man—an honourable soldier; they contain facts." —"Nevertheless, these men are devoted to me; one of them said the other day, 'If the First Consul should order me to kill my father, I would obey.'" The First Consul as he spoke cast a sidelong glance of observation upon Junot, who immediately replied: "I know not, my General, what extent of attachment is proved by supposing you capable of commanding a son to kill his father;—but that is of little importance, for if a man is unfortunate enough to possess such feelings, he is not likely to proclaim them."

Above two years afterwards, the First Consul, then the Emperor Napoleon, in speaking to me of this scene, after my return from Portugal, told me that he was at this moment on the point of embracing Junot, so fine was the position he had taken up, in thus resisting him, his general, his chief, a man all-powerful; in thus even risking his existence:—"For, in fact," added the Emperor, smiling, "I am not very gentle, when in a passion—you know that, Madame Junot."

With respect to my husband, his conversation, or rather dispute, with the First Consul, proceeded in warm terms. He even reminded Napoleon, that at the departure of the ambassador, Lord Whitworth, solemn assurances of security had been given to the English who remained at Paris. "There are old men, women and children amongst them, my General, and many who morning and night pray for your welfare!* These are chiefly merchants,—for the upper classes have

* The number of English who at this period had a high admiration for Bonaparte was immense. Mrs. Wilmot, who was well known at Paris at this period, was an instance of the enthusiasm to which this admiration was sometimes carried; she kept men in pay purposely to inform her when he went to any of the theatres; thither she hastened, and by dint of money always suc-

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nearly all left Paris. The injury which confinement may do them is immense and irremediable. Oh, it is not for you, whose great and noble soul is capable of all good, to confound a generous nation with a perfidious cabinet. Are they necessarily identified?"—"Perhaps they should be," replied the First Consul in a gloomy tone, "but I am neither wicked nor headstrong. It is possible you may be right. —However,"—and going to his desk he took from it a paper, which he read, again and again, several times; then giving it to Junot, "Read this report," said he, "and answer, on your head, as you affect to say, answer me on your head, that persons holding such opinions can, without danger to myself, be suffered to remain at large in Paris."

Junot, while listening to the First Consul, read the paper which he had put into his hand. He was first struck by its absurdity, but next, and chiefly, by its flagrant falsehood. It was then he requested the First Consul's permission to send for the report of the day, in which he hoped to find something to refute this calumnious document,—and he was not disappointed: Junot insisted that the First Consul should cause inquiries to be made into the matter. A fact was asserted, and it was important; for it described a man having dined at a certain house, and having, when somewhat flushed with wine, used expressions insulting to the First Consul, and even committed himself so far as to speak of a new form of government, to which the death of a single person might lead; this happy state of things, which the half-inebriated Englishman wished to favour us with, we have already known, or rather forgotten, for it was the regency of the Duke of Bedford. And this is what they had the hardihood to call a report! But the most singular, or the blackest part of the business was, that this Englishman was a friend of Junot—the good Colonel Green, who, you are to observe, was an enthusiastic admirer of Napoleon. It was the same with Sir Sydney Smith; while the enemy of the First Consul, or rather of General Bonaparte, he admired him with his whole heart; and Junot, who understood this generous homage, loved him for it.

All this Junot represented to the First Consul, who said in reply: "Your language is persuasive enough, but out of all these sayings and gainsayings I gather, that you and Madame Junot have a mania

ceeded in placing herself opposite to him. This lady was a relation of Mr. Pitt, and did not sacrifice her feelings to the ties of blood; she was rich, in the prime of life, and had a husband and five children, who all shared in her sentiment for Napoleon. Lady Caroline Grenville was equally infatuated with him.

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for associating with persons who hate me. If this was not well known to be the case, such words would not be imputed to your friends." "I am ignorant, General," said Junot, "whether Colonel Green may or may not have uttered the words assigned to him by this report; though I will pledge my head that he would not so much as have imagined them; but it is your pleasure that this point should be considered doubtful. I shall therefore confine myself to a refutation of the calumny by one material fact; which is, that to have held this conversation the day before yesterday, otherwise the 1st of May, after having drank five bottles of sillery wine, which upon the face of it is impossible, it is at least necessary that he should have been at the time at Paris; which city Colonel Green quitted on the 17th of April for London, whither he was called by important business."

The First Consul looked all astonishment; "His countenance would have amused me," said Junot, "had I been in less serious circumstances; gazing on his aide-de-camp with a very peculiar expression he repeated, 'He is not in Paris!'" "He is not, General, and have the goodness to remark that this is not a mistake of a name, or accident attributable to carelessness; it is an error, and an intentional one; the multiplicity of details by which the name is surrounded proves this; even if they had not added that he is my friend!" Here with a furious oath he proceeded, "Nothing more is wanting but to have made me a party to this execrable feast, where they wished, as at that of Atreus, to drink blood."

All this scene, Junot, perhaps, related to me above a hundred times; and at this point of it described his emotion as so violent, that Napoleon came to him, took his hands, pressed them, spoke kindly to him, and at length restored him to calmer feelings. The result of this long conference, in which, towards the end, Cambacérès took part, was that the English should have certain towns for prisons, so long as they remained peaceable. "For," said the First Consul, "I only treat them according to the rules of national law: they are prisoners of war." Seeing that Junot was astonished at this declaration; "Yes," he added, "prisoners of war; do they not form a portion of the English militia?" Junot was about to reply that the English militia is a national and not a military institution, and would avail nothing in favour of the individual who should claim the rights of war as the proprietor of a militia epaulette; but he had prevailed in obtaining a relaxation of the measure of actual imprisonment, and this victory appeared to him sufficient for the present. The fact of Colonel Green's alibi contributed greatly towards that victory; Napoleon was no tyrant, had no evil dispositions, and when unclouded

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truth and reason reached his ear, it was seldom denied access. He was violently irritated against the man who had so grossly abused his confidence. He made much use of him nevertheless, raised him to a high rank, but I know, and know it too directly and positively to admit a doubt, that he NEVER esteemed him. As for Junot, his own conduct this stormy morning, honourable as it was, operated to his prejudice, by those offensive expressions which were too apt to escape him in momentary warmth of feeling. His opinion, offered with the frankness of a soldier who respects his general, yet has the courage to tell him the truth, such as he views it, was too little in harmony with Napoleon's new impressions, not to have introduced to the mind of the latter, seeds that could only be productive of evil fruits. All, however, would have gone on well, but for the number of evil disposed persons who surrounded the First Consul. I speak only of his household, for Junot had numerous friends, especially in the army. He was kind, faithful, valiant, and as susceptible as a woman; qualities which, when combined, could not fail to find an echo in the hearts which, at least in those days, composed the French phalanxes.

Of those attached to the household, I could reckon only on Duroc and Rapp as active friends; there were besides, Lemarrois, Lacuée and Lauriston, who would not injure Junot; as for Berthier, he might be a true friend, but he was inefficient! There were other men whose attachment showed that they had rightly understood Junot's character: such as Estève, and a few more, who loving the First Consul for his own sake, and for his glory, felt a sympathy for one who loved him with so much tenderness. But friendship, in the circle of a court (and the Tuileries was already one), opposes but a feeble barrier against malice and envy.

An affair that had occurred some time before at Garchi's was recalled to the First Consul's mind; the venomous poison of slander was infused into it, and it was then presented in a light attaching so much suspicion to the commandant of Paris, that Napoleon, who, though a great man, was not an angel, willing to give the command of Paris to General Murat, sent Junot to command the grenadiers assembled at Arras. The *Senatus Cousultum* for the erection of the empire, was already under consideration, and I think the First Consul was not sorry to find a pretext, for removing to a distance such of his former brothers-in-arms as still cherished the old republican notions. He knew mankind, and had no doubt that circumstances would reconcile them to what was irrevocable, but the first shock was to be avoided: that is but an idea of my own. but I believe it to be just.

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Junot, charged with the honourable task of forming that fine corps of grenadiers, set out for Arras in the winter of 1803–4. A speedy embarkation was expected, and Junot did not choose to expose me and my children to useless fatigue. I set off, therefore, at the same time for Burgundy, with my young family, to spend the interval of Junot's absence with his father and mother. But finding at the end of some weeks, that the moment of embarkation was indefinitely postponed, Junot sent M. Limoges, his secretary, to fetch me; and I accompanied him to Arras, where I took up my abode in the house which the Prince of Condé had occupied. Many remarkable events occurred in the year 1804, some of which I did not witness, being absent from Paris; but I saw the Emperor in the midst of the camp, surrounded by his soldiers, and by those generals formerly his comrades, now his subjects.

My next chapters will describe the spectacle, unique in the history of the world, which I there witnessed, of Napoleon's distribution of the crosses of the legion of honour, to the deputations of the entire French army. I saw him inspiring with adoration the conscripts just snatched from their families; I saw him overlooking those seas swept by the vessels of haughty England, pointing out to his soldiers the shining cliffs of Albion, and while decorating the veterans with the rewards of former glory, inspiring their juniors with emulation to reap fresh laurels.

CHAPTER IV.

Proud aspect of France—Letter from Duroc to Junot—Conspiracy of Moreau, Pichegru and Georges Cadoudal—The Duke d'Enghien—Drake, the English Minister, at Munich—Suspicions respecting the Duke d'Enghien—Conversation between Junot and the First Consul—Napoleon's remarks on Moreau—Conduct of Bernadotte on the 18th Brumaire—Junot's return to Arras—He receives intelligence of the death of the Duke d'Enghien—Intended expedition to England—Junot's fine division of Grenadiers—Change effected in their head-dress by Junot—Napoleon created Emperor—Davoust promoted—His peculiarities—Admiral Magon appointed to command the Fleet to be employed in the English expedition.

France, at the period to which I am now about to allude, presented an aspect unparalleled in the history of the world. The kings of Europe attentively watched her changing destiny, without forming projects to obscure the glory which, at its very dawn, appeared so

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singularly dazzling. Hatred and envy had not yet subdued the admiration excited by the colossus whose powerful hand protected our banners in those days of victory.

We had been at Arras about three months when Junot received the following letter:—"My dear Junot, If your occupations permit, write to Berthier to obtain leave of absence for four or five days. I wish particularly to see you. I will explain to you why when we meet. Do not mention that I have written to you.—Yours, Duroc. February 14th, 1804." On perusing this communication, a presentiment came across the mind of Junot. He would not even write to Berthier; and at the risk of being severely reprimanded by the First Consul, he mounted his horse; and, under the pretext of going to St. Pol, a small town a few leagues from Arras, he set off full gallop to Paris, where he arrived just at the moment of Moreau's arrest.

The conspiracy of Georges and Pichegru was a most extraordinary affair, not only on account of the mode in which it was planned and almost brought to execution, but because there was involved in it a man who had previously been an object of respect in the eyes of France, and whose character was thenceforward totally changed. This man was General Moreau. Moreau was arrested on the 15th of February, Georges Cadoudal on the 9th of March, and Pichegru on the 28th of February, 1804. The latter was immediately confined in the Temple. The affair of the Duke d'Enghien is covered with so mysterious and terrible a veil, that the hand trembles in attempting to withdraw it. But history admits of no reservation; it demands that every thing should be candidly disclosed. How various have been the versions of this unfortunate event!

In matters of this nature, without the most positive proofs of what we allege, it is very difficult to persuade others to share our conviction. I have mine, relative to the conduct of Napoleon on the occasion here referred to; but I shall not attempt to force that conviction on my readers. I shall merely observe, that among the persons by whom he was surrounded, there were some who strenuously endeavoured to make him swerve from the right course which it was his duty and his wish to have pursued. It cannot be doubted that the imperial crown, placed by the unanimous wish of France on the head of Napoleon, would have been no less solid and legitimate—that the compact agreed on between the conqueror of the sovereigns of Europe, and the men of the Republic, would have been no less sacred and indestructible—had the Duke d'Enghien never stirred from Ettenheim. But unfortunately, Bonaparte had about him men who meditated his downfall, because the spoil was already worth dividing. These men

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found it their interest to lead into error one whose own judgment never was at fault, but who unfortunately lent too ready an ear to the suggestions of those about him.

After the discovery of the conspiracy, some time elapsed before the two leaders, Georges and Pichegru, were arrested. Some papers seized by the agents of Regnier, then grand judge and minister of the police, excited fresh alarm. The investigation was pursued with renewed activity, and endeavours were made to imbue Napoleon with a degree of uneasiness and suspicion which his noble mind would not naturally have conceived. The papers above mentioned related to Mr. Drake, the English minister at the court of Munich. This man had written a letter referring to the English conspiracy, as it was called, and the letter, which contained the following passage, excited additional alarm:—"It matters little by whom the animal is overthrown. It is sufficient that you be ready to join in the chase, when the moment arrives for putting him to death." In the different reports of this conspiracy which were transmitted to Napoleon, mention was invariably made of a tall man, who had visited the places of rendezvous which were known to the police. This man was wrapped in a large cloak, and when in the street, a hat, slouched over his forehead, entirely concealed his features. He had fair hair, a pale complexion, his figure was thin and slender, and his deportment elegant. When he presented himself amidst the conspirators, none of them sat down until he desired them; and his manner, though affable and kind, was nevertheless marked by a certain degree of hauteur.

"Who can this man be?" was the question asked from the chiefs down to the subordinate agents of the police. Inquiries were set on foot in Germany, in England, and in Switzerland, and there appeared good reason to believe that the mysterious individual whom the rest of the conspirators treated with so much respect, was no other than the Duke d'Enghien. This information was communicated to the First Consul, who was also furnished with proofs that the prince occasionally absented himself for five or six days from Ettenheim. Forty-eight hours to come from Strasburg, forty-eight to stay in Paris, and forty-eight to return; thus the interval of time was accounted for. It had already been ascertained that the prince visited Paris during the events of the 18th Fructidor. When this information was laid before the First Consul, he frowned and looked thoughtful. The possibility of thus coming to brave him in the very heart of Paris, appeared not only a serious offence in itself, but one which might lead to consequences fatal to the interests of the state. I know that the determination which was drawn from him by renewed im

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portunity, was formed principally through these alarming reports.

General Pichegru was arrested on the 18th of February; but it was not until the whole affair of the Duke d'Enghien had been decided, that the mysterious personage was ascertained to have been Pichegru, and not the prince. The latter had not been in Paris, and he had spent the six days alluded to in hunting, and in amusements of a more agreeable nature than attending the meetings of conspirators in a garret or a cellar.

On his arrival in Paris, Junot found the old friends of Napoleon in a state of anxiety and alarm, in which the affection he cherished for his General made him readily participate. In his interview with the First Consul, the latter said to him, "You were wrong to leave Arras at the present moment. It is possible that this arrest, to which I have been constrained to give my assent, may produce some sensation in the army, and every one should be at his post. *My old friend*, you must set off again this afternoon; your presence will be more useful to me in Arras than in Paris." Junot looked sorrowfully at Napoleon, and represented that he had left behind him men fully competent to act in his absence. He then earnestly entreated to be allowed to join his old comrades in protecting Napoleon at the present juncture.

Napoleon remained silent for a few moments; then, advancing to Junot, he took his hand and pressed it, which, as I have already observed, was a mark of affection he rarely showed to any one. At length he said, "Junot, I understand you, my friend; and you will, I am sure, understand me when I repeat, that you will at present be more useful to me at Arras than in Paris. I am surrounded by dangers, it is true; but I have friends who will watch over my safety. And, after all," added he, smiling, "my enemies are less numerous than is imagined." "I am aware of that," replied Junot; "and I am only anxious that the few you really have should be punished. How can you, General, entertain a thought of extending mercy to men who conspire not only against you, but against their country?" "What do you mean?" inquired the First Consul in a tone of astonishment. "I mean to say, General, that I know you have resolved to solicit the legal authorities to be *indulgent* to General Moreau. You are not justified in doing this. Moreau is guilty. He is as guilty now as he was in the affair of 1797, when he sent to the Directory the papers containing the proofs of the culpability of Pichegru. He is the same man; at once a traitor to the Republic and to his old friend. He had had the papers in his possession for *several months*. This he confessed to Barthelemy. Why, then,

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did he not send them sooner? The army of Italy has been accused of not liking Moreau. This is true; but it has been alleged we did not like him because his glory rivalled ours. This is false; and the accusation is contemptible. Moreau might wear his crown of glory without its rendering ours the less brilliant or the less pure. For my own part I swear, upon my honour, that such an idea never once entered my mind. I love the Republic too well not to rejoice in seeing any one of her sons valiant and victorious."

Napoleon, who was walking up and down his cabinet with his arms crossed, had listened to Junot with profound attention, and without interrupting him even by a gesture. But when Junot uttered the words, "*I love the Republic too well*," &c., Napoleon stopped him, looked at him steadfastly, and seemed almost to interrogate him. But this movement, whatever it meant, was only of a second's duration. He again walked up and down, and merely said, "You are too severe upon Moreau. He is perfectly inefficient, absolutely nothing, except when he is at the head of an army. This is all that can be said of him." "As to his inefficiency, General, there can be no doubt of that; but his conduct as a citizen, to say nothing of him as a statesman, is such as a true patriot and a loyal soldier cannot approve. When Moreau, having learned *by ordinary means* the events of the 18th Fructidor, made a proclamation to his troops, he said, *General Pichegru has betrayed the country!* Now Pichegru was his friend. He had even served under his command. It was Pichegru who raised Moreau to his first grade in the army, who protected and maintained him."

Junot spoke with unusual warmth. Napoleon advanced towards him and said, with a smile, "You allude to the 18th Brumaire, do you not?" He smiled again, and took several pinches of snuff. "Yes, General," replied Junot, somewhat astonished at the gaiety of the First Consul. "Certainly," resumed Napoleon, "the conduct of Moreau, on that occasion, was as extraordinary as that of Bernadotte and some others. Bernadotte exclaimed loudly that *he was a republican*—that he *would not betray the Republic.* And at that time who ever thought of betraying it, save himself and two or three others invested with the republican toga, beneath which the cloak of the tyrant was better disguised than under my great-coat! As to Moreau, who, having received a dismissal as the reward of his tardy disclosures, was idling about Paris, and who possessed neither talent nor decision, I can very well appreciate his *determination* to deliver France from a corrupt government. On the 18th Brumaire he served me as any aide-de-camp, with no very good grace to be sure.

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because he had the will but not the power to be the hero of the fête. I have heard that he never forgave me for the position in which he stood, and in which he had been the means of placing himself. I am sorry for it. If it be possible that in this last affair he has joined hands with a traitor against me, rather than against the country, I pity him, but I will not revenge myself."

"But, General, let this affair take its natural course. Do not influence the judges. From the information I received within these few hours, I am convinced how necessary it is that this case should be decided with the utmost impartiality and rigour of the law. Surely, General, you would not encourage treason. . . ." "Junot," said Napoleon, grasping my husband's arm, "would you have it said that I had him put to death because I was jealous of him?"* Junot stood motionless with astonishment. The First Consul rapidly paced up and down the room, and appeared much excited; but he soon recovered himself, and advancing to Junot, made some remarks upon the fine division of grenadiers which was forming at Arras, and ended by enjoining Junot to return thither immediately. Just as Junot had opened the door to go out, Napoleon called him back, and asked him how he had learned a fact which the Moniteur had announced only that same morning, viz., the arrest of Moreau. Junot hesitated to reply, and the First Consul repeated the question in a tone of impatience. My husband then reflected that Duroc's letter could only be regarded as creditable to the writer, and he immediately presented it to Bonaparte. He read it over twice, and then returned it with a pleasing smile on his countenance, for good humour had now entirely superseded the momentary feeling of irritation. He blamed Duroc, but it was easy to perceive that his displeasure was not very severe. Indeed, he could not fail to be touched by this proof of Duroc's attachment, and in spite of all that M. Bourrienne says, Napoleon at that time felt and appreciated the devotedness he inspired.

Junot went to Duroc, and informed him that he had shown his letter to Napoleon. Then, without taking time even to call on his own sister, who resided in our hotel in the Rue Champs-Elysées, he started at full gallop for Arras, where he arrived in the middle of the following night, without his absence having been perceived by any one, except the chief officer of his staff, who was necessarily informed

* These were Napoleon's words, as reported to me by Junot. I have given the above conversation at length, because it appears to me curious and important. The last observation respecting Moreau explains the reason why he did not suffer death, which, according to the strict letter of the code, was the punishment due to his offence.

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of it. Junot's friends transmitted to him regular information of the progress of Moreau's affair. Thus we learned the arrest of Pichegru, which took place a fortnight after that of Moreau, and the capture of Georges, who was taken on the 9th of March, while driving in a cabriolet through the Rue de Tournon. Shortly after we were made acquainted with the tragical fate of the Duke d'Enghien. On the 22d of March, a person who was in the confidence of Duroc arrived at daybreak in the court-yard of the house in which we resided. He was the bearer of some despatches, which Junot hastily read. As he perused the papers, I observed him first redden, then turn pale. At length, striking his forehead with his hand, he exclaimed, "How happy it is for me that I am no longer commandant of Paris!" These despatches announced the death of the Duke d'Enghien.

The expedition to England, as it was termed, which was preparing along the coast of Normandy, in the department of the Pas de Calais, and in the ports of Holland and Belgium, proceeded with extraordinary activity. The camp of Arras, formed of the famous division of chosen grenadiers, twelve thousand men strong, and commanded by Junot, was destined to form a sort of advanced guard, and to commence the descent. I witnessed the formation of that magnificent corps, which the Emperor himself pronounced to be *almost finer than his guards.** I know the unremitting attention which Junot bestowed on those admirable troops; I saw Napoleon in the midst of them; and the recollections connected with that period are deserving of a place in these memoirs.

During the time he was at Arras, Junot effected some changes in the dress of the grenadiers, which were at that time considered very important, and subsequently extended to the whole army.

While reviewing the troops one very rainy day, he could not help remarking that the cocked hats which the men then wore, were not only very absurd, but very inconvenient. On his return home, Junot began to muse on the miserable condition of his poor grenadiers, who were drenched to the skin in consequence of the rain dripping from their cocked hats. It was Junot's wish that all troops of the line should wear either shakos or grenadier caps, and that this regulation should extend even to the cavalry, with the exception of the dragoon helmets. But a formidable difficulty presented itself, which was to get rid of queues and hair-powder in the army; for to tell the truth,

* These were Napoleon's words the first time he reviewed the troops. The guards he alluded to were subsequently called *la vielle garde*, and were the finest corps in the army.

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the introduction of cropped hair was Junot's principal object in endeavouring to reform the hats, the inconvenient form of which wonderfully aided his plan. "What an odious thing it is," said he, "to see a soldier on a rainy day, his coat covered with white greasy paste, his straggling hair tied by a knot of dirty ribbon, and his head surmounted by an ugly felt hat, which protects the wearer neither from wind, sun, nor rain! And for all this the soldier has an allowance of ten sous per week, which might be much better applied to the purchase of linen and shoes. Cropped hair, too, would be conducive both to health and cleanliness. The change is, therefore, desirable under every point of view."

Junot mentioned his scheme to the officers of his staff, and all decidedly approved of it. For a considerable time previously, cropped hair had been almost universally adopted among the officers of the army, from the general-in-chief down to the sub-lieutenant. Of all the military men who surrounded the First Consul, General Lannes and Bessières were, I believe, the only two who retained the absurd old-fashioned *coiffure*.* Junot then proceeded to Paris to confer with Napoleon on the subject, who told him that his plan was good, but that he would not have the troops constrained to cut their hair. Junot joyfully returned to Arras, and immediately proclaimed in the barracks that those soldiers who would have their hair cut off, would do what was agreeable to their general, but that no compulsion would be resorted to. Next day the hair-dressers of Arras had cut off more than two thousand queues; but in the evening there were two duels.

Junot was greatly vexed, for he foresaw that these quarrels would be made a subject of misrepresentation to Napoleon. This proved to be the case, for Junot received a letter written in Napoleon's own hand, and containing these few lines: "Junot, I approved your plan, because I conceived it to be useful; but I forbid all *Prussian measures*. I will have no improvements effected in my army either by fighting or flogging. Adieu! Bonaparte." Junot immediately wrote to the First Consul, explaining the facts as they really were, and he observed that in a camp so numerous as that which he commanded, it would be extraordinary indeed if any change, however trivial, could be effected without a few private quarrels. But Junot had vowed to bring his enterprise to a successful issue, and that without any violence.

* Lannes and Bessières, at the time here alluded to, were scarcely thirty years of age, and yet, notwithstanding the general fashion, they pertinaciously adhered to hair-powder and queues.

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He was beloved by his soldiers, and he went to their barracks and addressed them personally. As soon as they heard from his own mouth that they would displease him by resisting the proposed mea sure, there ensued, if I may so express myself, a perfect revolution. The new regulation was fully complied with before the end of the week.

We had been a few months at Arras, when one morning the Moniteur announced to us that a motion had been made in the tribunate for confiding the government of the Republic to an Emperor, and declaring the empire hereditary in the family of the First Consul Bonaparte. The senate followed the example of the tribunate and the motion was adopted. It has been alleged that Napoleon, in this most important passage of his life, made Cromwell and Augustus the models of his conduct. This is an absurd mistake. As to his choice of the title of Emperor, that title was, of all others, most congenial to the feelings of the army, while it conveyed no offence to the ears of the citizens. France, at that period, would have shuddered at the very name of *king*. The people would never have accepted a compact presented in the name of royalty.

Much is said about the tyranny, violence of temper and despotism of Napoleon—I revere, nay, even worship, his memory; but I am not so absurd as to consider him a god. He was a man, and partook of the failings of human nature. Nevertheless, to speak from my knowledge of his character, and I had the opportunity of knowing him well, I must declare my honest conviction that he possessed a noble mind, a heart forgetful of injuries, and a disposition to recompense talent wherever he found it. Perhaps, at no period did Napoleon's character appear in so exalted a light as on his elevation to the imperial authority. He had previously been the object of envious hatred, and the object of base persecution; but he forgot all at the moment when the nation invested him with supreme power. He took revenge on none; nay he even made a point of checking personal antipathies, whenever they were entertained toward individuals whose conduct had given him reason to complain. "It would be thought that I am taking revenge," replied he to Junot, who once expressed astonishment at his conferring a command on a man who was looked upon as his enemy in Egypt.

When General Davoust returned to France with the army of the East, Junot said to me, "There is an old comrade whom I should wish to see better welcomed than he will be. The First Consul does not like Davoust, because when in Egypt he associated with all those who made a point of being hostile to Bonaparte. I do not know that

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Davoust can be justly ranked among the First Consul's enemies; but it is certain that he has inspired him with an antipathy as complete as one man can entertain for another. I am the more sorry for this, inasmuch as Davoust is my comrade and a clever fellow." This dislike, of which all who were with Bonaparte in Egypt might have seen proofs, had a singular source. It originated in the personal slovenliness of Davoust, who by the way was at that time the most dirty and ill-dressed man imaginable—a fault Napoleon held in aversion, being himself always particularly neat and clean. Davoust was an intelligent man, but the First Consul did not like his dissatisfied disposition, or the sardonic smile with which he was wont to accompany an ironical compliment. In short, Bonaparte disliked him, and he took no pains to conceal his feelings. Junot and Marmont, who were the two oldest of Bonaparte's officers, and who would have wished to see Davoust well received by their General, especially as his career had not been fortunate, greeted him on his arrival with every demonstration of sincere friendship. Madame Marmont and myself, in spite of the repugnance we felt to have our carpets soiled with mud, welcomed the friend of our husbands with unfeigned cordiality.

Davoust, however, on his return contrived to ingratiate himself with Napoleon, who not only extended to him his good will, but gave him, what I suspect he valued more, employment and honours. He was appointed to a command in the guards, and he espoused the sister of General Leclerc, who two years before had been affianced to General Lannes. He then continued to advance in favour. At the time we were at Arras, Davoust commanded what was called the camp of Bruges.* An intimate friend of ours, Rear-admiral Magon, had the command of the fleet at this period. According to Napoleon's first arrangements, the Admiral was to have landed the picked division of

* Davoust in figure bore some resemblance to Napoleon, and when he began to rise in the First Consul's favour, evidently endeavoured to imitate him in dress, deportment, and manner. Certainly it was no easy task to copy Napoleon, but he had some peculiarities which Davoust managed to imitate or rather to parody: for example, his occasional *brusqueris* and severity. He had, like Bonaparte, the strange habit of saying a gracious and a rude thing all in a breath—of conveying at once a compliment and an affront: "Captain Bory," said he one day to an officer, "you are an excellent topographical draftsman, but as to Monsieur yonder, he can draw no better than a *hog*."—On another occasion he said to this same Captain Bory, "You are a good rider, you know how to mount a horse, you are an absolute Centaur, but as to him (pointing to his first aide-de-camp), he rides like an infantry officer, and when mounted, he looks like a pair of tongs."

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Arras on the coast of England. Davoust was not a marshal at the time of the formation of the camp of Bruges. Napoleon was then only Consul for life; but Davoust, like Soult, Bessières, and Mortier had the command of a portion of the consular guard.

CHAPTER V.

Creation of the Legion of Honour, and of the Grand Officers of the Empire —Napoleon reviews the troops at Arras—Inauguration of the Legion of Honour—Military ceremony at Boulogne—Madame Ney—Arrival of the Flotilla—Unlucky accident—Napoleon's vexation—Sneers in the English journals—My journey to Calais with Junot—Napoleon's curiosity—Regulations for the court dress of ladies—Anecdote of Napoleon's embroidered coat—Bonaparte's opinions upon ladies' dresses—Preparation for the Coronation—Arrival of the Pope—Description of his appearance—Amusing incident—The Pope and Cervoni.

The distribution of the crosses of the Legion of Honour took place at Boulogne, on the 15th of August, 1802. I was a witness to that ceremony, which is unique in the history of the world, and which is still so fresh in my memory. When the creation of the Legion of Honour was first proposed, it excited violent opposition. Over this opposition the First Consul triumphed, but he deemed it advisable to show some regard to deeply-rooted opinions, and to avoid lacerating wounds which time had not yet healed. For the space of two years, therefore, the Legion of Honour was not talked of. It was not until the period when the empire was declared, that the Emperor made his *classification* of the different crosses. This classification excited no small degree of surprise, for it had been supposed that the rewards would be uniform. Junot was created a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and almost immediately after, he was appointed Grand Cross. After this followed the appointment of the twenty-four Grand Officers of the Empire.

The Emperor now announced his intention of coming to review the troops. During the ten months that Junot had been at Arras, Napoleon had not even sent Berthier to him, except, perhaps, for a few hours. The Emperor wished Junot to form the corps according to his own judgment, unassisted by any directions. This, he afterwards acknowledged, was intended as an experiment on the capability

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of his old aide-de-camp. It was fortunate for Junot that he acquitted himself so satisfactorily.

The Emperor arrived on the Wednesday at noon, and took up his abode at the house of the prefect, of whom he made minute inquiries as to the manner in which the troops behaved to the country-people, and whether the grenadiers, cantoned in the little neighbouring villages, had been guilty of any pillage.

On the following day he reviewed the troops, and during the seven hours occupied by their manœuvres, he was constantly on foot. I took M. Maret's arm, and advanced to the group surrounding the Emperor. He was in the act of remounting his horse to see the troops defile. He recognised me, although I was still at some distance, and sent Colonel Lafond to ask me to advance nearer, that I might have a better view. When the evolutions were ended, I observed the Emperor directing his horse towards the place where I stood. He rode up to me, and very kindly inquired how I was, how I liked Arras, and whether I did not wish to return to Paris. To all these gracious questions, I dare say I replied very foolishly; but the fact was, I did not in the least expect such courtesy, and I was taken quite by surprise. The truth however is, that the mere embarrassment I felt at the novelty of pronouncing the words "Sire," and "Your Majesty," was the principal cause of my *gaucherie*. Maret, whose arm I held, afterwards told me, that I trembled exceedingly.

After the review, Junot and all the officers of his division, dined with the Emperor, who paid them very handsome compliments. "Junot," said he, to my husband, "mention in to-morrow's order of the day, that I am satisfied, extremely satisfied, with my brave grenadiers of Arras."

Napoleon had been Emperor about three months when he determined to inaugurate the order of the Legion of Honour, created by the law of the 19th of May, 1802. This public solemnity, which was the first that had occurred since Napoleon had enjoyed his new title, took place in the Eglise des Invalides, at Paris, on the 14th of July, 1804. It was a grand and beautiful idea to grant a military reward, or rather to consecrate it by a permanent and ostensible sign, in that venerable pile which is the last asylum of the wounded soldier. Preparations were soon made at Boulogne for another brilliant ceremony. The Emperor distributed the first crosses to the dignitaries of the order, then in Paris, on the day of the inauguration. He now wished to distribute, with due formality, those which were to supersede the arms of honour. Boulogne was chosen as the scene of this military solemnity. A short time before (on the 10th of July, 1804) the

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Emperor had revived an institution very different from that of the Legion of Honour, the bases of the latter being valour and loyalty. The department of the minister of the police was re-established, and Fouché, who had again ingratiated himself in the favour of his master, was placed at the head of this state inquisition. Every individual to whom arms of honour had been awarded received a summons to Boulogne. The camps of Saint-Omer, Bruges, Arras, Montreuil, and Amiens, sent deputations, and seventy thousand men assembled at this imposing ceremony.

Junot and I set off for Boulogne: a place was reserved for me in Berthier's *baraque*, which was the best situation for witnessing the magnificent spectacle which took place on the 15th of August. The Emperor had chosen that day with the view of celebrating at once his own birthday and the festival of his brothers in arms. Near the Tour d'Ordre, on the most elevated point of the hill, a throne was constructed, around which waved two hundred banners, that had been taken from the enemies of France. On the steps of the throne were ranged the twenty-four grand officers of the empire, whom Napoleon had selected from amongst the most distinguished military commanders.

On the throne was placed the ancient chair, known by the name of the *Fauteuil de Dagobert*, and near the Emperor was the helmet of Bayard, containing the crosses and ribbons which were to be distributed. The shield of Francis I. was also brought into requisition.

In a valley cut by the hands of nature, there were stationed sixty thousand men, in several ranks, and in *échelon*. The valley was so formed that they seemed to be ranged in an amphitheatre, and could be seen from the sea, the waves of which broke against the foot of the Tour d'Ordre, or rather at the foot of the hill on which it was erected. In front of the men was the throne, which was ascended by a few steps. There was seated, in all the splendour of his glory, the man whose genius then ruled Europe and the world. Over his head a multitude of banners, tattered by cannon-balls, and stained with blood, formed a canopy appropriate to the occasion. Though the day was fair, yet the wind blew with extreme violence, so that these trophies of victory waved in full view of several English vessels, then cruising in the straits.

I had the pleasure of meeting, on this occasion, Madame Ney, who was one of the pupils of Madame Campan, and had received a most finished education. She was remarkable for an air of simplicity, and I may even say a certain degree of timidity, which was the more attractive inasmuch as it formed a contrast to the manners

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of most of the ladies by whom she was surrounded at the court of France. These ladies were, it is true, for the most part, perfectly amiable and well bred, but they were young and inexperienced; and having seen little of the world, especially of that courtly world upon which they had recently entered, they were easily dazzled by the illusions of fortune, and were sometimes led into gross absurdities. The fine ladies of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, who at first formed part of the Empress Josephine's court, thought they would produce a wonderful impression by assuming airs of hauteur, though from them better manners might have been expected. To all this ill-breeding of various kinds, the manners of a woman *comme il faut*, such as Madame Ney, formed a delightful relief. The softness and benevolence of Madame Ney's smile, together with the intelligent expression of her large dark eyes, rendered her a very beautiful woman; and her lively manners and accomplishments enhanced her personal graces. It may easily be imagined that I was not a little delighted to meet this charming person at Bolougne.

The ceremony of the distribution was exceedingly long. Each legionist ascended the twelve steps leading to the throne, and after receiving his cross and ribbon from the Emperor's hand, made his bow, and returned to his place. When Napoleon presented the cross to one of his old comrades, who had fought with him in Italy or Egypt, there seemed to be a glow of feeling which carried him back to his early and most brilliant glory. It was five o'clock, and for a considerable time I had observed the Emperor turning frequently and anxiously to M. Decrès, the minister of the marine, to whom he repeatedly said something in a whisper. He then took a glass, and looked towards the sea, as if eager to discover a distant sail. At length his impatience seemed to increase. Berthier, too, who stood biting his nails, in spite of his dignity of marshal, now and then looked through the glass, and Junot appeared to be in the secret, for they all talked together aside. It was evident that *something* was expected. At length the minister of the marine received a message, which he immediately communicated to the Emperor, and the latter snatched the glass from the hand of M. Decrès with such violence, that it fell and rolled down the steps of the throne. All eyes were now directed to the point which I had observed the Emperor watching, and we soon discerned a flotilla, consisting of between a thousand and twelve hundred boats, advancing in the direction of Boulogne, from the different neighbouring ports, and from Holland. The Emperor had made choice of the 15th of August, as the day for uniting the flotilla with the other boats stationed in the port of Boulogne, in

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sight of the English vessels which were cruising in the straits; while, at the same time, he distributed to his troops rewards destined to stimulate their courage, and to excite their impatience to undertake the invasion of England.

But the satisfaction Napoleon enjoyed at the sight of the flotilla, was not of long duration. An emphatic oath uttered by M. Decrès, who, it is well known, made a liberal use of these ornaments of speech, warned the Emperor that some accident had occurred. It was soon ascertained that the officer who commanded the first division of the flotilla, disregarding the advice of the coasting pilot, had, just as he was on the point of landing, run foul of some works newly erected along the coast. The shock swamped some of the boats, and several of the men jumped overboard. The cries of the people at the sea-side, who hurried to their assistance, excited much alarm. Fortunately, it happened to be low water at the time, and I believe one man only was drowned.* The accident was exceedingly mortifying, happening, as it did, in the full gaze of our enemies, whose telescopes were all pointed towards us, and it threw the Emperor into a violent rage. He descended from the throne, and proceeded with Berthier to a sort of terrace which was formed along the water's edge. He paced to and fro very rapidly, and we could occasionally hear him utter some energetic expression indicative of his vexation. In the evening a grand dinner and ball took place in honour of the inauguration. About six o'clock, just as dinner was about being served for the soldiers, under the tents, a heavy fall of rain came on. This served to augment the Emperor's ill-humour, and formed a gloomy termination to a day which had commenced so brilliantly.

On the very evening of the festival at Boulogne, Junot received orders from the Emperor requiring him to set out for Calais next morning. He told me I might accompany him if I chose, but that owing to the little time he had at his disposal, he could not pass a whole day in Calais, "Unless," said he, "you consent to set out to-night immediately after the ball." I accepted this proposition, and we arrived at Calais next morning at seven o'clock. Consequently, we had ample time to look about us. On my return the Emperor asked me how I liked my nocturnal journey, what I thought of Calais, and Dessein's hotel, and put to me many questions respecting what I had observed in several places in our route. I mention this fact,

* At least such was stated at the time to be the fact; perhaps the truth was disguised to prevent our enemies from ridiculing us. This they took care to do, however: the English papers abounded with jeers about our *nut-shells*, as they styled the gun-boats.

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though unimportant in itself, because I wish to seize every shade, however trivial, which belongs to the portrait of Napoleon. Certainly, he had no need of my opinion, nor my remarks upon anything which referred to that part of the French coast; but I had eyes and ears, and being free from prejudice, I could judge impartially of what I saw, and that was enough for him. He would sometimes question a child, and would often interrogate women on subjects to which they were not, perhaps, in the habit of directing their attention. On these occasions he always liked to have a ready answer.

On our return to Arras, I observed a twofold activity prevailed in all that related to the manœuvres of the army. Junot was several times summoned to Paris. In his absence the command devolved, alternately, on Generals Dupas and Macon, who were both attached to the imperial guard. On his return from one of these journeys, Junot informed me of a circumstance which, at the time, I thought very extraordinary: this was the introduction of a sort of sumptuary law, regulating the court dress of the ladies. This dress was then nearly what it still remains. The *chérusque*,* which, however, was speedily retrenched, was exceedingly becoming. The robe and petticoat were as they are now, with this difference, that the embroidered border of the robe was not to exceed four inches in depth. The princesses alone had the privilege of wearing the robe embroidered all over. Such were, at first, the commands of the Emperor, and they were dictated by good sense and paternal feeling. He did not wish that in his court, which was composed of men who had rendered honourable services to the country, but many of whom were comparatively poor, the extravagance of a young wife should compromise the happiness of her husband. This sumptuary regulation was at first rigidly observed.

The mention of embroideries reminds me of a curious circumstance. Every one who frequented the Tuileries about the period I allude to, must recollect a certain coat composed of red taffety, and richly embroidered in gold in a symbolic pattern, consisting of branches of olive, oak, and laurel. This coat was worn by the First Consul, with boots, a black cravat, and all the other component parts of a military costume. It was known by the name of *l'habit de Lyon*, and its history is as follows:—

M. Levacher, an eminent silk mercer in Paris, observing the decline which had taken place in a considerable branch of the silk

* The gothic ruff with long points, composed of tulle embroidered with gold or silver to correspond with the dress.

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trade, owing to the disuse of embroidery, resolved to exert his endeavours to revive it. For this purpose he consulted with some of the principal embroiderers, and sent them the design I have above mentioned. As soon as it was finished he took it to M. Chaptal, the Minister of the Interior. The minister was struck with the beauty of the work.—"But," said he, "how can you expect that the First Consul will wear an embroidered coat!—he who never even wears the uniform of a general officer?" "I will not despair of gaining my object," said M. Levacher. "I am Madame Bonaparte's silk-mercer; she has always been very friendly to me, and I will see what she can do." Madame Bonaparte was struck with the beauty of the garment, but candidly informed M. Levacher that there was no hope of prevailing on the First Consul to wear it. The silk mercer, not a little disheartened by this assurance, had folded up the coat, and was putting it into the box, when the door leading to the First Consul's cabinet suddenly opened, and Bonaparte appeared. M. Levacher was at first somewhat embarrassed; but, immediately recollecting that his success depended on seizing the present opportunity, he opened the box, and submitted the coat to the inspection of Napoleon, at the same time warmly urging the necessity of reviving the drooping prosperity of the unfortunate city of Lyons, which was dying amidst the regeneration of France. The First Consul listened to him with marked interest: Bonaparte had already entertained plans for ameliorating the trade of Lyons; and the offering now presented to him afforded a fair excuse for wearing embroidered coats, and causing them to be worn—a fashion which could scarcely have been introduced without very good reason in a court which was yet entirely republican. "I will not deny," he remarked, "that I have some repugnance to equip myself in this fantastic costume; but for that reason my resolution will be the better appreciated." Such is the history of the *habit rouge*, which every one thought so singular when Bonaparte first appeared in it.

Bonaparte expressed a decided dislike to the *percales* and muslins,* which were then much worn by ladies in France. But he was always pleased whenever he saw any of us in a leno dress. I recollect one day wearing a leno dress, of which Madame Bonaparte had made me a present. I was then very slender, and my figure would very well admit of my wearing a stiffly starched gown; but as it was then the

* Percales and French muslins were exceedingly fashionable and expensive at the time here alluded to. With the exception of leno, all the white worn by ladies was brought from England.

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fashion for the ladies' dresses to fall like the draperies of the antique statues, I must have looked ridiculous. However, the Emperor thought proper to applaud my taste. "That is the way you should all dress, *en négligé*, ladies," said he. "I do not like to see you in those English muslins, which are sold at the price of their weight in gold, and which do not look half so well as a beautiful white leno. Wear leno, cambric, and silk, and then my manufactures will flourish."

Napoleon's coronation was to take place on the 11th Frimaire (December 2d) and Junot was summoned to Paris to attend the ceremony. General Oudinot took the command of the division of the grenadiers at Arras, whither Junot did not afterwards return. On my arrival in town, I found my house filled with different members of Junot's family, who had arrived from the country to be present at the coronation. It is impossible to form an idea of the bustle and gaiety which prevailed in Paris at this time. From morning till night the streets were thronged by a busy and joyous multitude. Some were seen hurrying to procure tickets to witness the ceremony, others were engaging windows to see the procession pass, and, to afford some idea of the ardent curiosity that prevailed, I may mention that a family of my acquaintance from Artois, having arrived too late to procure tickets for the interior of Notre Dame, paid the sum of three hundred francs for a second floor window near the gate of the church. The sight hunters first visited Dallemagne, the famous embroiderer, who was preparing the Emperor's mantle, for which Levacher had furnished the velvet; thence they proceeded to Foncier's, to see the crowns of the Emperor and Empress, and the Emperor's sword, the hilt of which was adorned with the famous diamond, known by the name of the Regent;—and lastly, they went in search of tickets to view the interior of Notre Dame, where the most splendid preparations were making for the approaching ceremony. Embroiderers, tailors, florists, jewellers, in short, tradesmen of every description, were busily at work, and all joyfully anticipating a rich harvest of profit.

At this instant of universal joy, the Pope arrived in Paris. His Holiness was lodged in the Pavillon de Flore, and the Emperor himself set the example of showing him the honours due not only to his dignity as a sovereign and the head of the church, but also to his personal virtues. The countenance of Pius VII. has never been faithfully represented in any of his portraits; none that I have seen, accurately portray his mild and intelligent features. His extremely pallid complexion and jet black hair, together with his white robes,

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produced altogether a singular effect. When I was presented to him,* his venerable appearance inspired me with a feeling of interest, independent of the respect I owed to the head of the church. He gave me a very beautiful chaplet with a relique, and seemed pleased to hear me thank him in Italian. On the Pope's arrival in Paris, all the constituted bodies, and all the authorities, primary, and secondary, paid their formal respects to him. The generals were not the last to observe this ceremony, though several among them had evinced a repugnance to it which gave umbrage to the Emperor. On the occasion of the generals paying their visit to the Pavillon de Flore, a question arose as to which of them should harangue the holy father. Several among them spoke Italian very fluently, and General Sebastiani, who always had a taste for making speeches, offered his services, but he was considered too young in the scale of commanders, and the choice fell on General Cervoni.

This selection, which was to all appearance perfectly suitable and proper, gave rise to a droll incident. At the time when the French entered Rome with Alexander Berthier, Cervoni, who was then a brigadier general, was military commandant of the city. It was even said, that he ordered the arrest of Pius VII. That, however, was not the fact; but it was nevertheless believed at the time, and consequently Cervoni was an object of terror in Rome. The Pope feared him as he would his evil genius. When Cervoni delivered the address in the name of the generals, the Pope was struck with the pure and elegant accent with which he spoke Italian. "*Come lei pala bene l'Italiano . . . .*" said his holiness. "*Santo Padre, sono quasi Italiano.*"—"*Oh! . . . .*"—"*Sono Corso.*"—"*Oh! . . . .Oh! . . . .*"—"*Sono Cervoni.*"—"*Oh! . . . .Oh! . . . .Oh! . . . .*" And at each exclamation the Holy Father retreated a few paces backwards, until at length he got close to the chimney and could go no further. The Pope probably thought he was going to be seized and sent to Valence. It was irresistibly humorous to hear Cervoni himself describe this scene, the drollery of which must have been heightened by the contrast between the voices of the interlocutors. Cervoni had a clear, sonorous, and powerful voice, while the Pope, on the contrary, spoke in a shrill soprano, and somewhat nasal tone. In

* Whenever a female is presented to the Pope, it must be so managed as to have the appearance of accident. Women are not admitted into the Vatican, but his holiness permits them to be presented to him in the Sistine Chapel, or in his promenades. But the meeting must always appear to be the effect of chance.

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person, Cervoni was not unlike the Pope; he had the same pale complexion, and the same form of countenance. But at the period alluded to, he was a young and handsome man.

CHAPTER VI.

Formation of the new Court—Madame Lavallette—Madame de la Rochefoucauld—Madame Maret, Madame Savary, Madame de Ca . . . . y, Mesdames Lannes and Durosnel—The households of the Princesses—M. d'Aligre—The Princess Eliza—Dispute between her and Napoleon—Madame Leclerc—Her widowhood—Marriage—The Prince Borghèse—The bride's visit to St. Cloud—Her vanity—Marmont's disgrace—The author of it—Votes of the nation—Napoleon's severity to Lucien and Jerome—Madame Lætitia's maternal feeling—Ceremony of the coronation—Demeanour of the Emperor and the Empress—The crown of Charlemagne—Ominous fall of a stone—Conversation with Napoleon.

At the period of my arrival in Paris, all minds were occupied with a very important affair, viz.: the formation of the new court then about to be established. The influence which such a circumstance is sure to engender, had already manifested itself in the most active intrigue. Madame Bonaparte, who was of an easy temper and kind disposition, was applied to on all sides for the presentation of a *dame du palais*, a chamberlain, or an equerry. In short, she was assailed by that numerous troop, composed almost exclusively of the enemies of the Emperor, and whose influence was so fatal to him in 1814. At the time of the coronation, this crowd of expectants was still endurable by the true friends of Napoleon, for among them were the wives of those men who had shed their blood for France, and who were devoted not only to their country, but to the Emperor. Napoleon, however, was then dreaming of the accomplishment of an impossibility, viz.: *the system of fusion*, about which he said so much at St. Helena; and this is the only excuse for the grievous error he committed, in surrounding himself by individuals who, but a few years before, had spoken of his downfall as one of their dearest hopes. The men who were truly attached to him, saw this error, and pointed it out to him; but he was deaf to their remonstrances.

The *dames du palais* were, at the period of the coronation, selected from among the wives of the generals and grand officers of the empire. Madame de Lavallette was appointed *dame d'atours*, or tire-woman,

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and Madame de Larochefoucauld lady of honour.* The new court was refulgent with a species of glory, which woman regard with the same solicitude as men pursue theirs, viz., elegance and beauty. Of the princesses, and the young females who formed the court of the Empress, it would be difficult to mention one who was not distinguished for beauty. Among these was Madame Maret, whose lovely face and finely-turned figure were equally admired with her purity of taste and elegance of manner. Madame Savary, who possessed a countenance and form of equal beauty, but who had one fault, which was, that though she dressed well, yet there was always some part of her costume which did not harmonize thoroughly with the rest. Madame Lannes' fine features resembled Raphael's or Corregio's most exquisite Madonnas. But perhaps the brightest star in this dazzling constellation was Madame de Ca... y. I often thought she might be compared to one of the muses. In her were combined perfect regularity of features with an indescribable charm of expression, a profusion of soft, rich silken hair, and a shape replete with grace and elegance.

Madame Durosnel, whose attractions consisted in her fine blue eyes, overhung by long and glossy lashes; in her fascinating smile, which discovered a set of the finest ivory teeth in the world; a profusion of fair hair; a hand and foot cast in the finest proportion; and a general elegance of manner which indicated a cultivated mind. Madame Durosnel was married some years later than I, and her husband was old enough to have passed as her father.

The households of the princesses were formed with a more direct view to the *fusion system* than even that of the Empress Josephine; for the individuals about them, being heads of families, carried with them considerable influence, and gave a colouring to the whole establishment. For instance, the Princess Caroline had for her chamberlain M. d'Aligre, whose name and fortune sufficed, in the Emperor's opinion, to form a banner round which the most adverse parties might rally. Indeed the Faubourg St. Germain at this period had reason to be indebted to the Princess Caroline, for it was through her mediation

* I never could comprehend the Emperor's intention in appointing Madame de Larochefoucauld to that important post; it is certain, that she never wished for the situation. The Empress Josephine was indeed obliged to press her to accept it, and notwithstanding this, she frequently wished to relinquish it. In person this lady was small and ill-made, but she was a high-minded and sensible woman, and therefore she was necessarily subject to some degree of restraint and annoyance in the situation she held in the most pompous and elegant court in Europe.

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that the life of the Marquis de Rivière was saved, as the Empress Josephine saved the two Polignacs. The Princess Eliza, whose austere temper rendered her less pliant to her brother's will than other members of the family, was surrounded by persons not so exclusively attached to the Faubourg St. Germain, with the exception perhaps of one of her ladies, Madame de Br . . . n, who, however, did not remain long with her, but entered the service of the Princess Borghèse. Madame Laplace, the wife of the geometrician, was disposed to join the princess in the pursuit of science, for in this respect, Eliza pretty much resembled the Duchess du Maine. Nor did the similitude stop here. Her ambitious spirit, her imperative disposition, which reduced her husband to the rank of first officer of her household, all these were points of resemblance between the two women. The parallel, however, is not mine, but the Emperor's. He drew it one day at St. Cloud, after a sharp dispute with his sister, relative to a play of the time of Louis XIV., Rotrou's *Wenceslaus*. Talma, at the Emperor's request, had just been reading an act of that tragedy, and every one knows how that celebrated man used to personate the character of Ladislaus. After awarding due praise to the admirable manner in which Talma had recited many of the lines, the conversation turned upon the merits of the piece itself. The Emperor declared very bluntly, that the play was good for nothing. Then referring to Cinna, the Cid, and some other of Corneille's principal works, he concluded by saying, "This is what tragedy ought to be."

The Princess Eliza entertained a great admiration for Voltaire, and she immediately commenced an attack on Corneille, the grounds of which were taken from Voltaire's notes, which certainly are neither impartial nor just in any point of view. The Emperor probably felt a little irritated at an attempt to refute him, which he knew to be unreasonable. The discussion grew warm, and angry words passed between them. At length Napoleon left the room, exclaiming, "This is intolerable; you are absolutely the caricature of the Duchess du Maine." The expression struck me as being as droll as it was just. It would seem that Napoleon was much pleased with it himself, for one day at Neuilly, as he was ridiculing the performance of Alzire, he said the Princess Eliza had parodied the part of Alzire, and played it *en caricature*.

The drawing-room of St. Cloud, in which the above little dispute happened, presented on another occasion, a scene which subsequent circumstances rendered remarkable. Madame Leclerc lost her husband at St. Domingo; she had his body embalmed, and she returned home with his remains, on board the same vessel which had conveyed

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him to the island, a few months before, in perfect health. The Emperor, who thoroughly knew her disposition, and who was anxious that she should wear her weeds with decorum, consigned the young widow to the care of his brother Joseph and his amiable spouse. Madame Leclerc was consequently lodged in the hotel Marbœuf, in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, then occupied by Joseph Bonaparte. Here I saw her on her return from St. Domingo. She had then a frightful sore upon her hand, which, though it was healed for a time, appeared again in spite of all the efforts of her physicians. She looked most angelic in her weeds, though she was evidently impatient of the retirement they imposed on her! "I shall certainly sink under this, Laurette," said she to me one day. "If my brother determines to shut me out from the world, I will put an end to my existence at once." Junot observed, that though we had a Venus de Medicis, a Venus of the Capitol, and a Venus Callipyges, we had never before heard of a "Venus Suicide." At this compliment the features of Madame Leclerc brightened up, and extending her hand to Junot, she said, "Come and see me often, Junot; you are one of my old friends. Laurette, you need not be jealous, for you know I am going to be married."

Accordingly, a short time after, Napoleon, who was then only First Consul, arranged a marriage between her and Prince Camille Borghèse. When I saw the Prince I was struck with his handsome appearance; I was not then aware of his complete nullity of intellect.

I reckon myself fortunate in having been a witness to the wedding visit of the Princess Borghèse to her sister-in-law Madame Bonaparte. I was well aware of the rivalry which existed between these two ladies, and had observed many instances of the jealousy which Madame Leclerc entertained of Madame Bonaparte. I well knew Madame Leclerc's character, her excessive vanity, her constant endeavour to be thought not only the most beautiful, but the most orilliant of her sex. How often have I seen her shed tears of vexation, at beholding her sister-in-law covered with diamonds and pearls of regal splendour. The evening she came to St. Cloud, to be introduced as the Princess Borghèse, to Madame Bonaparte, exhibited one of the most striking traits in her character. It may well be conceived that her toilet, that day, was an affair of the utmost importance. After considering of every colour, and consulting the opinion of all about her, she at last fixed upon a robe of green velvet, upon which, with no great regard to taste, were displayed all the diamonds of the house of Borghèse, forming what was then called a

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Mathilde. Her head, her neck, her ears, and arms, were loaded with diamonds; in short, she was a dazzling mass of jewels, and the satisfaction she enjoyed in this gaudy display on her person was most amusing. When she entered the room she observed the sensation she created, and the flush of triumph which overspread her countenance certainly made her look extremely beautiful. Her intention was obviously to mortify her sister-in-law, and she seemed to revel in her triumph. She was a princess; the most beautiful of her sex, possessing a collection of jewels more splendid than was possessed by any private gentlewoman in Europe, and a settlement of two millions a year. After she had passed round the room, she came and sat next me. "Laurette, my little Laurette! only look at them," said she, "they are ready to burst with envy! But 'tis no matter, I am a princess, and a real one."

I could not help recollecting this last expression, when I was at Rome, in 1818. I then saw her at the Borghèse palace, enjoying the protection which the Pope had extended to the Princess Borghèse. Thus, she was not only the first Princess of her family, but she contrived to retain her rank amidst all the disasters of her relatives.

Although a general joy pervaded all minds at this moment, Junot was vexed that the name of his friend Marmont did not appear on the list of appointments which had been made on the formation of the empire; he was neither created a grand officer of the empire, nor a grand officer of the crown. Such a sincere feeling of friendship attached Junot to his old college companion, and his first brother in arms, that he was perfectly distressed at this sort of disgrace inflicted on him. Junot assured me that he knew the author of it, though from motives of prudence to Marmont he would not inform him of the matter. I pressed him to tell me, and though I was shocked I was not surprised; for, to accuse others was the constant practice of the individual in question, who, holding as he did, the very highest rank in the army, should have preserved a noble and honourable line of conduct, instead of earning for himself an odious reputation. Some time after the coronation, Prince Eugène having been appointed Grand Chancellor of State, the rank of colonel-general of chasseurs was given to Marmont.

On the 1st of December, the conservative senate presented to the Emperor the votes of the nation. It is worthy of remark that for the Empire, there were only two thousand five hundred and seventy-nine negative votes, and three millions, five hundred and seventy-five affirmative, while for the Consulate for life, there were, I believe, nearly nine thousand negative votes. I breakfasted with the Empress

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on the very day of the presentation of the registers to the Emperor, and I can positively affirm, whatever may have been said to the contrary, that Josephine had no gloomy presentiments either as regarded herself or Napoleon. She was in excellent spirits, and she told me that the Emperor had that morning made her try on the crown, which next day he was to place on her head in the eyes of France; and she shed tears of joy while she mentioned this. She also spoke feelingly of the disappointment she had experienced on receiving the Emperor's refusal to her solicitation for the return of Lucien. "I wished to make to-morrow a day of grace," said she; "but Bonaparte (for she continued to call him by this name long after his elevation to the empire) impatiently rejected my suit, and I was compelled to be silent. I wished to prove to Lucien that I can return good for evil. If you should see him let him know it."

I was astonished at Napoleon's constant severity towards his brother, and a brother, too, to whom he owed so much. His marriage with Madame Jauberton, was alleged to be the unpardonable offence he had committed; but I am of opinion that the republican sentiments entertained by Lucien formed the real objection to his recall to France. Another circumstance which augmented the hostility of the Emperor towards his brother, was the conduct of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte. She warmly espoused the cause of her exiled son, and quitted Paris for the purpose of conveying to him assistance and consolation. Madame Bonaparte's maternal feelings were painfully lacerated at this period of general joy and festivity. Her youngest son Jerome was excluded from the family circle, which Napoleon had collected around him, and to which he looked for the consolidation of his future power. Jérome had married Miss Patterson in America. Though he was at the time a mere boy, yet the marriage was nevertheless valid, since it took place with the consent of his mother and his elder brother. But the First Consul was furiously indignant at the conduct of the young *enseigne de vaisseau;* conceiving that as head of the government he was also the head of his family. Jerome had left America to return to Europe. Madame Lætitia informed the Emperor of his departure; and Napoleon immediately took measures to prevent his landing, not only in any of the ports of France, but also those of Holland and Belgium, and wherever he had power to exclude him. I make no comment on this severity; subsequent events may or may not have justified it; of that the reader will presently be able to judge. Be this as it may, Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was at the time of the coronation, in Rome, without either title or distinction. She was, however, introduced in David's picture of the coronation.

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This must have been by command of the Emperor, for I cannot imagine that the idea was suggested by herself.

Before day break, on the 2d of December, all Paris was alive and in motion; indeed hundreds of persons had remained up the whole of the night. Many ladies had the courage to get their hair dressed at two o'clock in the morning, and then sat quietly in their chairs until the time arrived for arranging the other parts of their toilette. We were all very much hurried, for it was necessary to be at our posts before the procession moved from the Tuileries, for which nine o'clock was the appointed hour. I was at that time as intimate with the Duchess de Ragusa as Junot was with her husband, though she afterwards quarrelled with me, for some reason that I never could discover. We arranged to go together to Notre-Dame, and we set out at half-past seven in the morning. As to Junot, he was to carry one of the honours of Charlemagne—the ball, or the hand of justice, I do not recollect which. We accordingly left him busily engaged in arraying himself in his peer's robes.

Who that saw Notre-Dame on that memorable day can ever forget it? I have witnessed in that venerable pile the celebration of sumptuous and solemn festivals, but never did I see any thing at all approximating in splendour to the *coup d'œil* exhibited at Napoleon's coronation. The vaulted roof re-echoed the sacred chanting of the priests, who invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the ceremony about to be celebrated, while they awaited the arrival of the vicar of Christ, whose throne was prepared near the altar. Along the ancient walls of tapestry were ranged, according to their ranks, the different bodies of the state, the deputies from every city, in short, the representatives of all France, assembled to implore the benediction of Heaven on the sovereign of the people's choice. The waving plumes which adorned the hats of the senators, counsellors of state, and tribunes—the splendid uniforms of the military—the clergy in all their ecclesiastical pomp—and the multitude of young and beautiful women, glittering in jewels, and arrayed in that style of grace and elegance which is to be seen only in Paris—altogether presented a picture which has perhaps rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled.

The Pope arrived first; and at the moment of his entering the cathedral, the anthem *Tu es Petres* was commenced. His Holiness advanced from the door with an air at once majestic and humble. Ere long, the firing of cannon announced the departure of the procession from the Tuileries. From an early hour in the morning the weather had been exceedingly unfavourable. It was cold and rainy.

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and appearances seemed to indicate that the procession would be any thing but agreeable to those who joined in it. But, as if by the especial favour of Providence, of which so many instances are observable in the career of Napoleon, the clouds suddenly dispersed, the sky brightened up, and the multitudes who lined the streets from the Tuileries to the cathedral, enjoyed the sight of the procession without being, as they had anticipated, drenched by a December rain. Napoleon, as he passed along, was greeted by heartfelt expressions of enthusiastic love and attachment.

On his arrival at Notre-Dame, Napoleon ascended the throne, which was erected in front of the grand altar. Josephine took her place beside him, surrounded by the assembled sovereigns of Europe. Napoleon appeared singularly calm. I watched him narrowly, with the view of discovering whether his heart beat more highly beneath the imperial trappings than under the uniform of the guards; but I could observe no difference, and yet I was at the distance of only ten paces from him. The length of the ceremony, however, seemed to weary him; and I saw him several times check a yawn. Nevertheless, he did every thing he was required to do, and did it with propriety. When the Pope anointed him with the triple unction on the head and both hands, I fancied, from the direction of his eyes, that he was thinking of wiping off the oil rather than of any thing else; and I was so perfectly acquainted with the workings of his countenance, that I have no hesitation in saying that was really the thought that crossed his mind at the moment. During the ceremony of the anointing, the holy father delivered that impressive prayer which concluded with these words:—"Diffuse, oh Lord, by my hands, the treasures of your grace and benediction on your servant, Napoleon, whom, in spite of our personal unworthiness, *we this day anoint Emperor in your name.*" Napoleon listened to this prayer with an air of pious devotion. But just as the Pope was about to take the crown, called the *crown of Charlemgane*, from the altar, Napoleon seized it and placed it on his own head.* At that moment he was really

* At that moment there occurred one of those incidents which pass unheeded, when they are not followed by any particular consequence, but which nevertheless furnish food for superstition. For several months previous to the coronation, the ancient roof and walls of Notre-Dame had been unmercifully hammered by the workmen employed in fixing up the decorations; and several small particles of stone which had been thus loosened fell during the ceremony into the nave and choir. Just at the moment when Napoleon seized the crown, and placed it on his own head, a stone, about the size of a nut, fell from the roof, directly over the Emperor's shoulder. There was no movement or gesture of the Emperor, which could enable me to guess whether or not he

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handsome, and his countenance was lighted up with an expression, of which no words can convey an idea. He had removed the wreath of laurel which he wore on entering the church, and which encircles his brow in the fine picture of Gérard. The crown was, perhaps, in itself, less becoming to him; but the expression excited by the act of putting it on, rendered him perfectly handsome.

When the moment arrived for Josephine to take an active part in the grand drama, she descended from the throne, and advanced towards the altar, where the Emperor awaited her, followed by her retinue of court ladies, and having her train borne by the Princesses, Caroline, Julie, Eliza, and Louis. One of the chief beauties of the Empress Josephine was not merely her fine figure, but the elegant turn of her neck, and the way in which she carried her head; indeed her deportment altogether was conspicuous for dignity and grace. I have had the honour of being presented to many *real Princesses*, to use the phrase of the Faubourg St. Germain, but I never saw one, who, to my eyes, presented so perfect a personification of elegance and majesty. In Napoleon's countenance I could read the conviction of all I have just said. He looked with an air of complacency at the Empress, as she advanced towards him; and when she knelt down—when the tears which she could not repress fell upon her clasped hands, as they were raised to Heaven, or rather to Napoleon —both then appeared to enjoy one of those fleeting moments of pure felicity which are unique in a life-time, and serve to fill up a vacuum of years. The Emperor performed, with peculiar grace, every action required of him during the ceremony; but his manner of crowning Josephine was most remarkable; after receiving the small crown surmounted by the cross, he had first to place it on his own head, and then to transfer it to that of the Empress; when the moment arrived for placing the crown on the head of the woman whom popular superstition regarded as his good genius, his manner was almost playful. He took great pains to arrange this little crown, which was placed over Josephine's tiara of diamonds; he put it on, then took it off, and finally put it on again, as if to promise her she should wear it gracefully and lightly. My position enabled me fortunately to see and observe every minute action and gesture of the principal actors in this magical scene.

This part of the ceremony being ended, the Emperor descended from the altar to return to his throne, while the magnificent *Vivat*

felt the stone touch him; but small as it was, considering the vast height from which it fell, it is scarcely possible to believe he could be unconscious of the circumstance.

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was performed by the full chorus. At this moment the Emperor, whose eagle eyes had hitherto glanced rapidly from one object to another, recognised me in the little corner which I occupied. He fixed his eye upon me, and I cannot attempt to describe the thoughts which this circumstance conjured up in my mind. A naval officer once told me, that during a shipwreck, when he had given himself up for lost, the whole picture of his past life seemed to unfold itself before him in the space of a minute. May it not be presumed that Napoleon, when he looked at me, was assailed by a host of past recollections; that he thought of the Rue des Filles Saint-Thomas and of the hospitality he had shared in my father's house; and the ride in a carriage with my mother, when returning from Saint Cyr, he exclaimed, "*Oh! si j'étais le maître!*"

When I saw the Emperor, a few days afterwards, he said, "Why did you wear a black velvet dress at the coronation?" This question took me so by surprise, that I could not readily reply. "Was it a sign of mourning?" continued he. "Oh, Sire!" I exclaimed, and the tears started to my eyes. Napoleon looked at me as if he would scan my very inmost thoughts: "But tell me," said he, "why did you make choice of that sombre—I may almost say sinister colour?"—"Your Majesty did not observe that the front of my robe was richly embroidered with gold,* and that I wore my diamonds. I did not conceive that there was any thing unsuitable in my dress; not being one of those ladies whose situations required them to appear in full court costume." "Is that remark intended to convey an indirect reproach? Are you like certain other ladies, because they have not been appointed *dames du palais?* I do not like sulkiness and ill-humour."—"Sire, I have shown no ill-humour; but for that I claim no merit, because I feel none. Junot has informed me that your Majesty does not wish to make double appointments in your household, and that of the Empress; and that when the husband is one of the military household, the wife cannot be a *dame du palais.*"—"Junot told you so, did he? And how happened he to mention that? Were you complaining? Are you infected with ambition? I hate ambitious women. Unless they are queens, they are intriguers; remember that, Madame Junot. But now tell me, are you not vexed at not being appointed *dame du palais?* Answer me candidly; if a woman can be candid."—"I will, Sire; but your Majesty will not believe me."—"Come, come, let me have an answer."—

* The fact is, that black or dark-coloured velvet dresses were much worn at that time, especially with diamonds. There were a great many at Napoleon's coronation.

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"Then I am not vexed."—"How?" "Because I am not one of those persons who can easily conform to positive subjection; and your Majesty would probably wish that the protocol for regulating the court of the Empress should be framed on the model of a military code." Napoleon laughed. "Not unlikely," resumed he. "However, I am satisfied; you have given me a very good answer, and I shall remember it." Then, after a pause, he said, "Poor Junot, did you observe how his feelings were moved at the coronation? He is a faithful friend. Who could have foreseen, when we were both at Toulon, ten years ago, that we should live to see such a day as the 2d of December?"—"Perhaps Junot, Sire." Here I reminded him of a letter which my husband wrote to his father in 1794, and in which he refuted the objection of the old man who blamed him for leaving his regiment to follow the fortune of an obscure and unknown general like Bonaparte. Junot replied, "You ask me who General Bonaparte is? He is one of those men whom nature creates sparingly, and who appear in the world now and then, in the lapse of ages." My father-in-law showed this letter to the *First Consul*, when he passed through Dijon after the battle of Marengo; and the *Emperor* appeared quite struck with the recollection which I called to his mind. The conversation between myself and Napoleon, which I have just described, took place at a ball which was given either by the war minister or M. de Talleyrand; I do not precisely remember which.

CHAPTER VII.

Junot appointed Ambassador to Portugal—He hesitates to accept the appointment—Lord Robert Fitzgerald and his lady—Marshal Lannes recalled—Cambacérès—Opening of the legislative body—Letter from Napoleon to the King of England—Departure of the squadron to Dominica—Its success—Detailed instructions given to me by the Emperor—Preparations for my departure—Court dresses and hoops—M. d'Arango—Junot's farewell interview with Napoleon—Our departure from Paris—Honours paid to Junot on the route—Arrival at Bayonne—Alphonso Pignatelli's offer of his house at Madrid—Entrance into Spain.

One day Junot returned home with a thoughtful and almost melancholy air. He told me that the Emperor was desirous of giving him a proof of his confidence, of which doubtless he was very sensible but

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which, nevertheless, caused him some uneasy apprehensions. The Emperor had proposed that he should proceed on an embassy to Portugal. At first I beheld only the brilliant side of the matter, and I said, "Well! why are you dissatisfied?"—"Because," replied Junot, "I am not calculated for diplomacy, and that brave and excellent fellow Lannes tells me that the court of Lisbon is a perfect bear-garden, and that I should be sure to get into some scrape. England is all powerful at Lisbon; Austria threatens to turn her back upon us as well as Prussia and Russia; therefore you may well imagine that I am not much inclined to go to take a siesta in Portugal, amidst the firing of cannon and musketry." I knew Junot's character, and I made no reply; indeed, this last objection closed my mouth. For my own part, the bare idea of quitting France rendered me miserable. However, as this was an affair which might place Junot in a situation to show what he was capable of, I did not wish to turn him from a path which might augment his reputation as a man of merit and talent.

There was one very disagreeable circumstance connected with it —Junot's predecessor, General Lannes, who was disliked at Lisbon, and wished to return home, as it was said, formed a plan for getting himself recalled. At that time Lord Robert Fitzgerald, who had been secretary to the embassy in Paris, in 1790, filled the office of English ambassador at Lisbon. No man could possess more polished, though cold manners, or a more dignified address. His personal appearance too was in his favour, and formed a singular contrast to that of his wife, who was an extremely plain woman, and whose hatred of France caused her to assume at intervals the air of a fury. She spoke of the Emperor as a brigand, deserving of the scaffold, and she always alluded to him in a strain of invective. It will easily be supposed that General Lannes, who was devoted to Napoleon, was not very well pleased, either with the husband or the wife, though the conduct of the former was strictly courteous. Lannes disliked all the English embassy,* not excepting Lord Strangford, who at that period seemed to divide his time between sleeping and translating Camoens.

Only those who knew Lannes can form a just idea of the hatred he bore to England. He did not understand the art of dissembling

* Amongst other vexations, Lannes was greatly annoyed at Lord Robert's taking precedence of him in all points of etiquette. This feeling exploded in rather a rough manner on the occasion of their respective carriages meeting on the road to Queluz. Lannes' coachman, wishing to humour his master's animosity, drove so violently against the lighter vehicle in which the English ambassador was seated, that it was overturned in a ditch.

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his sentiments, and he expressed them with all the frankness of his character. One may readily suppose, that in the midst of a foreign court, where obsequious manners are above all things considered a duty, Marshal Lannes would appear somewhat singular. Madame Lannes, it is true, relieved the conventional interview of diplomatic and courtly life, by the sweetness of her manner, and her admirable beauty; but Lady Fitzgerald regarded those charms only as so many faults in a Frenchwoman, and the warfare which she waged against the French became the more active in consequence.

Junot, who was the most frank and communicative of men, had no desire to travel to Portugal, to practise the arts of policy and dis simulation. Besides, it was his wish to remain in Paris, for he was desirous of either serving as first aide-de-camp to the Emperor, or resuming the command of the first military division which was separated from the governorship of Paris. He thought that Murat, the Emperor's brother-in-law, would not continue governor of Paris, and in his heart he wished to be once more at the head of the military administration of the capital of France. Not knowing how to decide, Junot resolved to take the advice of the arch-chancellor, who had always professed a regard for him, and whom Junot highly esteemed. The arch-chancellor listened attentively to all Junot said, and then told him he ought to set out on the embassy. "But," said Junot, "I shall only commit blunders. Do you imagine that I can submit to all the contrivance and the duplicity which diplomacy requires?"— "Do not make a bugbear of that," replied Cambacérès, "the more especially as I have this bit of advice to give you: continue to be just what you are. Frankness is the most able agent of diplomacy. Besides, my dear general, *you must obey his Majesty*."

I have already said that I could not at this period quit Paris, without the greatest mortification. I was young: Paris was then a sort of fairy land. All my friends were there, my brother and my youngest daughter, whom I should be compelled to leave behind me, because she was too tender an age to undertake so long a journey. These considerations distressed me. Besides, Madame Lannes did not give me any very agreeable accounts of Lisbon. It appeared that there was no society there, except that which was under the influence of England.

Finally, the journey was decided upon, and Junot was charged not only with the embassy to Lisbon, but with a secret and important mission to the court of Madrid, where General Beurnonville was French ambassador. Affairs had assumed so serious an aspect that it was necessary the Emperor should direct his whole attention to his

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allies in the south. Portugal was neutral; but so wily as to require close watching, and Spain was so wretchedly governed, that it was indispensable to keep an eye on her motions also. England was dissatisfied, and threatened to convulse Europe again with her quarrels. Spain, too, declared war against England on the 12th or 15th of December of this year. The question was, would the Spanish government maintain faith towards us as long as our interests required it?

A great and imposing ceremony took place towards the end of December; namely, the opening of the legislative assembly. The Emperor was upon that occasion what he was so often during the glorious years which commenced his immortal era. His speech was simple and dignified. He demanded justice for the French people against the bad faith of England, and accused the latter of wishing to disturb the peace of Europe. In the month of January, 1805, the Emperor wrote to the King of England. He addressed his letter directly to the monarch. It was in the following terms:—"I do not see any dishonour in making the first advances. I have, I believe, proved to the world that I do not fear the chances of war: but peace is now the wish of my heart. I beseech your Majesty not to deny yourself the happiness of giving peace to the world. Do not leave that pleasure to your successors. I wish your Majesty could be convinced of one truth, namely, that a new coalition can tend only to augment the greatness and the continental preponderance of France."

Events proved, during that same year, that the Emperor was correct in this assertion. The above is the letter which has been so strangely described in publications as scurrilous as they are false. This noble step on the part of Napoleon, so free from all petty ambition and vanity, has been represented as having been written, not only to deceive the French people, but to afford the Emperor an opportunity of treating with a crowned head as an equal. Is it likely, that at the most brilliant period of Napoleon's glory, when he was the adored and legally-recognized Sovereign of the greatest nation of Europe, he should have wished to treat, from mere motives of vanity, with a lunatic Monarch, and such a Prince as the Prince of Wales! The persons who make these absurd charges against Napoleon, think it very proper that the *English minister* should have returned an answer to the *French minister* (M. de Talleyrand), giving him, instead of reasons, impertinent evasions. "His Majesty," concluded the English minister, "cannot give a more particular answer to the communication which has been made to him before he communicates it to the continental powers."

In the meantime a levy of sixty thousand men was ordered in

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France. Another law directed the building of a town in La Vendée. Napoleon not only tranquillized these provinces, which were ravaged by burnings, and inundated with blood, but he rebuilt their towns, and restored life and fertility to the desolated plains. About this time a squadron departed from Rochelle, notwithstanding the severity of the season. It was freighted with arms and ammunition for Martinique, and had on board General Joseph Lagrange, a brave officer, and a faithful friend of Junot, with whom he had served in Egypt. He led his troops to the principal town of the English island, Dominica, and effected a descent with all the success he could have anticipated, seizing the garrison and artillery, destroying the magazines, and carrying off the vessels at anchor in the port. All this was effected by the end of February, and the squadron had only sailed from the Ile d'Aix, on the 11th of January of the same year, that is to say, five weeks previously. The squadron consisted of one three-decker, three frigates, and four vessels of the line. Admiral Missiessi commanded it.

When Junot's departure was resolved upon—when I learnt that it was absolutely necessary for me to quit France, I lost no time in making my preparations. The Emperor one day spoke to me at considerable length respecting the conduct which it would be necessary for me to observe towards the Portuguese and Spanish nobility. "An ambassadress," said he, "is a more important personage in diplomacy than is usually supposed. This is the case everywhere, but more particularly with us, on account of the prejudice which exists against France. It must be your endeavour to give the Portuguese a just idea of the manners of the imperial court. Be not haughty—be not vain, but in your intercourse with the female nobility of Portugal, practise much reserve and great dignity. You will find at Lisbon many emigrant ladies who belonged to the court of Louis XVI.; you will also see some of these at Madrid. Be scrupulously cautious in your conduct towards them; be particularly careful not to ridicule the customs of the country, or of the court, when you do not understand them. Bear in mind the good lesson of your mother. It is said that they may be both censured and ridiculed; but if you must do the one or the other, censure rather than ridicule. Remember that Sovereigns never pardon raillery. You will be presented at the court of Spain. Be circumspect, while, at the same time, you appear to be frank."

Here I looked at the Emperor as if to interrogate him, and he added, with a certain degree of impatience:—"When I say *circumspect*, I mean that you must not tattle and gossip. The Queen of Spain will ask you many questions about the Empress and the

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Princesses; you must be prudent in your answers. The interior of my family may be displayed to every eye.... Yet I do not wish that the portraits of my sisters should be sketched by a bad painter." (I have never forgotten this expression.) "Your Majesty," replied I, "must be aware that I cannot be accused of any intention to do what is displeasing to you." "I know it.....I know it....But you are satirical.....You like to tell a good story. That is one thing which you must avoid. The Queen of Spain will be the more curious to question you, because the wife of the French ambassador at Madrid knows nothing at all of the imperial court, and very little about France, having passed all her girlhood in emigration. The Queen will, therefore, ask you many questions about the Empress and the court. So long as these questions refer only to the fashion of a gown or a hat, well and good; but, whenever the conversation may turn on more important topics, which will happen, for the Queen of Spain is an intelligent and artful woman....then be on your guard. As to me, you know my name must never be pronounced except as it is mentioned in the Moniteur. There is at Madrid a person who detests me; the Princess of the Asturias...Be careful what you say before her. She speaks French as well as you do....But you speak Italian, do you not?....That is very lucky....They speak very little French in Madrid and Lisbon, but almost every body speaks Italian. Let me hear how you pronounce."....I recited part of one of Petrarch's sonnets, and the Emperor appeared much pleased with my accent. "Excellent!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands. "You will easily learn Portuguese, since you speak Italian so well....But be sure to recollect what I have said about *gossiping*....Are you on good terms with the Princess Caroline?"—"Very good, Sire, as far as I know."—"And with the Princess Pauline?" I replied in the affirmative.

I could easily perceive, that Pauline was the person to whom he had intended to allude while he was impressing upon me the necessity of not gossiping. I have frequently observed that the Emperor, in spite of the decision he manifested in important events, used sometimes to wind round about in the most circuitous way, to come to his point, in the merest trifles; as, for example, in the case abovementioned. At that time, libels were written in England on the personages of the imperial family. The Princess Pauline and Madame Lætitia Bonaparte in particular, were represented in the most odious colours; and these attacks were totally unjust, as far as related to Madame Lætitia, whose character was irreproachable. The Emperor was fully acquainted with all these libels, and they annoyed him

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infinitely more than those which had been circulated by the secret orders of the Prussian and Russian cabinets, in 1802. Napoleon was susceptible on this point, to a degree—which must appear incredible to those who did not know him.

"Receive company," he added, continuing his instructions to me; "make your house in Lisbon as attractive as it was in Paris, when you were *Madame la Commandante*. . . . What you must have observed among the ladies of the foreign ministers in Paris, may serve as a guide to your conduct. In Madame de Gallo, Madame de Cetto, Madame de Lucchesini, and the English Duchess, you have seen both enough to copy and avoid. . . . Live in good harmony with the wives of your husband's diplomatic colleagues; but form no intimacies with any one. They give rise to little female quarrels, in which the husbands sometimes take part. Thus two states may go to war, because two women have disagreed, or because one has a more elegant hat than the other." I could not forbear laughing. "Do not imagine I am joking," resumed the Emperor. "I enjoin you to be very circumspect in this intercourse. Lady Fitzgerald is, I understand, a perfect drum-major in petticoats. Leave her to make herself ridiculous. That is revenge enough for us." I had similar conversations, at various times, with the Emperor, on the subject of my visit to Portugal. He evidently regarded it as a point of great importance, that one of the females of the new French court should appear in a favourable light, in the eyes of a people, among whom the English maintained such high credit and constant intercourse.

A circumstance which not a little augmented my disinclination to go to Portugal, was that it would place me under the necessity of conforming to that most absurd of all follies, viz:—the observance of old customs, for no other reason, than because they are old. The custom of wearing hoops at court appeared to me the most stupid thing imaginable. Madame Lannes had informed me, that in spite of all her efforts and those of the General, she had found it impossible to evade this formality. She added, that it was absolutely necessary I should get my hoops made in Paris; for, to complete the absurdity, there was no possibility of getting any thing in the way of dress properly made in Lisbon. I accordingly bespoke my hoops from Leroy.

As I was to be presented in the spring, I ordered two court dresses, such as might suitably be worn during the two seasons succeeding the winter. One was composed of white crape, embroidered with gold lama, and a hat to correspond, adorned with a plume of white feathers; the other was of rose-coloured silk, embroidered

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with silver lama, with a wreath of silver leaves, the latter not embroidered, but merely laid on, and marking the contour of the horrible hoop: the head dress corresponded with the robe. Mesdemoiselles l'Olive and de Beuvry made me a great many dresses, in a style of exquisite taste, which contrasted singularly enough with the hoop, that last remnant of the barbarism of the middle ages. As to Junot, his presentation dress was ready: it consisted of his uniform of colonel-general of the hussars, which he had worn at the coronation.

We had recently become acquainted with some Portuguese, who enabled us to form a more favourable opinion of their countrymen, than we had hitherto entertained; for our judgment had been formed from the manners of M. de Lima, the Portuguese ambassador, then in Paris. Among these new acquaintances was M. d'Araujo, who was about to fill the important post of minister for foreign affairs at Lisbon. He had been almost all his life absent from Portugal, on foreign embassies. He spoke French and several other languages and had an extensive acquaintance with literature.

I had hoped that we should not set out until the spring, but some orders which Junot received from the Emperor accelerated our departure. Public affairs became more and more involved, and everything foreboded a third continental coalition. The influence of England at the courts of Lisbon and Madrid threatened to become dangerous in those moments of agitation which obviously preceded a storm, and we were required to quit Paris in the midst of the carnival of 1805, when all was festivity and joy. It was not the balls and masquerades that Junot regretted, but he was afraid that the war would be commenced without him, and with his natural frankness he said to the Emperor, "Your Majesty," observed he, "who has always been so good to me, will not surely inflict on me a wound which admits of no reparation. How severe was the mortification I experienced on receiving intelligence of the battle of Marengo. Sire, you have never been in battle without me, and I conjure that you will promise to recall me whenever hostilities are likely to commence."—"I promise to do so," said the Emperor, with emotion; and stretching out his hand to Junot, he added, "I give you my word of honour that I will."—"I am satisfied," replied Junot, "and I shall serve your majesty with the greater zeal as my mind will be free from inquietude."

We set out at midnight on Shrove Tuesday, a circumstance not a little tantalizing to a young woman of nineteen. But I can honestly declare that at the moment of crossing the barrier, I was far from

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thinking of the gaiety I was leaving behind me. I was in the most painful state of feeling that I ever experienced, and yet few lives have been more chequered with misfortune than mine. My mind was completely subdued by the misery of this first banishment; for such I considered it: and yet the future which unfolded itself before me was not altogether devoid of consolation. I was going with the title of ambassadress to a foreign court, and the Emperor had directed Junot to travel through France with all the state required by his new dignity. In every town through which we passed, we were saluted by the firing of cannon or musketry, and received addresses from mayors, prefects, sub-prefects, &c. Junot was the first ambassador whom Napoleon had sent abroad since he had been made Emperor, and he wished to give to the mission the utmost possible éclat. On our arrival at Bayonne, Junot left me and my little daughter under the charge of the gentlemen who accompanied him in official capacities, and proceeded to Madrid, on horseback, accompanied by Colonel Laborde. It was somewhat extraordinary for an ambassador at that period to ride two hundred leagues on horseback. I followed him, escorted by MM. de Rayneval and de Cherval.

As it had been determined before our departure from Paris, that we should make a tolerably long stay at Madrid, Junot made inquiries where I could be suitably lodged during the five or six weeks that we should continue there. At that time there was but one posada (the Cross of Malta), which was neither a suitable place for me, nor a comfortable abode for any one. We could not reasonably throw ourselves upon the hospitality of the French ambassador; for Junot's suite formed a complete colony, and, besides, my husband had a sort of pride which prevented him from placing himself under such an obligation to the man whom he was in some measure, at least temporarily, to supplant. It was originally the Emperor's intention that we should put up at the hotel of the Embassy.

We were one day talking over this difficulty of procuring accommodation in Madrid, and Junot, who was one of those people who always cut a knot where they cannot untie it, talked of sending me to Lisbon, without stopping longer than two or three days in Madrid. This was not at all to my taste; for I was anxious that the journey, since I was obliged to undertake it, should afford me materials for study and observation; and, besides, to make this sort of flying visit to Madrid, appeared to me not conformable to the wishes of the Emperor. We were discussing this embarrassing subject, when one of our friends, Alphonso Pignatelli, the younger brother of Count

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Armando de Fuentes, entered to pay me his morning visit, which he never failed to do. "If," said he, "you choose to incur the inconvenience of being lodged in a bachelor's house, I shall be proud to offer you the use of mine in the Calle del Clavel, at Madrid. I would not take the liberty of making such an offer, but that I know the difficulty you will experience in procuring an abode. However, I promise you you will be poorly accommodated: there are two or three beds, a few chairs and tables, and one or two of the windows, I believe, are provided with curtains. But, after all, if you will condescend to encamp in my hermitage, bad as it is, you will find it better than the Cross of Malta."

I laughed at his description, and very gladly accepted his offer. He immediately dispatched a letter to his steward, giving directions that the brasero should be ornamented with olives, and that some other preparations might be made to prevent my forming as unfavourable an idea of Spain as he entertained; for both he and his brother hated the country. I set out from Bayonne, where I had passed three days very agreeably, at the house of our banker, M. Dubrocq, and I entered Spain. Now the scene totally changed. The characters, it is true, were sometimes the same; but they seemed to be performing on another stage, with new dresses and decorations.

CHAPTER VIII.

We enter Spain—Aspect of the country—Arrival at Madrid—An agreeable surprise—General and Madame de Beurnonville—Arenjeuz San Ildefonso—The Escurial—State of the Peninsula—Prince of the Peace—Superb road-approach to Madrid—Description of the capital—Character of the Spaniards—Their absurd national vanity—Ladies of the Spanish court—The Marchioness de Santiago's false eye-brow—Junot's interview with Godoy—The Prince and Princess of the Asturias—Notice of the elevation of Godoy—His character—The Court at Aranjeuz—Road to that palace from Madrid—Beauty of its situation—My presentation to the King and Queen—White gloves forbidden—The camerara-mayor—Description of Charles IV. and his Queen—My conversation with their Majesties.

SPAIN, in 1807, when the French army marched through it to gain the frontier of Portugal, bore no resemblance to the Spain which I beheld when I entered that ancient kingdom in the month of March, 1805. I scarcely know how to describe the first aspect of a country so strangely

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different from ours in forms, in language, and in customs. England, separated from France as it is by the Channel, is even less different from our country than is Spain from the last French village upon the banks of the Bidassoa. I left St. Jean de Luz in the morning, and slept at Yrun, a miserable town on the opposite side of this streamlet, or rather marsh, in which is situated that Isle of the Conference where the dishonest said to the honest minister, "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées.*" The utterance of such a sentiment, in 1660, might have made one expect to find, in 1805, at least some vestiges of relationship between the two people. None, however, exist. Nay, notwithstanding the apparent alliance which, since the time of the Directory, was so proudly displayed—notwithstanding the fraternity which seemed to be established between the two nations—I could easily perceive, even on the frontier, that they were not friends. The curiosity we inspired was tinctured with no kindly feeling, and I am convinced that when we put up at a posada, we were made to pay more for the *ruido de la casa* than would have been exacted from an Italian, or even from a heretic Englishman.

I reached Madrid on the 10th March; Junot, who was advised of my arrival, came to meet me. He was accompanied by General Beurnonville, our ambassador at Madrid, who informed me that Alphonso Pignatelli had given a very faithful description of his house, and that it was scarcely habitable. "Madame de Beurnonville," said he, "regrets exceedingly that we cannot ask you to come to our hotel; but we are very badly accommodated ourselves, and are full of complaints." This was said on our way to the Calle de Clavel, in which Pignatelli's house was situated. The two ambassadors had got into my carriage, and we soon drove up to the door of my new abode. I beheld a little white house, built exactly on the model of those of England; for many in Madrid are like those in London, whatever difference may exist in other respects between the two cities. The door was furnished with a bright brass knocker; and on entering I found myself in a neat little vestibule paved with marble, and as well sanded as if it had formed part of a Dutch habitation. The staircase was, like the house itself, small, but elegant and in good taste. We passed through an ante-chamber to the dining-room, and I next proceeded to examine the drawing-room and bed-chamber, and was delighted with the neatness and elegance of the furniture. A good collection of pictures, French bronzes, and porcelain, completed the ornaments of this agreeable habitation, which was certainly one of the finest houses in Madrid. Junot and Beurnonville were highly amused by observing my astonishment. This little conspiracy had

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been got up in order to afford me the pleasure of an agreeable sur prise. After resting a few hours, I proceeded to the French ambassador's, and was kindly welcomed by Madame Beurnonville. This lady was very much respected at Madrid, where her exalted birth alone would have insured her a favourable reception. In a country where birth is every thing, it is very important that an ambassador's lady should possess that qualification. The impression produced even by the Emperor's glory, reflected as it was upon his generals, was not, however, sufficient to command the respect of persons of elevated rank. A prejudice so profoundly rooted, could not be re moved in a day.

When I arrived at Madrid, the court had quitted the Escurial for Aranjuez.* The customs observed at the Spanish court at this period, were the same as those which prevailed in the reign of Philip II.

I will now take a retrospective glance at Madrid and Spain, as they were before the war, before the intrigues of a few obscure individuals surrounded that kingdom with snares, and by exciting the people against France, succeeded in changing totally, both the moral and physical aspect of the country. I will also describe Portugal; I will paint both countries as I saw them, and the notes and correspon dence I have now before me, will essentially aid me in this task. When I visited Spain, on my journey to Lisbon, all was profound tranquillity, and such a thing as an invasion was never thought of, at

* Aranjuez is situated in a truly picturesque and romantic spot, in a beautiful valley on the Tagus, to the south-west of Madrid. The royal domicile is, as it were, entombed in verdure and luxuriant foliage. But the little attention which is bestowed upon the canals and waters which flow through the beautiful grounds render the retreat ungenial during the hot seasons. At the end of May, the Royal family quit Aranjuez for La Granja or San Ildefonso—wretched imitations of Versailles, the work of Philip V. La Granja is situated to the north of Madrid, upon the slope of a chain of high mountains. This renders it a desirable summer retreat. Consequently the Royal family linger there till June, July, or August. The third *sitio*, or country residence, is San Lorenzo or the Escurial. On this place, Philip II. has impressed the seal of his wild and savage character. The history of his reign is written upon these dreary walls. This mass of stone conveys at one and the same time the idea of a palace and a monastery; but still without the majesty of the one, or without the austerity and religious gloominess which ought to accompany the other. Here the court sojourns from September to December, in other words during the coldest period of the year. And yet the temperature of the Escurial, built as it is in an open situation on the declivity of Guadarrama, is by no means genial. The winds rage with violence, the mountains which surround it are divested of verdure, and nature seems to dwindle in these ever snow-clad regions, though the sun shoots his ardent rays over the barren rocks.

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least on our part. The alliance between France and Spain, on the contrary, was more friendly than ever. In all the ports of Andalusia preparations were making to join the Spanish and French fleets, and Junot was specially charged with secret despatches for the furtherance of this measure. He had occasion to confer with the Prince of the Peace on the subject of the junction, which the Emperor considered of high importance. The Spanish navy was then formidable, at all events it had a reputation. This was before the battle of Trafalgar. But I think myself particularly fortunate in having been able at the time to which I refer, to glean some knowledge of the royal family, and of the man who then ruled Spain, and whose sceptre, though light as a reed, was furnished with iron points, with which he inflicted wounds on a generous people. The Prince of the Peace is one of those extraordinary characters who have obtained celebrity without any just grounds. A similar instance has occurred in Russia. The history of the Prince of the Peace, presents in a striking light, the melancholy results of illicit passion. I both saw and heard a great deal respecting the Prince of the Peace during my stay in Spain. These particulars I will lay before the reader.

After I passed the stone lion which marks the boundary between New and Old Castile, I never saw any thing to equal the barrenness of the country. No gardens, no country-houses, no culture, nothing in short indicating the vicinity of a great capital. This stone lion, with its pompous inscriptions, stands at the entrance of the very finest road I ever beheld. It was a Roman way in the best time of Rome, when she left in distant kingdoms those vestiges of her grandeur which are still found after the lapse of ages. How strange that vanity should have induced its founder, Ferdinand VI., to erect so pompous a monument to commemorate the formation of a few leagues of road, in a tract of country presenting not a single house, or a trace of culture! and for this, to style himself the father of his country!

But though the approach to Madrid produces so unfavourable an impression, yet the appearance of the city on first entering it is nevertheless grand and imposing. The streets are long and straight; the Calle de Alcala, where the French ambassador resided, is one of the finest streets in Europe. It is terminated at one end by the magnificent promenade of the Prado, and the fine palace of the Duke of Alva, and at the other by La Puerta del Sol. The great street of Toledo, of which so much is said in Gil Blas, and in the Spanish romances, and the street of Atocha, are finer than any in London or Paris. For a long period Madrid was but a little town of no note belonging to the Archbishop of Toledo. Philip II. first made it a royal residence. He

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was influenced in his choice by the salubrity of the air of Madrid and its fine waters, of which there is an abundant supply. Fountains are to be seen in every quarter of the city, which for execution and design, are execrable—a rather extraordinary circumstance, considering that they were erected at the epoch of the revival of the arts, when Spain produced so many splendid works. I can bear testimony to the fine quality of the water they supply. Its excellence arises, I fancy, from the many meanderings it is obliged to make.

I entertain the highest admiration for the Spanish character. I have studied it at different periods, I have seen it as it really is—lofty, generous, and magnanimous; I have remarked its virtues and defects; but the latter are rather the effect of circumstances than of disposition. The Spaniards are remarkable for command of temper, and are distinguished by great patience; the latter virtue was particularly fatal to us in our unfortunate expedition against them; for with it were combined uniform affection for their sovereign, and a superstition which the monks turned to their own profit the more easily, as the Spaniards are, at least were, sincerely devout. I am aware that a poison extremely dangerous to an unenlightened people, has since insinuated itself among them; viz., a superficial education engendering infidelity and free thinking. This is one of the legacies we have left them. The piety of the women presented a peculiarity which surprised me: it was directed exclusively to the Virgin. In Spain the Virgin is adored under a thousand different names, and each day is sacred to some new ceremony. The vast array of saints whom they invoke in their prayers, in preference even to the name of the Almighty or the Saviour, was a circumstance sufficiently calculated to astonish a Frenchwoman; for our religion is simple in its forms, compared to that of the Spaniards. What is related of the horror entertained by the Spaniards for drunkenness, is perfectly true. Before the invasion, when I crossed the Peninsula, from one end to the other, I saw but two men in a state of inebriation, the one a Frenchman, and the other a Catalan, a sailor, and so ignorant, that he knew nothing of his country but its name.

To see the Spaniard in his native character it is necessary to go into the heart of the kingdom. Our last invasion, short as it was, has left permanent traces. Conquerors always impress some portion of their character on a conquered people. For instance, the Spaniards derive from the Moors their taste for plays, tournaments, and other shows, their respectful gallantry to females, their love of titles, and their habit of speaking in metaphor and hyperbole, their gravity in deportment and conversation, and the jealousy which renders them

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vindictive and distrustful. Their Gothic ancestors, the Goths, and true founders of Spain, bequeathed to them freedom and probity. Their superstition may perhaps be dated from the period of the long invasion, or rather importation of the Romans, who were remarkably superstitious. Do we not see in Rome and throughout Italy, the same superstition now-a-days? There is one fault with which the Spaniards may justly be reproached, because it is offensive to foreigners who visit them; this is their excessive national vanity. There are few Spaniards who do not think their nation the first in the world; and they maintain this absurdity with great positiveness. They still beguile themselves with the flattering recollection of the conquest of the new world, and of the times when Charles V. dreamt of universal monarchy. In this, indeed, they are not unlike us. For valour and conquest, we still fancy ourselves as great as we were in the glorious days of the Revolution and the Empire; and for urbanity and elegance, think ourselves equal to the subjects of Louis XIV.; while we have retrogaded as far from the one as the other.

Immediately on my arrival in Madrid I was visited by many ladies of the court, some of whom manifested towards me much kindness and attention. One of these ladies, the Duchess of Ossuna, had resided long at Paris, and was distinguished for pleasing manners and gracious deportment. The Duchess's two daughters, the Marchioness de Santa Cruz, and the Marchioness of Camarasa, were both highly educated and amiable women. Her house was furnished in the French style, and in the most perfect taste. Another lady of high rank, who paid me a visit as soon as she had learnt my arrival, was the Marchioness d'Arizza, formerly Duchess of Berwick. Her second husband, the Marquis d'Arizza, was chief majordomo to the Queen Maria Luisa. In her youth she had been very beautiful, and at the time I knew her, she still retained her fine figure and graceful deportment. When, on the morning promenade at the Prado, she alighted from her carriage and walked up and down, attired in an elegant *basquina*, and lace *mantilla*, drawing the latter from side to side with her fan, to shade the eyes, as the Spaniards say, she resembled one of Andalusia's lovely daughters. She had then a son twelve years of age, who has lately been at Paris, under the title of the Duke of Berwick.

I also received much attention from the Marchioness de Santiago. A stranger figure than this lady was never seen. The Marquis d'Arizza had laid me a wager that I could not look at her without laughing. The poor woman painted most unmercifully. The ladies of Charles II.'s court would have looked pale beside her. Her daily operation of painting being ended, she made herself a pair of finely

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arched black eyebrows, which she fixed above a pair of immense eyes, which were constantly on the broad stare. These same eyebrows gave rise to a laughable incident which I heard related at the house of the Marchioness d'Arizza. There was a party at Aranjuez, and the company were in the height of gaiety, dancing and laughing, when the Marchioness de Santiago was announced. Though she was then somewhat younger, she painted as thickly as when further advanced in life, and she was attended then, as she still was at the age of sixty, by a cavaliere servente, of to use the Spanish term, a *cortejo*. The Marchioness arrived late, and apologised by saying, that the beauty of the evening had tempted her to take the air in the Calle de la Reyna. Whilst she spoke a universal titter prevailed through the room. Her appearance, which was at all times singular, was at this moment irresistibly droll. She had but one eyebrow! As nature had in her case been very sparing of this feature, and as the one which attracted attention was black as jet, the contrast was complete. She herself had no suspicion that any thing was wrong. The *cortejo* was equally unconscious. At length the mirth of the company exploded in loud peals of laughter, and the lost eyebrow was discovered to have accidentally fixed itself on the forehead of the *cortejo*.

There was at the court of Madrid at this time a lady who very much pleased me. This was Madame Carrujo from the Havana. Her figure was rather large for a Spanish woman, but exquisitely proportioned, as indeed they all are, especially those born in the colonies. These latter possess a symmetry of form, which even the fair Andalusians cannot boast of.

Junot, who was very anxious to have an interview with the Prince of the Peace,* saw him on the day after his arrival. The Prince

* Don Manuel Godoy was born at Badajoz in Estremadura. His father was a petty provincial gentleman, a kind of country squire. Manuel had an elder brother, Luis, who, I believe, through the patronage of the Duke de l'Infantado, entered the body guards. Don Luis was a tall, handsome young man, something like his brother, and he speedily attracted the notice of a lady, who, though herself filling the most exalted rank, nevertheless scrupled not to select her favourites from the lowest classes of society. Luis was soon established in her good graces, and got his brother entered in the same company of the body guards. But the lady who had so graciously noticed him was not remarkable for the stability of her affections. Manuel was probably handsomer, and more agreeable than his brother. In short, he pleased: and his elevation was rapid. In course of time, he was created, first Duke de la Alcudia, and next, Prince of the Peace. This last dignity appeared the more extraordinary, because the title of Prince is never conferred on Spanish subjects. It was on the occasion of the treaty of peace, signed in 1797, between the French Republic and Spain, that the Duke de la Alcudia received that signal mark of favour.

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knew that he had to make an important communication from the Emperor Napoleon, and although the cannon of Austerlitz had not yet been heard, Spain was the most faithful ally of France; as much from interest, it may be believed, as from friendship. The Prince of the Peace wished to please the Emperor, and was exceedingly gracious during this interview with Junot, who came home quite captivated by him. "Berthier was talking nonsense," he said, "when he spoke ill of this man. He is described as being insolent, but I consider him merely a courtier, such as I can imagine the gentlemen of the court of Philip V. to have been. He does not like the Prince and Princess of the Asturias, and he informs me that we shall not meet with a good reception in that quarter. He says that France has no greater enemy than the Prince Royal, and added that it is his wife, the daughter of the King of Naples, who has excited him against us, merely because France is the ally of Spain." Junot informed me that the Prince exclaimed, "Ah, monsieur, Spain will some day have in him a king who will render her very unfortunate! This double alliance with the house of Naples, forms a bond which connects us with Austria, to whom a third daughter of the King of Naples is married. All these women have combined against France. Her new glory mortifies them, and perhaps you will scarcely believe that this new league is planned and directed by the Queen of Naples herself. Our gracious Queen, whom heaven preserve, opposes this influence with all the powers of her mind and her natural affection for her son; but General...." and he struck his breast with his right hand and shook his head repeatedly.

"I am astonished at what you tell me," said I to Junot; "I have often heard my uncle Demetrius speak of the Princess of Naples, who is now Princess of the Asturias. He knew her at Naples, and described her as a charming creature, beautiful and interesting; able to converse in seven or eight languages; an excellent musician and artist; and, in short, a highly accomplished woman. The Prince of the Peace must talk nonsense." Junot rejoined, "May not a Princess be accomplished in the sense in which you understand the word, and yet be the most malicious person in the world?"

It would be a mistake to suppose, notwithstanding all that has been said of him, that the Prince of the Peace was utterly devoid of talent. He possessed considerable shrewdness, good sense, and judgment, combined with an aptitude for business, the more remarkable in a Spaniard, as they are usually very inactive. These qualities seemed calculated to render him a good minister; but, on the contrary, what misfortunes did his administration bring upon

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Spain! I believe Godoy's intentions to have been good, as a minister and a patriot. He encouraged the arts; and by his orders travellers were sent from Spain to different parts of the world, in order to bring back to their native country information on science and manufactures: he constructed bridges and roads: he opposed the Inquisition, and in this conflict, the most serious perhaps that was ever maintained between the throne and the altar, the temporal authority was triumphant. How, then, are we to account for the misery which resulted from the government of the Prince of the Peace? On what was grounded the hatred of the whole nation towards that one man? There must have been some good reasons for this, for it seldom happens in such cases that the judgment of the mass of a nation is erroneous.

The court, as I have already mentioned, was at Aranjuez when we arrived in Madrid. Junot went there first without me; and it was determined that I should be presented on the 24th of March, *en confidencia*, that is to say, without the formality of a full court dress and hoop. We set out from Madrid on the 23rd of March, at four in the afternoon, in order to sleep at Aranjuez that night, so that I might be presented to their Majesties next day, at half past one, that is to say, immediately after their dinner, and before his Majesty went out to hunt. On leaving Madrid, we crossed the Mançanarez by the bridge built in the reign of Philip II., by Juan de Herrera, and in allusion to which a wit of the time observed, that "now the bridge is made for the river, it will be well to make a river for the bridge." At a little distance further on, we again crossed the Mançanarez, but by fording it; after which we found ourselves on the magnificent road leading to Aranjuez, which is bordered merely by a few miserable-looking olive trees. This road, which is six leagues in length, runs in a straight line, and is so perfectly smooth that the carriage rolled along as swiftly as though we had been flying. In this way we descended into the lovely valley in which is situated the royal *sitio* of Aranjuez. The descriptions which the poets have given us of Arcadia, the valley of Tempé, and all the spots most favoured by Heaven, do not excel the beauty of Aranjuez. On entering the valley, all trace is lost of the chalky plains of New Castile. Instead of barrenness, the eye dwells on a picture of luxuriant fertility. Nothing is seen but verdure, flowers, and trees laden with fruit. A balmy fragrance perfumes the air. In short, one seems to be transported to another world, and to enjoy a new existence. The palace is not fine; it is nothing more than a small plain country house, such as might be the abode of any wealthy private gentleman. The Tagus surrounds

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the palace, and forms a very pretty artificial cascade in front of a parterre beneath the windows. The water is so close to the walls, that the King can enjoy the amusement of fishing from his terrace.

I was so enchanted with this earthly paradise, that I could have wished to spend the whole day in wandering over the grounds, instead of retiring to my chamber to array myself in full dress at broad noon-day. However, I had no choice, and in due time I commenced the important preparations for my presentation. I put on a dress, such as I should have worn at the imperial court, and my head-dress was composed of diamonds. I should have preferred pearls; for diamonds appeared to me to have too glaring an effect for daylight. But whenever I hinted at the idea of wearing pearls, to the Marchioness d'Arizza and some other ladies, they were as much shocked as if I had intended to insult their Queen. I consequently put on my diamonds. These ladies told me one thing which appeared to me so ridiculous that I thought they were only hoaxing me. They assured me that the Queen never received a lady in white gloves. "You must therefore recollect to take them off," said the Duchess d'Ossuna, "or you will get into disgrace." I laughed at this, and when I was dressed, never doubting but that what I had been told was a mere joke, I put on a pair of white gloves. But on arriving at the door of the apartment in which their Majesties were to receive me, the *camerara-mayor* touched my arm, and by signs requested me to take off my gloves. As she could not speak a word of French, and I could scarcely understand a word of Spanish, the dialogue was not very noisy, though our gestures were sufficiently animated. I observed that the old lady was growing impatient, and I felt myself getting a little out of humour. That I, a French woman and a foreigner, who held no rank at the court of Spain, should be subjected to this strange regulation, appeared to me unreasonable and absurd. Perhaps I was equally so in attempting to resist it; but I am one of those persons who like to have their own way, and consequently I found myself in open rebellion against the *camerara-mayor*, and resolutely withdrawing my gloved hands, I exclaimed, "No, no, Senora!" To which she replied, "Senora Ambassadress, it is indispensable."

At length, finding that I obstinately resisted, she smiled, and seizing my arm with her little dingy, shrivelled hands, she began to unglove me by force. I now saw the folly of longer resistance, and I submitted to the ceremony with a good grace. The old lady folded up my gloves, and carefully laid them behind a red curtain, near the door of the Queen's apartment, and then looking at my hands, she exclaimed:—"*Jesus!* .... *Jesus!* .... *how very pretty* .... *Oh!*

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. . . ." She evidently wished to console me and to remove the embarrassment I naturally felt at entering the presence-chamber in a trained dress, diamonds and bare arms. The camerara-mayor then entered to receive the commands of their Majesties, and on her return I was immediately ushered in.

The King and Queen were standing very near the door, so near it, indeed, that on entering, I scarcely found room to make my three courtesys. The Queen advanced to me and received me with pleasing condescension. She entered into conversation with me about my journey, with an air of interest which certainly could not be sincere, as she must have cared very little about me; but she appeared to do so, and this appearance is always gratifying on the part of a Sovereign. She seemed to me to be still a fine woman, though she was then growing stout, and was getting a double chin, like Catherine II., which imparted a matronly appearance to her countenance. She nevertheless wore a *coiffure à la grecque* with pearls and diamonds plaited along with her hair, or rather her wig. Her dress, which consisted of a slip of yellow taffety, covered with a robe of beautiful English point lace, was cut exceedingly low on the neck and shoulders. Her arms were without gloves and adorned with bracelets composed of magnificent pearls, each clasp consisting of a single ruby, the finest I ever beheld. I could not help thinking of my adventure with the camerara-mayor when I saw the Queen's bare arms, which, as well as her hands, were exceedingly beautiful. A smile which I was unable to repress, apparently revealed to her Majesty what was passing in my mind.—"I suppose," said she, "you were astonished at being required to take off your gloves? It is a custom, of which you, Madam, at least, have no reason to complain, for your hands are made to be seen." Charles IVth's figure and appearance were perfectly original. He was tall, his hair was grey and very thin, and his extremely long nose did not tend to improve a countenance naturally devoid of intelligence, though it had an expression of good nature and benevolence. His toilet, when I had the honour of seeing him, was not calculated to set off his personal appearance. He wore a blue frock-coat of very coarse cloth, with yellow metal buttons, buckskin small-clothes, blue stockings drawn up over his knees, after the fashion of our grandfathers about a century ago, and over the stockings a pair of gaiters. I afterwards learned that this was his hunting-dress. Hunting was an amusement, or in his case I may more properly call it a fatigue, of which he was exceedingly fond. Like his father, he went out to the chase every day of his life, let the

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weather be foul or fair.—"Rain breaks no bones," he used to say.* Every day after dinner he would get into his carriage and take a drive of seven or eight leagues before he commenced hunting. In conformity with old etiquette, the foreign ministers were admitted to pay their respects to the King twice a week:—the day on which I was presented was one of these demi-reception days.

After speaking to me about my journey, and inquiring after the health of my little daughter, the Queen suddenly changed the conversation, and asked me some questions relative to the Empress Josephine. However, she did not say much on that subject, for I managed to change the conversation: from the few words which fell from the Queen, I could easily perceive that the idea she had formed of the Empress was not founded merely on her own judgment.—"How does she dress?" inquired she. "In the most elegant and tasteful style," I replied. "We take her as a model in all that relates to dress, not merely because she is our Sovereign, but because her exquisite taste prompts her to wear every thing that is most graceful and becoming." "Does she wear rouge?" I answered "No," which at that time was really true. The Empress certainly rouged at a later period of her life; but I never recollect having seen her wear it during the Consulate or the beginning of the Empire. "And flowers—does she wear artificial flowers?" continued her Majesty. I replied in the affirmative. But these short answers were not satisfactory. I was obliged to be more specific, and accordingly described some of the dresses which the Empress had worn at fêtes in honour of the coronation. The Queen then said to me, "Have you seen my daughter, the Queen of Etruria? Do you not think she is very much like me?" This question quite embarrassed me, and I was at a loss what to say, for it is impossible to imagine a more ordinary woman than the Queen of Etruria. I feared her Majesty was laying a snare for me; I never could have conceived that maternal love was so blind. However, there was something in the Queen's manner which convinced me of her sincerity, and I answered that the Queen of Etruria was remarkably like her Majesty. "Oh!" resumed the Queen, "she is not to be compared to my Carlotta at Lisbon—she presents a strong resemblance both to her father and me; observe her well when you see her. She is like her father in the upper part of the face, and like me in the lower parts."

* When one of his sons was on his death-bed, he went out daily to hunt with as much indifference as though the child had been perfectly well. "What can I do for him?" was all the sympathy he expressed.

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It was curious enough that all this was perfectly true, and yet the Princess was very ugly, and the Queen of Spain possessed the remains of beauty. She certainly could not be called very handsome at the time when I saw her (1804–5). She had then lost her teeth, and the artificial set which replaced them was no very good specimen of the dentist's skill. As to the King, he nodded assent to all that Luisa said, and looked at me with an air of good nature. However, he did not seem to be quite pleased at being excluded from the conversation, and when he could find an opportunity of getting in a word, he asked me what I had thought of the *coches de colleras*. He said I must have been much astonished at seeing them drawn by mules, and added that, of course, I had never seen such animals before. At this remark I could not really refrain from laughing, for I was then a lively, giddy young woman; but, speedily recovering my gravity, I informed his Majesty that all his finest mules were brought from one of our French provinces, namely, from Poitou. I shall never forget the expression of stupid astonishment that was depicted in the King's countenance, on hearing this. He stared at me, and looked as incredulous as if I had told him that Peru was in Madrid. "Did you know that, Luisa?" said he, turning to the Queen. Her Majesty, by a nod, answered in the affirmative. Then, after a pause and looking earnestly at me, she said, addressing the King, "Is not Madame Junot very much like a Spanish lady: she has the complexion, the eyes, and the hair of a Spaniard?"—"Yes, yes," said the King, rubbing his hands and smiling, "*La Senora es Espanola.*"—"And yet," resumed the Queen, addressing me, "you are a native of France, are you not? You were not born in Greece? My daughter-in-law, to whom I was speaking about you yesterday, tells me that she saw in Naples an individual of your name, a Prince Comnenus. Is he your father, or your brother?"—"He is my uncle, Madam," I replied, and explained to her that my name was not Comnenus, and that I was connected with that family only on my mother's side.

I then took leave of the King and Queen after this very long audience. The first interview with the King and Queen of Spain left an impression on my memory which time can never efface. At a period not far distant, I had an opportunity of evincing my grateful recollection of the marks of kindness their Majesties were pleased to confer on me. This was at the time when they were so cruelly confined at Marseilles, by the order of the Emperor. My brother was still in that town, and was dictated by the generosity of his character, to alleviate the sufferings of these noble fugitives.

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CHAPTER IX.

The Prince of the Peace—His familiar manners in the presence of the King and Queen—Married to a Bourbon Princess—Hated by his wife—His connection with Madame Tudo—Anecdote of Mayo, a rival favourite—The Queen's talent for conversation—The King's feeble attempts at music—Princess of the Asturias—Recollections of Aranjuez—Court Promenade—Remarkable picture at Madrid—Rencontre with Talliên—Junot's opinion of Godoy.

THERE is one particular which I passed over in silence, when describing my royal presentation; but which is nevertheless worthy of notice. On entering the audience chamber, I had scarcely room to move, as the King and Queen were both standing very near the door. The room appeared to be about twenty-five feet by eighteen. This was a moderate size, and enabled me to see very well every object that was in it; and however indecorous it might be to look over the shoulder of the Queen, the singular spectacle which presented itself to my eyes might well apologize for my neglect of etiquette. I beheld a man at the other end of the apartment, whose attitude and bearing appeared to me particularly ill suited to the audience chamber of royalty. This man appeared to be thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, his countenance was of that description which a fine well-grown hearty young man usually presents; but there was no trace of dignity in his appearance. The individual whom I am now describing, was covered with decorations of all sorts. He wore the first order of Spain, that of the Golden Fleece, together with that of St. January, the order of Charles III., of St. Ferdinand, of Malta, and of Christ. I might, therefore, reasonably suppose that this man was an important personage, and I was not wrong; he was the Prince of the Peace. I was struck with surprise at his free and easy manner. He was leaning, or rather lying upon a *console*, at the further end of the apartment, and was playing with a curtain tassel which was within his reach.

At the time to which I allude, his favour at the court was immense, and beyond all example, even in a country where for many reigns past Monarchs have possessed no other privilege than that of seating themselves on a throne, whose power they place in the hands of a *privado*. But the Prince of the Peace enjoyed the favour of both

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King and Queen, and when *Manuelito* was not with Charles IV. he was sent for; for the King could ill brook his absence. He at this time had the title of Prince, which no nobleman of Spanish origin had yet borne, without having a precise claim to it. He was prime minister, counsellor of state, commander of four companies of life guards, generalissimo of the forces by sea and land, a rank which no person had ever possessed in Spain before him, and which was created expressly to give him precedence over the captains-general. This astonishing favour had its source in the cause to which I have already alluded. I should add, that he had lately married a Princess of the house of Bourbon, the daughter of the Infant Don Louis, and sister of the archbishop of Toledo. About this marriage I heard strange stories when I first passed some weeks at Madrid. Both parties detested each other; but nothing could equal the hatred which the Princess of the Peace entertained for the individual whom she refused to acknowledge as her husband.

"You would have a bad reception from her," said Beurnonville, to Junot, "if she should imagine that you are on good terms with the Prince." The Prince of the Peace, however, said to Junot before he was presented to the Princess: "She will make you amends for the grim faces which you and Madame Junot will be obliged to encounter here. When you see her, you will at least have a kind reception, and see a pleasant countenance." I should mention that the *grim* faces to which he alluded, were those of the Prince and Princess of the Asturias. The Princess of the Peace hated her husband to such a degree, that one day at Madrid, after the terrible transactions of Aranjuez, being in company with my friend General Joseph Lagrange, and speaking to him of the treatment she had received from the Prince of the Peace on account of *that Tudo*, she added, pointing to her little daughter, who at that moment ran into the room, "In fact, I hate him so much, that I do not like that child, because she is his." Certainly it would be difficult to find any malice and badness of heart to equal this. The Prince of the Peace may not have behaved as he ought to a wife whom his Sovereign had given him, by way of a reward, and as a pledge of their favour, but the above remark of the Princess seems to exonerate him. It was then very generally reported in Madrid, that he had been married to Madame Tudo, whom I saw at a distance one evening in the theatre, and who appeared to me a very pretty woman. She had an hotel, in which she resided with a numerous family, who was said to belong to the Prince of the Peace. I may add, that I for a long time believed, with many other persons, that the Prince of the Peace was married

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to Madame Tudo previous to his union with the Princess of Bourbon, and that ambition had induced him to commit the crime of bigamy. A lady, on whose veracity I can rely, assured me that she was present at the marriage of the Prince of the Peace at Rome with Madame Tudo. His marriage with the Princess was, therefore, legal, in spite of all she alleged to the contrary.

I may here relate an anecdote which was at the time told at Madrid, and which may form an additional subject for reflection, relative to the astonishing favour enjoyed by Don Manuel Godoy. He had loved the Queen, or rather he had been beloved by her. I adopt this version in preference to the other, for he was young and handsome, and she, to speak with all the respect due to a crowned head, was old and ugly; but his situation was a good deal like that of Potemkin:* but Maria Luisa was not quite so bad as Catherine, for she did not cause her husbands to be strangled. The Prince of the Peace who had, I presume, taken Potemkin for his model, wished to imitate him in everything, and when the passion for himself was somewhat chilled he thought proper to direct the choice of new favourites. He was much offended at the introduction of a young man who had been in the guards, named Mayo. Mayo was handsome, and might become a formidable rival to him. The Prince was indignant; but the young man was in possession, and it was not easy to eject him. However, Godoy avenged himself by directing against him, as well as the Queen, all the epigrams which he could invent.

One day, when he was on a balcony looking into the court-yard at La Granja (San Ildefonso) with the King and Queen, a carriage drove up drawn by four horses, with servants and out-riders in splendid liveries; in short, the equipage was fit for a prince. "Heyday," said the King, "whom have we here?—why it is Mayo," and with great astonishment the Monarch alternately looked at Luisa and the *Privado*. "I have observed for some time," added he, "that Mayo lives in great style. The other day I saw him on the Prado with an equipage more splendid than yours, Manuelito . . . . What does this mean?"—"Oh, nothing extraordinary," replied the Prince, casting a glance at the Queen, who, firm as she was, trembled lest Manuel

* The favour in which the Prince of the Peace was held, seems extremely similar to that of Potemkin. Catherine dreaded the latter, when she no longer loved him. I learned from an authentic source that the Queen of Spain stood in fear of the Prince of the Peace in a remarkable degree. Nevertheless, she died of fatigue in attending Godoy, during a long and violent illness he had, while they were at Rome.

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Godoy should be *jealous;* but he was no such fool, he had more sense.—"The thing is easily explained," said he to the King, "a foolish old woman is smitten with him, and gives him as much money as he wants."—"Indeed!" said the King, "and who is this old woman; is it the Marchioness of Santiago?"—The Prince thought this was sufficient punishment, and changed the conversation. This was not a difficult matter with poor Charles IV. It was only necessary to say that a dog was running past, and the thing was accomplished.

The Queen possessed considerable talent in conversation. She was remarkably animated, she loved to talk, and she appeared to advantage when doing so, a thing very rare amongst royal personages. She was besides a good musician, and was very fond of music. As to the King he had also a passion for it, but a very unfortunate one. Every day on returning from hunting he had a concert in his private apartment. The King took his violin, and bore a part in a quartette of Haydn, or a quintette of Boccherini. The reader may judge what some of our most famous violinists, who were then in Spain and were required to play with the King, must have suffered. Libon, whose enchanting talent is well known, passed some time at Madrid, and like others, was of the royal party. One of these poor martyrs informed me that one evening a terrible confusion arose in a *tutti* passage. It was not the fault of the professors, and after a little consultation, Olivieri, whom I often heard at Lisbon, where he was first violin at the Grand Opera, ventured to tell the King that the fault was his. His Majesty had hurried on without waiting during three bars' rest which occurred in his part. The good-natured Monarch appeared quite thunderstruck. He gazed at Olivieri with amazement, and then laying down his bow, he said majestically in Italian, "*I rei n'aspettano mai.*" I had a strong desire to see the Princess of the Asturias. I was told that three o'clock would be the most convenient hour to be presented to her: the Princess being fond of occupation, did not waste her time in sleep, like the inmates of Aranjuez. I had reasons for wishing to be introduced to a Princess whom I may say I had long known, though I had never seen her. Her misfortunes interested me; her fame belonged to Europe. One naturally thinks so much of a Princess who is superior to other females; and this lady was really a superior person.

A mother-in-law has not a mother's heart. A mother is proud of the merit of a daughter; a mother-in-law is jealous of it. The Queen of Naples, though certainly an ill-tempered woman, cherished an affection for her *learned*, yet unaffected daughter; but the Queen of Spain contracted her black eyebrows, and from the first day she saw her,

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conceived an antipathy which was soon converted into hatred of her charming daughter in law, who in the court circle spoke to each ambassador in the language of his nation! Alas! the hatred produced by the envy of a woman has something horrible in its results. The Princess of the Asturias, at the period when I was presented to her for the first time, was still what might be called a young bride. She had been brought to Spain to marry the Prince of the Asturias (since Ferdinand VII.), and her brother, who escorted her, took back with him as his bride, the Infanta Donna Maria. But neither of the two Princesses wore the crowns which seemed to be in reserve for them.*

It would seem that crowned heads, owing to the exalted station in which they are placed, become only a surer mark for death and misfortune. What a fate awaited the Princess of the Asturias! The Prince of the Peace, whether he had or had not reason to be offended with the Prince or Princess of the Asturias, certainly treated them in a way which the heir to the throne could not endure without the desire of vengeance. It is true that kings are but men; but admitting this, it is also necessary to concede another point, namely, that if they are men, they must also have the passions of men; and the spirit of revenge may invade the soul of a monarch as well as of the lowest of his subjects. However odious Ferdinand may subsequently have proved himself, it is certain that in 1805 he sought only justice. He desired that the heir to the throne should be respected, that his wife should possess a happy, or at least a peaceable home, and finally that they should not be insulted by Manuel Godoy. I repeat that he desired only justice. He loved the Princess ardently, and she returned his affection fully and unreservedly: in fact, the attachment of this unfortunate pair was the only consolation they experienced in a life full of continually renewed grief and trouble. All that I had heard of their private history made me experience a lively emotion when I was about to be presented to them.

On entering the chamber, I found the Princess standing, and leaning on a table, though there was a sofa behind her. The Prince, who was in the adjoining room, came in instantly, and leant his hand upon the same table with his wife. I always observed that when they were together, the Prince watched the eyes of the Princess as if he

* When Ferdinand VII. was Napoleon's prisoner in France, he on his knees sought a wife from the Emperor. "I beseech your Majesty to give me one of your nieces," said he.—"But they will not have you."—"Then let me have one of the relations of her Majesty, the Empress."—"They will not have you either."—"Then give me," said Ferdinand, "any wife you please,—so that I receive her from your hand."

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expected her to indicate what he was to do. The Princess was not very tall, yet her figure was dignified and graceful, which probably was owing to the manner in which she carried her head. Her eyes were of a beautiful blue; her fair hair seemed to denote a northern origin, and her appearance altogether presented nothing of the Italian. She had the Austrian lip and the Bourbon nose; but the latter was only slightly aquiline, and not approximating to her chin like that of her father-in-law; she had a fresh colour and a plumpness which indicated exuberant health. Her arms and her hands were not beautiful, neither were her feet, which, considering her size, ought to have been small. But upon the whole, she was exceedingly agreeable, and perfectly the Princess.*

Her air was majestic, and at first sight she appeared rather austere, but when she smiled her countenance beamed with kindness. There was poetry in her expressive features, and though she was usually silent and reserved, yet her countenance had a speaking look. She treated me with a degree of kindness of which I shall always retain a grateful recollection. Alas! a year had scarce passed away when the Princess, whom I saw so full of health and bloom, was only a living corpse, calling hourly upon death to deliver her from her sufferings. The day when I first saw her she was dressed in white. Her gown, which was made in the most simple manner, was one of those pretty sprigged English muslins, which were then worn, and was trimmed only with violet and white ribbon. Her beautiful and profuse fair hair was simply, but carefully dressed. Her comb was studded with large and magnificent pearls, intermingled with diamonds. This rich simplicity struck me the more forcibly, because I had just seen in the apartment above, all the luxury of dress lavished on an old woman. The Queen's yellow slip appeared dirty, and the robe of English point, though worth 20,000 francs, seemed in bad taste, compared with the dress of pure white, worn by the young and blooming Princess. I departed from the audience quite enchanted. The Princess had a winning manner, which I have never seen in any other person but herself, except Napoleon. She was not pretty; many persons indeed maintained that she was even ugly. It may be so, I care little about it. She appeared to me pretty and amiable. I found her such because she wished to be so.

Having made my great visits, I returned to Maria Luisa's camerara-mayor, according to etiquette, a matter which at this period

* In the Duchess of Orleans, now Queen of the French, I can perceive no trace of resemblance to her sister, the Princess of the Asturias.

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one could not venture to neglect. The camerara-mayor was a little old dame, very thin, dark, and "ugly as a devil," as I heard a lady of the court observe, who by-the-by was nevertheless a very pious person. The camerara laughed again at the recollection of the white gloves, and seizing my hands, she looked at them and repeated, "*Jesus! Jesus! how pretty they are!*"

Many years have passed away since I saw Aranjuez; but time has only augmented the charm attached to my recollection of that delightful place; for in all my travels I have never seen a spot which can form a fair comparison with it. It is not like any thing in Switzerland, in France, in Algarve, or Italy. In fact, it is like nothing else. —It is Aranjuez—an enchanted paradise! Where else shall we find those charming fountains furnished by two rivers whose waters enclosed an island in which the sun ripens the rarest fruits of every climate and of every country. Never before did I see so fresh, so green, and so beautiful a vegetation. So much pomp, so much magnificence in the most barren and most unfavoured spot in nature. Nothing can exceed the fine effect of the island. I do not think the hand of man could add any thing to it without spoiling it. *La Calle de la Reyna* is a magnificent alley, formed by elms said to be five hundred years old. It is in length more than half a Spanish league, and forms one of the grandest ornaments of Aranjuez. There I have met the Queen and royal family of an evening. The Princesses were accustomed to take the air each in her own carriage, never together: they drove very slowly from one end of the alley to the other several times; and whenever they met they saluted each other with a politeness which might be strictly ceremonial, but was any thing but affectionate. The women as well as the men who were promenading in the alley, stopped as soon as the Princesses came near them. The ladies saluted them respectfully, and the men immediately dropped their *capa*, which the moment before they had draped in a thousand elegant folds. The Queen and Princesses, when they passed in front of a lady who was a favourite, and who, by her rank of grandee of Spain, might receive a public testimony of royal condescension, the Princess who wished to bestow it made a friendly sign to her with the hand or the fan, as if to invite her to approach. This mark of favour was thought a great deal of. When the Queen passed before the place where I had stopped, she smiled, inclined her head in a very gracious manner, and accompanied the motion with a salute of the hand. Thus, the favour shown to me was complete. When the Infants, the King's brothers, returned from their wretched hunting matches, they used by way of

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relaxation to accompany the Princesses in this promenade on horseback.

We returned to Madrid. The moment for our departure for Lisbon approached, and we had several things to arrange which were, for Junot in particular, of the greatest importance. I ran about Madrid, and saw every thing remarkable in it. It is certainly wrong to deny that this city is one of the finest in Europe, and contains more curiosities of all kinds than many northern towns of much celebrity, which really, as the Spanish proverb says, ought to be silent before the capital of Castille.*

Just before I left Madrid, I met with a singular adventure at the ambassador's. I dined every day at General Beurnonville's when not engaged elsewhere, and was as much at home there as I should have been in my own family. One day I came rather late, just as the com-

* At Madrid I saw among other rarities a portrait of the Princess of Eboli, the beautiful and clever mistress of Philip II. She is represented seated under an awning attached to the branches of some trees, and is engaged at her toilet, while a number of Cupids are busily employed in arranging her hunting costume. This intriguing woman was exquisitely beautiful. There is besides another portrait of her, which includes that of the unfortunate Don Carlos. It represents the entry of Queen Elizabeth of France into Valladolid, where she was destined to find a throne and a tomb. Don Carlos is on horseback, as is also the Queen, for in that manner the Queens of Spain were wont to enter their dominions. The Prince is dressed in a slashed doublet entirely covered with precious stones, with a hat turned up at the side and overhung with white feathers. He appears pale, but very handsome; his hair is light, with fine blue eyes. The Queen is represented in a blue satin robe, with a boddice of velvet and gold brocade rising to her throat, and fastened with large ruby buttons. The sleeves are narrow, with large epaulettes, and hang down as far as the waist. A very large farthingale, or hoop, which must have been exceedingly inconvenient for riding supports the blue satin petticoat. She wears a very high and stiff ruff, which forms a sort of frame-work round her pretty face. Upon her head is a small black velvet hat with a rim not an inch broad, the crown of which fitted exactly to the head. It is adorned with a cordon of large diamonds, and a small plume of white feathers on the left side, fixed with an aigrette of jewels. Upon her boddice are to be seen a number of pearl chains of immense size, and of precious stones, the value of which must have been enormous. One thing particularly struck me, viz., the handkerchief which she holds in her hand along with the bridle of her horse. This handkerchief is entirely covered with embroidery, just such a one as would now be used by a modern *élégante*, except that it has a little gold intermixed with the embroidery. At a balcony is seated King Philip II. with sinister expression, his red hair already turning gray, his long and pale face old, wrinkled, and ugly. He is attired in a black velvet dress, with the collar of the Golden Fleece, and seemato be eyeing with an evil and malignant glance the unfortunate victims who are passing beneath him. This picture, of which I know not the painter, is excellent.

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pany were entering the dining-room. General Beurnonville offered me his arm, and I had scarcely time to speak to his lady before we were seated at table. Next me sat a gentleman of a most sinister and repulsive countenance, who uttered not a word. He was tall, dark, and of a bilious complexion. His look was sombre, and he appeared to me to have but one eye. However, I soon perceived that it was the effect of a cataract, which did not deprive him of sight. As he was so singularly taciturn, nobody spoke much to him. This surprised me the more, because the ambassador's lady was very attentive to him. When the second course had begun, I could no longer restrain my curiosity; and though conscious of the rudeness of the question, I asked General Beurnonville in a whisper who my silent neighbour was.

"What!" he replied, with an air of surprise, "do you not know him?"—"I never saw him."—"Impossible!"—"I declare that such is the fact."—"But you have often heard his name, particularly when you were a child."—"You excite my curiosity more powerfully than even his extraordinary appearance has done. Who is he then?"—"Shall I send you some spinach, Tallien?" said a well-known voice. It was that of Junot, who sat opposite to me, and was much amused at my curiosity, the cause of which he had guessed. Junot had known him in Egypt, without however being intimate with him; for the General-in-chief was not very friendly to those who had any connection with Tallien. This name, however, pronounced in a manner so unexpected, made a singular impression on me.... My childhood, to which General Beurnonville had alluded, had been surrounded with dangers, and my young imagination had been fed with the most horrible recitals, connected in a particular manner with the name and person of Tallien. I could not help starting, which he must have perceived, for when I looked at him again, his odious countenance was dark as Erebus. The wretch! how did he drag on his loathsome existence? I asked General Beurnonville the question, and also how it happened that one of our Decemvirs was in a kingdom governed by a Bourbon.

"I am as much surprised as you," the General replied, "and the more so, because the Emperor dislikes Tallien, and has always testified that dislike in not the most gracious manner. This is so true that, when in Egypt, Junot must have perceived that General Bonaparte was very severe towards his officers who were intimate with Tallien. Lanusse and his brother* were never welcome at head-

* The brothers Lanusse were intimate friends of Tallien. The elder was killed in Egypt, in the affair in which Abercrombie fell. He was a brave and

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quarters on this account. After dinner Junot introduced Tallien to me as one of his fellow-travellers in Egypt. He seemed to have forgotten my emotion at dinner on hearing his name. He informed us that he was appointed Consul, I believe, at Malaga; or at some place in Andalusia. The name of Tallien is famous in the blood-stained page of our revolutionary annals. Without searching for the motives which made him act, there is no doubt that, for the part he took in the affair of the 9th Thermidor, he deserves notice in our history.

Junot had, according to his orders, several interviews with the Prince of the Peace, and he was well satisfied. Much ill has been said of the Prince of the Peace, and very little good. During my second residence in Madrid the most serious and sinister reports were circulated respecting him. I had then leisure to consider his character, and the impression he made upon me was very unfavourable; but it is my duty, as an historian, to state that my husband entertained a very different opinion, and that his opinion has since much influenced mine. My brother, who saw him long afterwards during his exile at Marseilles in 1808, also used to relate some very favourable traits of him. He and Junot used to reproach me for my injustice towards Godoy, and the result of our discussions was to make me express my regret that the Prince of the Peace had not well employed all the statesman-like faculties with which heaven had endowed him.

CHAPTER X.

Alliance between Spain and France—Honours paid to us on our journey from Madrid—Talavera de la Reyna—News of the Emperor's acceptance of the Crown of Italy—Truxillo—Unexpected meeting with Jerome Bonaparte—Account of his marriage with Miss Patterson—Portrait of his wife—Conversation between Jerome and Junot—Arrival at Badajoz—Entrance into Portugal—Contrast of the two nations—Approach to Lisbon—We take up our residence at Aldea Galega—Our state visit to Lisbon—Absurd ceremony of the collation—Description of the city—Our reception by the Portuguese nobility.

We left Madrid for Lisbon on the 29th of March, 1805, after having obtained full assurance that Spain was then the faithful ally of France.

worthy man. It was with him that Junot fought at Boulack. The other brother returned to Europe, and under the restoration we have seen him one of the most assiduous servants of Charles X.

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Whether from motives of interest, or from real good faith, Spain gave at this time pledges of a most sincere alliance with us. Her western and southern ports were crowded with vessels ready to put to sea under our flag. The *Santisima Trinidada*, of a hundred and thirty guns, *awaited our orders*—that was the phrase—in the port of Cadiz. The King of Spain ordered that we should everywhere be received with the honours which are paid to a French ambassador at the court of Madrid. This is not a trifling matter of compliment; for the Spanish government, though much devoted to France, displayed nevertheless a sort of solemn dignity, a pride, which made every act of ceremonial politeness exceeding the usual practice, improper, if bestowed on a foreign official authority. At Talavera de la Reyna, we learned by a courier that the Emperor had repaired in great pomp to the Senate on the 18th March, to accept the crown of Italy, in consequence of an offer made to that effect by the Cisalpine republic.* Talavera de la Reyna is a pretty little town, built on the bank of the Tagus. In the morning we were treated with a concert by a band of the Queen's dragoons. There was a number of fine cavalry in the garrison. Junot, who lost no opportunity of complimenting the Prince of the Peace, told me that he was particularly attentive to the cavalry, and that it was owing to him that that description of force was in such good condition. To tell the truth, it was very different from the infantry, for foot soldiers were often to be met begging, and even some of their officers would have had no objection to receive alms. On arriving at Truxillo we were received by the commandant, the corregidor, and all the public functionaries; they showed us great attention, for which we were the more grateful, as we were only what are called *transeuntes*† in Spain, without any prerogative to lay claim to the hospitality which was so readily offered to us. Junot, who had so good an opinion of the Prince of the Peace, insisted that he had ordered these marks of attention out of compliment to France. Truxillo is a wretched, though a large town. It is almost deserted, which indeed is the case with a great portion of the Spanish towns.

We were about two days' journey beyond Truxillo, when one morning Junot approached the door of my carriage, and sur-

* The speech of Napoleon on this occasion is a proof of his occasional want of sincerity: he was at this time strong enough to make known his intentions: why did he say, "We shall at all times be guided by moderation, and not seek to increase the power attached to our crown." The Emperor quitted Paris almost immediately afterwards, for Milan, where he was crowned King of Lombardy.

† Passengers.

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prised me by announcing that he had just met Jerome Bonaparte.*

Jerome was one of those young men, who do neither good nor harm in this world. He had been somewhat gay, but that was nothing to me, and I inherited from my mother a friendship towards him, which even his after conduct, however unfriendly, has not totally banished. I was therefore exceedingly happy to meet him, and the more so as I had an impression he was unhappy—unhappy through a youthful attachment. I was then very young, and rather romantic. Junot was equally pleased at the meeting, though he knew but little of Jerome; he had seen less of him than of any other member of the family. Jerome was but a boy when Junot formed almost a part of the Bonaparte family circle at Marseilles and Toulon; and my husband did not return from Egypt, nor escape from his imprisonment by the English, until the end of 1800. Jerome set out on his naval career soon after the army returned from Marengo; Junot consequently knew him only as a mere boy. We invited him to breakfast with us, and he accepted our invitation. I could not help remarking a wonderful alteration in his manners. He was sedate, nay almost serious. His countenance, which used to have a gay and lively expression, had assumed a character of pensive melancholy, which so transformed his whole appearance, that I should hardly have recognised him. He spoke in glowing terms of the United States, of the customs and manners of the Americans. During the short time we sat at breakfast I formed a very favourable opinion of him.

We walked with Jerome in the garden of the *possada*; and before parting, Junot, who conceived he might use freedom with him from the circumstance of my having known him when a boy, endeavoured

* Jerome had married Miss Patterson, the daughter of a banker in Baltimore; the lady was very handsome as well as rich. Napoleon, who was as then only Consul, could not be considered as having any control over the members of his family. Joseph Bonaparte and Madame Lætitia were in fact the only persons whose consent or disapproval on any such subject were necessary; and they had both concurred in approving the step. Napoleon's anger on hearing of the marriage was extreme, and at the time here alluded to, he manifested his displeasure in a manner not very fraternal. He had issued orders throughout Holland, Spain, and Portugal, prohibiting the reception of Madame Jerome Bonaparte, or any person assuming that name. The unfortunate lady, who was then pregnant, had successively endeavoured to land in Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, and lastly in Portugal, where M. Serrurier, (the brother of the marshal,) who was then our consul-general at Lisbon, was obliged to forbid her landing. Jerome, in despair, conveyed his wife to England; and as the prohibition of landing in France, did not extend to himself, he determined to see his brother, and to endeavour to mitigate his displeasure. He was on his way to France when we met him.

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to dissuade him from resisting the Emperor's wishes. But Jerome answered him with noble firmness, that he considered himself bound by honour, and that having obtained the consent of his mother and elder brother, he did not feel himself so very blameable for taking the step he had. "My brother will hear me," said he, "he is kind, he is just. Even admitting that I have committed a fault in marrying Miss Patterson without his consent, is this the moment for inflicting punishment? And upon whose head will that punishment light? Upon that of my poor, innocent wife! No, no, surely my brother will not thus outrage the feelings of one of the most respectable families of the United States; and inflict at the same time a mortal wound upon a creature who is as amiable as she is beautiful." He then showed us a fine miniature of Madame Jerome Bonaparte. The features were exquisitely beautiful, and a circumstance which immediately struck me as well as Junot, was the resemblance they bore to those of the Princess Borghèse. I remarked this to Jerome, who informed me that I was not the only person who had made the observation; that, in fact, he himself, and many Frenchmen who had been at Baltimore, had remarked the resemblance. I thought I could perceive in the face of Madame Jerome Bonaparte more animation than in the Princess Borghèse. I whispered this to Junot, but he would by no means admit it: he had not got the better of his old impressions.

"Judge then," resumed Jerome, replacing the charming portrait in his bosom, "judge whether I can abandon a being like her; especially when I assure you that to a person so exquisitely beautiful is united every quality that can render a woman amiable. I only wish my brother would consent to see her—to hear her voice but for one single moment. I am convinced that her triumph would be as complete as that of the amiable Christine, whom the Emperor at first repulsed, but at length liked as well as his other sisters-in-law. For myself I am resolved not to yield the point. Strong in the justice of my cause, I will do nothing which hereafter my conscience may make me repent." To this Junot made no reply. He had set out with an endeavour to prevail on Jerome to conform to the Emperor's will; but in the course of conversation, having learned the particulars of the case and feeling interested for the young couple, he began to think, as he afterwards confessed to me, that he should be doing wrong in exhorting Jerome to a line of conduct which in fact would be highly dishonourable. At the expiration of two hours we took leave of Jerome and continued our journey.

At length we arrived at Badajoz, a frontier town of Spain on the

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side of Portugal. It is a fine city, with straight and well-paved streets—a circumstance very rare in this part of Spain. This was the birth-place of the Prince of the Peace. Though the garrison was a fine one, yet the Spanish soldiers do not like to form part of it; and they consider it a sort of banishment to be sent to Badajoz. The commandant ordered a salute to be fired when we entered the town, in pursuance of orders he had received. Descending the gentle declivity at the foot of the ramparts, we came in sight of Elvas, a strong garrison on the Portuguese frontier, and situated only a league from Badajoz. Both towns are built upon eminences. A river, or rather a brook, called the Cayo, is the boundary of the two kingdoms.* We crossed it without the least difficulty, as it was then almost dry. We entered Elvas under a salute of the artillery, while the fortress of Badajoz courteously answered the compliment.

It was on Holy Thursday, at four in the afternoon, I arrived before Lisbon. I was filled with admiration, and in spite of the thousand panegyrics which I had heard pronounced on the Portuguese capital, I confess I was surprised as well as charmed at the sight of the splendid picture before me. I should imagine that no city in Europe presents such a *coup-d'œil* as Lisbon, on approaching it from Spain. The vast plain of water formed by the Tagus (which in some places is a league and a half wide) is bounded on the opposite bank by an immense city built on an amphitheatre of hills; while the port filled with a countless multitude of vessels presented a forest of masts, bearing the colours of a hundred different nations, for at the period here alluded to (1805) Portugal was at peace with the world. Our banker at Lisbon was a French merchant, who was introduced to us when we alighted from our *coche de colleras*, by M. Serrurier, at that time French Consul at Lisbon. As we were required to stay a few days at Aldea Galega, in compliance with an absurd rule of

* On entering Portugal from Spain, the traveller is forcibly struck with the difference between the two countries. The dark eyes, the black hair, and brown complexion, are the only traits of resemblance between the Portuguese and Spaniards. The Portuguese have thick lips, noses something of the Negro form, black and often curly hair; and their figures, and above all their hands, show signs of the mixed blood. In Spain, the people, in spite of their dark complexion and eyes, have at least a European look. On entering Portugal, the traveller is, however, agreeably surprised by finding himself among a more cultivated people. He leaves those vast heaths and meadows which are laid waste by the *mesta*, and enters a country covered with rustic but well-built habitations; and as the peasantry carefully plaster their houses every spring, they are always of a dazzling white. The Portuguese are more attentive than the Spaniards to all that regards personal appearance.

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Portuguese etiquette, our banker had provided for our reception a delightful country house, which speedily enabled me to forget all the horrors of Spanish and Portuguese inns. M. Serrurier dined with us, and immediately after set off to announce to the minister for foreign affairs the arrival of the ambassador from the Emperor Napoleon, and to request that the requisite orders might be issued for his reception, which M. d'Araujo immediately did. This, as I have already mentioned, was on Holy Thursday. It was night when M. Serrurier returned, and he informed Junot that the reception could not take place till the following day. We passed the evening very agreeably in our little country-house at Aldea Galega. Next morning after breakfast, we walked on the banks of the Tagus, awaiting the arrival of the Queen's *escaleres.** M. d'Araujo sent a long note to explain that it was impossible to fire a salute from the tower of Belem, in honour of the ambassador's arrival, because it was Good Friday. The three holy days cannot be profaned by any signal of rejoicing. The Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Brazil do not receive any such demonstration of respect when they pass Belem on one of those days. Having made the necessary inquiries to ascertain that the omission of the salute was not suggested by English influence, Junot returned for answer, that the Emperor, his master, would regard this respect shown to the King of kings, as a practice which he himself would have been the first to order.

Spain was at this time the prey of a terrible scourge: the yellow fever had decimated the fair province of Andalusia. Cadiz, which had lost a vast proportion of its population, seemed to be almost arrayed in general mourning. Malaga, Mercia, and all that portion of the coast of the Peninsula had suffered frightful ravages. To the alarm naturally inspired by this pestilence, we were indebted for a visit from the officers of health, a ceremony which is not usually observed except towards persons arriving by sea. Our examination being ended, we again proceeded to the bank of the river, and there we found the Queen's *escaleres* in readiness to receive us. I was struck with the neat appearance of the rowers. They were twenty-five in number, and were all dressed in white, with black velvet caps ornamented in front with the arms of Portugal in silver.

I stepped on board the Prince Regent's† yacht, accompanied by Junot, M. de Rayneval, first secretary to the embassy, MM. Lageard

* State barges.

† The Queen was living at this time; but she was out of her mind, and her son, the Prince of Brazil, was Regent. The Queen was never seen.

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de Cherval, and Colonel Laborde, Junot's first aide-de-camp. My little girl, her gouvernante, M. Legoy, and some other persons of the suite, followed in another *escaler*, of which there were four, besides the Queen's yacht. In this manner we crossed the great expanse of water formed by the Tagus, between Aldea Galega and Lisbon. As we advanced, the picture became more and more interesting; new beauties arose at every stroke of the boatmen's oars. I think we were nearly two hours in going across: the men had received orders to show us the city in different points of view. This piece of national vanity I thought very pardonable. At length we landed between Belem and the Quay of Sodres. Here we found the Count de Castro Marino, a Portuguese grandee, who was deputed to receive Junot on his landing, and who was also to introduce him to the Prince Regent. They both stepped into one of the court carriages, drawn by six horses, the ambassador sitting on the right of the Count de Castro Marino. M. de Rayneval and M. de Laborde were then requested to enter a third carriage, and in conformity with one of those strange customs, which excited my astonishment, the second carriage remained empty. M. Legoy, and the other gentlemen of the embassy followed. As to me, I did not land until five minutes after Junot, etiquette having so ordained it. I then took my seat in a court carriage and six, accompanied by M. de Cherval, who, holding no specific post in the embassy, could not form part of the grand cavalcade. My daughter and her gouvernante occupied the second carriage, and the third was filled by my female attendants. All the three carriages had six horses each. We took a different road from the grand procession; and proceeding along the banks of the Tagus, we reached our destination before the ambassador and his introducer. This was exactly what I wanted. I had laid a wager with Junot that before he got through all his ceremonies with the Count, he would inevitably be guilty of the indecorum of indulging in a laugh. I therefore was curious to observe him after he should alight from the carriage.

One of the absurd ceremonies of the court of Portugal is, that on the arrival of an ambassador, he must give, *immediately on entering his hotel*, a collation to the individual who is to introduce him at court. This *collation*, as it is styled, is nothing less than a great dinner, since covers are laid for five and twenty. The ambassador and his introducer sit down to table alone, face to face, and without tasting a morsel, amuse themselves with folding and unfolding their napkins for the space of five or six minutes, like two automatons. This ludicrous custom is the more at variance with common sense, inasmuch as when the ambassador arrives by sea, there can be no

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time for unpacking the plate and making the requisite arrangements for the observance of this etiquette. However, as there is no possibility of evading the ceremony, the ambassador borrows from some friendly power whatever may be necessary for the collation. Thus the Embassy of Spain enabled Junot to do the honours of his hotel, as soon as he alighted from his carriage. Anticipating the drollery of the collation scene, I had laid a wager with Junot that he would never get through it with becoming gravity. I also had my misgivings about the Count de Castro Marino. Before he presented himself, I expected to see one of the thorough bred *fidalgos* of the old school, carrying in his hand a gold-headed cane, and coughing from the very bottom of his lungs at every word he uttered. But I was agreeably surprised at finding him quite a young man, ugly enough in all conscience, and in all probability not very reluctant to join in a laugh. My conclusion was reasonable enough; but in Portugal things are not always consistent with reason.

I stationed myself near a door which looked into the dining-room, and where I could have a good view of what passed. Their excellencies gravely ascended the grand staircase of the hotel, bowing to each other at every door, and the Count de Castro Marino keeping on the left of the ambassador with scrupulous care. In this manner they ascended from one flight of stairs to the other, bowing and bowing until they reached the reception-room. Here they each made a most profound bow, and looking for all the world like two Chinese mandarins. After a little pause, the *maître-d'hôtel* entered to announce to their excellencies that the collation was served. Then the two poor victims, tortured as they had already been by bowing, made each three or four more bows, and at length adjourned to the dining-room. Here I was waiting for them. To my astonishment I soon discovered that the wretch of a Portuguese, far from being a *victim*, as I had imagined, went through the ceremony with evident complacency. He preserved his gravity so decorously, that Junot conceived himself bound to return it with interest, and there they sat as if challenging one another which would longest refrain from smiling. At length, at the expiration of six minutes, which I counted precisely by the timepiece, the Count de Castro Marino rose, and Junot followed his example. They then resumed their bows, and having each made about a dozen, the Portuguese *grandee*, who, by-the-by, was an extremely little man, took his leave, and set off in his large carriage, which I may observe resembled one of the carriages of Louis XIV.'s time, after the model of which it was actually built. Junot accompanied his guest down stairs with the same formalities as he had

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observed on coming up, and having bowed the Count into his heavy, rumbling machine, bade him farewell. Two or three long strides up the stairs, brought him back to the drawing-room, where he found me, mortified at having lost my wager, and not a little astonished to find that a *young* man could go through the ceremony I have just described, without even a smile. After a hearty laugh we sat down to partake of the *collation*, which was excellent.

General Lannes had occupied at Lisbon a spacious and beautiful house, situated at the Fountain de Loretto, near the opera-house and in the vicinity of the Tagus. In this house, one of the best in the Portuguese capital, we now installed ourselves. The bank is situated in the quarter of the Fountain de Loretto, which is, in consequence, the busiest part of Lisbon. The window of a little drawing-room which I usually occupied, looked into a small square, through which thousands of people passed in the course of the day. The dress of the inhabitants of Lisbon has in it nothing peculiar, like that of the people of Madrid; but it is much more gay. The uniformity of dress, and especially the prevalence of black in Madrid, imparts to that city an air of melancholy which did not displease me, though I have heard it much condemned by travellers, particularly at the period here alluded to. Since that time, French fashion has had its influence on the Spanish customs, and now a female, whatever may be her rank, may venture to walk out, in open day, in a shawl and hat, while in 1805 she would have been insulted. At Lisbon, the females of the lower rank walk about the streets alone; but those of a superior class, ride in what are called chairs. These chairs are a sort of cabriolet drawn by two mules, one of which is ridden by a man who is very shabbily dressed, if in the employment of a common person, while his coat is trimmed with some wretched lace if he should be the servant of an individual having any pretension to nobility. These little chairs are used in Lisbon by the noble and the wealthy, who have them tolerably neat in appearance and drawn by two fine mules. A groom rides beside the vehicle when it contains a lady of elevated rank. Females of the higher class, however, usually drive in carriages drawn by four mules, with a groom riding on one side. I too was obliged to conform to this latter ceremony, which I found was indispensable. In Lisbon it is impossible to make several visits in a carriage drawn by two mules, on account of the immense distance between one part of the city and another. The capital of Portugal, which contained, at this time, nearly three hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, exclusive of the military, was two leagues and a half long while in width it did not exceed the limits of two or three streets.

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Lisbon, like Rome, is built on seven hills. The continual acclivities and declivities of the roughly paved streets therefore render driving very difficult, and this augmented by the heaps of rubbish which are frequently encountered, the ruins of former earthquakes. Yet scarcely any, except the very common people, go on foot in Lisbon. The women of the lower class, who are generally pretty, wear a very becoming costume. It consists of a red cloak and hood bordered with black velvet, while on their heads, instead of a cap, they have a lawn handkerchief pinned on in the style which in France is called *en marmotte*. This dress is exceedingly graceful, and even a plain woman looks pretty in it, since no feature is seen but her eyes, and the Spanish and Portuguese women universally have fine ones. Indeed to take beautiful eyes to the Peninsula is so much beauty thrown away.

After we had got a little settled in our new residence, Junot requested that a day might be appointed for his presentation. M. d'Araujo, whom we now met again with great pleasure, and who, as I have already mentioned, was the Portuguese minister for foreign affairs, informed Junot that he should be introduced as soon as the Easter festivals and processions were over. The presentation took place at Queluz. Junot had received from the Emperor, instructions respecting the etiquette he was to observe himself, and to exact from others. It was well known in Paris that the Prince Regent was the absolute slave of England; and that he almost trembled to receive us. It is true that the most marked honours were constantly shown to the French embassy; and yet, when the Portuguese nobility came to pay the usual complimentary visits, they behaved, by order of the court, in a way which was calculated to offend, though perhaps it would not have justified a demand for explanation. Some of them came dressed in mourning.

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CHAPTER XI.

Junot's presentation at Court—His superb Hussar uniform—The Prince of Brazil copies his dress—My preparations for an audience—Embarrassment of hoops—My presentation to the royal family—The Princess of Brazil—Her ugliness and absurd costume—Ladies of the Court—Lord and Lady Robert Fitzgerald—Lord Strangford and Pellegrini the painter—The Spanish Embassy—The Russian minister—M. Von Lebzeltern the Austrian Ambassador, and his family—Count Villaverde and M. d'Anadia—Galeppi the apostolic nuncio—Napoleon's opinion of him—The pope deceived by Napoleon.

On our arrival the court was at Queluz, and the Queen was as mad as ever. Junot was anxious that his retinue should be as splendid as a retinue possibly could be in Lisbon. His dress was superb, and became him admirably, for he was then a very handsome man. He wore his magnificent full-dress uniform of colonel-general of the hussars, the same which he had had made for the Emperor's coronation. The dolman was white, with red facings, the pantaloons blue, and the pelisse blue, richly embroidered with gold. The sleeves of the dolman and pelisse were adorned with nine gold chevrons, superbly embroidered in an oak-leaf pattern. The pelisse was bordered with magnificent blue fox-fur. This dress cost fifteen thousand francs, independently of the heron plume in the shako, which was a present from the Empress Josephine, and was worth more than a hundred and fifty louis. He presented a truly martial appearance in this dress. His tall handsome figure and noble countenance, on which five honourable scars were visible, naturally commanded respect. One of these scars was particularly visible, and was caused by a wound received at the battle of Lonato.*

* I may mention that whenever the Emperor looked steadfastly at Junot, he seemed to fix his eye with an expression of complacency on this long gash, which extended from the temple almost to the bottom of the cheek. Napoleon used frequently to speak of the handful of blood he got at Milan, when playfully pulling Junot's hair, after a severe wound he had received on the crown of his head. In the course of a conversation I had with him, after my return from Portugal, alluding to Junot's scars, he asked me, singularly enough, whether the Princess of Brazil had cast *tender glances* at Junot. This was his expression; and he added:—"*Ma foi!* Junot is a handsome fellow; and that

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Junot proceeded to Queluz in great pomp. The most trivial points of Portuguese etiquette were scrupulously observed, and the equerry in white silk stockings was not forgotten. The carriage in which he rode was one of the finest Paris could produce, having been built by the celebrated coachmaker, Leduc; the liveries were rich, and the attendants numerous. Consequently, the embassy, consisting of the ambassador, M. de Rayneval, Colonel Laborde, M.M. de Cherval, Legoy, and Magnien, presented a very imposing appearance. Junot went through his part exceedingly well, and was received with a marked degree of favour, for which perhaps he was in some degree indebted to our eight hundred thousand bayonets, and also to the fear naturally inspired by such a minister of peace as Junot, who was inclined to say with the ancient Roman:—"I bear peace or war in the folds of my mantle." The Prince of Brazil by no means realized the idea which Junot had formed of him, from what he had heard. "Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, on his return home, "how ugly the Prince is! . . . . Mon Dieu! how ugly the Princess is! . . . . Mon Dieu! how ugly they all are! . . . . There is not a comely face among the whole set, except the Prince Royal (the late Don Pedro), the Prince de Beira. He is a handsome youth, and he looks like a dove, amidst a brood of owls. But I cannot conceive," added Junot, "why the Prince of Brazil stared at me so steadfastly. . . . I did not know that there was any thing very extraordinary in my looks, but he never for a moment turned his eyes from me." In the evening we learned what had excited the Prince's curiosity. M. d'Araujo said, "Do you know the Prince was quite puzzled to know why the ambassador did not take off his *cap*, as he called it. "What does he mean by his cap?" inquired I. "Why he calls the shako a cap. I have affirmed that the shako is never removed even in the presence of God, and the ambassador has certainly gone far to confirm that idea. However, I can assure you, that but for me the affair would have been made the subject of a note. But you will be surprised when you learn the effect which the General's appearance has produced at court."

scar of his gives him a martial air which would turn my head if I were a woman. And I can tell you Junot made many conquests at Milan, and during the campaigns of Italy." When the Emperor was in good humour, he was exceedingly fond of rallying his favourite officers. With women, on the contrary, he never joked, or, if he did, his joke was a thunderbolt. The strange mania that possessed him of telling wives of the infidelities of their husbands, was never agreeable, and sometimes gave rise to very painful feelings.

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These last words piqued my curiosity, but M. d'Araujo smiled and would not gratify it. However, it was not long before his meaning was explained. On the day after the presentation the Prince Regent's first valet de chambre was sent to request, that the French ambassador would be pleased to lend his hussar uniform, as a pattern for his Royal Highness's tailor, who was to make one like it for the Prince, and one for the Infant Don Pedro. I had not then seen the Prince of Brazil, therefore I could not laugh as I afterwards did, when I beheld his corpulent figure, clumsy legs, and enormous head, muffled in a hussar uniform. His negro hair (which, by-the-by, was in perfect keeping with his thick lips, African nose, and swarthy colour) was well powdered, and pomatumed, and tied in a thick queue. The whole was surmounted by a shako, ornamented with a diamond aigrette, of great value. A more preposterous figure was never seen. There was the pelisse hanging over his *right* shoulder, like a Jew's bag of old clothes, and his clumsy ill-shaped legs, muffled in braided pantaloons, and red boots. But the best of all was the shako; it was put on quite straight, and very backward; with the visor resting on his powdered head.

After Junot had made all his diplomatic evolutions, my turn came. This was a tragical moment. Before I left Paris, and during my journey, hoops had been only remote objects of terror, but as the time for wearing them approached, I began to lose courage. Twice or thrice, I attempted to try them on before my dressing room *Psyche*, but I turned about so awkwardly, that I had nearly fallen flat on my face..... And then, what a strange figure I cut!—I looked for all the world, like the Countess d'Escarbagnas; and to tell the truth, I believe it was this that alarmed me.—"Heavens!" I exclaimed, almost crying with vexation, "what an absurd thing it is to be obliged to wear these horrible instruments of torture.... My dear Junot," said I, in the most coaxing tone I could assume, "do pray get me exempted from this infliction. Come, I know you can arrange the matter, if you will.... France is so powerful!"—But, within the first fortnight of his embassy, that is to say, when he had fairly entered upon his duties, Junot began to be very grave. He no longer laughed at the whimsical etiquette of the Portuguese court, and he now talked of nothing but notes, and the duties which nations owe one to another. When I spoke to him about the hoops, he seemed as astonished as if I had wished him to make a declaration of war.—"Your hoop, Laura.... go in your hoop by all means. Recollect that being an ambassadress, you, of all persons, are required to observe this etiquette..... To think of going without a

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hoop, the thing is impossible!" . . . . . What was to be done? there was like an ass, just harnessed with his panniers, swinging to the right and swinging to the left, and in momentary expectation of falling on my nose. I was out of all patience, and I openly rebelled. I declared that my name should not mark an epoch in the annals of diplomatic presentations, and that people should not have to say—"Oh! you recollect, it was the year when the French ambassadress fell down at court . . . .Don't you remember her ridiculous exhibition?"

Among the foreign ambassadors at the Court of Lisbon, was Count Lebzeltern, the Austrian minister. His lady rendered me the important service of helping me out of my dilemma. I was giving her a history of my trouble, and complaining of the tyranny of Junot, when she said:—"But, my dear madam, I cannot imagine how it is that you find the hoop so awkward as you describe. . . . You are slender, and you move as lightly as a fairy: why then should you be so clumsy in your hoop? There must be something wrong about it. Let me see it; I dare say I can suggest a remedy." She guessed right. On examining my hoops, she found that they wanted at bottom a little iron or brass rod, the use of which was to act as a counterpoise to the enormous weight above it. When I tried them on after this improvement, I found that I could walk like other people. On the day appointed for my presentation, after getting the monstrous mountain properly adjusted, I put on a dress of white silk, embroidered with gold lama, and looped up at the sides with large gold tassels, precisely after the manner of a window curtain. On my head I wore a toque, with six large white feathers fastened by a diamond clasp, and I had a diamond necklace and earrings. When thus harnessed, I drew on a pair of white gloves, for the daughter had not the same antipathy as the mother, and I was ready to set off for Queluz. But my troubles were not yet at an end. I had got dressed, it is true, and had made up my mind to look like an ass laden with cabbages; but this was not enough. A fresh difficulty presented itself. How was I to get into the carriage, especially at an hour of the day when the Chafariz de Loretto was crowded with Galegos,* who began to laugh when they beheld my extraordinary figure? With my foot on the carriage steps, I tried to squeeze myself in first frontways, then sideways, and at length I stepped back in utter despair, for the vehicle was as much too low for my plume, as it was too narrow for my hoop. Junot, who had not to go to Queluz that

* These are natives of the Spanish province, Galicia; they are employed as labourers in Lisbon, and are extremely industrious.

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day, anxious to see me safe off, came down to the door in his *robe de chambre* and slippers, and assisted in *packing* me as gravely, and with as much care, as if I had been a statue worth a million. At length we mastered the difficulty, and in I got; but then I found I was obliged to sit slantwise, and with my body bent almost double, for fear of breaking my feathers and crushing my beautiful moire draperies. In this state of purgatory I rode from Lisbon to Queluz, a distance of two leagues.

I was ushered by the *camareira-mor** into the little suite of apartments belonging to the Princess of Brazil. As it was contrary to Portuguese etiquette for the Prince or King to receive an ambassadress, this was the only visit I had to make, for all the Princesses were assembled in the drawing-room of the Princess of Brazil. . . . I made my three courtesies, looking all the while very stupid—for this compliment is in itself exceedingly foolish, and then I waited for the Princess to speak to me. I had been informed that she would question me about France, and that she wished to render herself agreeable to me, and that *I* personally was worth that trouble; but I was the representative of *female* France. Accordingly, the Princess commenced by observing that she should much like to know the Empress Josephine, and she asked me whether she was as handsome as she was represented to be. I replied that her Majesty was still very handsome, and that her figure in particular was exquisitely fine. "If," added I, "your royal Highness wishes to see a portrait of her, I can have the honour of showing you a most striking likeness." I then produced a miniature by Isabey, which was, like all his works, a masterpiece of grace and delicacy. The Princess then spoke of her mother, and laughed very much at the court regulation respecting gloves. She then asked whether I thought her like her mother. I boldly answered *yes*. Heaven forgive me for the falsehood! for the Queen had really been a fine woman, while the Princess could never have been any thing but a most hideous specimen of ugliness.

Picture to yourself, reader, a woman four feet ten inches high at the very most, and crooked, or at least both her sides were not alike; her bust, arm, and legs, being in perfect unison with her deformed shape. Still, all this might have passed off, in a royal personage, had her face been even endurable; but, good Heavens! what a face it was! . . . . She had two bloodshot eyes, which never looked one way, though they could not absolutely be accused of squinting—every

* The same post as the *camerara-mayor* of the Spanish court, already mentioned.

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body knows what eyes I mean. . . . Then her skin; there was nothing human in it; it might be called a *vegetable* skin. . . . Her nose descended upon her blue livid lips, which, when opened, displayed the most extraordinary set of teeth that God ever created. Teeth, I suppose, they must be called, though they were in reality nothing but huge pieces of bone stuck in her large mouth, and rising and falling like the reeds of a reed-pipe. This face was surmounted by a cranium covered with coarse, dry, frizzy hair, which at first sight appeared to be of no colour. I suppose it was black; for looking at me, the Princess exclaimed, "She is like us . . . . She is dark-complexioned . . . . She has hair and eyes like Pepita."—Heaven preserve me! I inwardly exclaimed, while I involuntarily turned my eyes to a mirror, as if to assure myself that what she said was not true. Pepita was the Queen of Etruria!

The dress of the Princess of Brazil was in *discordant* unison, if I may so express myself, with her person. This was precisely what it ought to have been. She would have been natural, at least, in a dress of dark-coloured silk, made perfectly plain. However, she had thought proper to array herself in a dress of India muslin, embroidered with gold and silver lama. This dress, which was wretchedly ill made, very imperfectly covered an enormous bosom, and a chest all awry, while diamond brooches ornamented the sleeves, whose extreme shortness displayed a pair of arms which would have been much better concealed. Her frizzy, dingy hair, was plaited, and decorated with pearls and diamonds of admirable beauty. The body of her dress, too, was edged with a row of pearls of inestimable value. Her ear-drops were perfectly unique: I never saw any thing like them. They consisted of two diamond pears, perfectly round, of the purest water, and about an inch in length. The two brilliants which surmounted the drops were likewise superb. The exquisite beauty of these jewels, combined with the extreme ugliness of the person who wore them, produced an indescribably strange effect, and made the Princess look like a being scarcely belonging to our species. Near her stood two of the young Princesses, one of whom was about ten years old. They were both fine girls, especially the one whose name was I believe Isabel; or at any rate, she who afterwards married her uncle, Ferdinand VII. As to the other Princesses, Donna Maria-Anna, and the widow, they were both ugly; but it was an amusing piece of coquetry in them to station themselves beside the Princess of Brazil; her singular ugliness gave a comparative touch of beauty to the others.

Let the reader imagine, if he can, this personage dressed as I have

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seen her in a hunting jacket (made almost like a man's) of green cloth trimmed with gold lace, a petticoat likewise of green cloth open behind and before, like those worn by our great grandmothers, when they used to ride on horseback in the country; and then the *beaux cheveux*, which I have already mentioned, surmounted by a man's hat stuck on the crown of her head. Such was the hunting costume of the Princess of Brazil; and her royal highness, it must be observed, hunted like another Nimrod. Heavens! what a strange being she was. One day I arrived at Queluz just as she was setting out to hunt, and when I beheld her equipped in her extraordinary costume, I fancied I saw a grotesque vision before me. She had a black horse, very small, like all the Portuguese horses, but sufficiently skittish to intimidate a good male equestrian. To my amazement, the Princess mounted him *astride*, and giving him two or three smart cuts with the whip, she made him prance round the esplanade in front of the palace; and then she set off at full gallop, like a headlong youth of fifteen, just broke loose from college. She appeared to me so ridiculous, that I confess I had great difficulty in preserving the gravity indispensable to my *diplomatic* dignity.

My presentation audience being over, I went, according to etiquette, to see the *camareira-mor*. This personage was a little thin woman, very dark and very shrivelled, as most of the old women in Portugal are. Her dress, like that of all the ladies of the court of Lisbon, was the strangest masquerade that Christian women can possibly assume. It consisted of a petticoat of very stiff and thick silk, of deep blue colour, with a border of gold embroidery; and her robe was a piece of some kind of red silk, which dragged behind her by way of a train. I observed that some of the elder ladies of the court wore a sort of toque or cap, fitted close to their heads (this I believe was peculiar to widows), and the *camareira* had in hers a large blue flower of the same colour as her petticoat. When I entered the Princess of Brazil's drawing-room, all the *damas de honor* were seated —guess, reader, where? On the floor! yes! on the floor! with their legs crossed under them, like tailors, or rather like the Arabs, who have bequeathed this among the many other customs they have left to the Peninsula. The ladies all rose up as I entered, and I almost fancied myself surrounded by a flock of Brazilian birds, those brilliant red and blue feathered paroquets. Their dresses were of the brightest and most glaring colours. The Princess, though blind to the defects of her person, apparently had sense enough to avoid these showy colours; and she never wore a court dress. If she had, it would have

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been an awful affair to encounter the twofold monstrosity of her person and her dress.

After my presentation I was looked upon with much consideration at Lisbon. I was the only important female connected with the diplomatic corps. There was to be sure the wife of the English minister, Lady Robert Fitzgerald, aunt by marriage to the beautiful Pamela.* But I know not how it was, her manners rendered her utterly intolerable. The good sense and gentlemanly manners of Lord Robert Fitzgerald, formed a striking contrast to the qualities which distinguished his lady. She was a sort of virago, with large legs, large arms, and large teeth: the latter making one almost afraid to go near her, lest she should bite, an apprehension not unreasonable in those who observed the furious way in which she used to eye even a French hat or cap, looking like a tiger, ready to fly at the face of the woman who wore it. The sort of reserve maintained by Lord Robert Fitzgerald, previous to our arrival in Lisbon, was a proof of his sagacity. He clearly perceived the positive influence which France, supported by Spain, was about to exercise upon Portugal. That influence was not received by the nation with the ardour which England might have been led to expect; but it was not on that account the less decided; and Lord Robert, who knew the timid character of the Portuguese government, had no inclination to engage in a conflict which at that moment could not have turned to the advantage of England. The Princess of Brazil was a Spaniard, therefore discretion was necessary, and every train of reasoning led to the evident conclusion that France was then the ruling power of Europe. Lord Robert Fitzgerald acted prudently. He made no display, gave no parties, but limited himself to the formal interchange of those diplomatic dinners, which furnished a stock of *ennui* for several weeks. I fancy, too, that his fortune did not enable him to live very expensively. In his youth, Lord Robert must have been an extremely handsome man; he had the manners of a highly educated nobleman.

The principal secretary to the English embassy was a man whose name was even then distinguished in the literary, as well as the political world, and who since has acquired a celebrity of which his country may be proud. I allude to Lord Strangford. He was then engaged on an English translation of Camoens. His lordship was an agreeable and well-bred man. He was short-sighted, and this circumstance, added to his absence of mind, led him into some strange adventures.

* The adopted child of Madame de Genlis. She married the unfortunate Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

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One day calling on Pellegrini, an Italian painter, in Lisbon, he perceived, as he imagined, M. d'Araujo sitting for his portrait. Pellegrini motioned Lord Strangford not to approach, observing at the same time, "It will be finished presently." Lord Strangford imagined that the artist did not wish him to show himself lest he should disturb the minister for foreign affairs at his sitting. After he had waited more than a quarter of an hour, at a respectful distance as became a young diplomatist, Pellegrini beckoned him to come forward. He advanced with a low bow, but M. d'Araujo seemed to take no notice of his salutation. He made a second and a third bow, but M. d'Araujo still preserved the same motionless silence.

Lord Strangford, who probably attributed this coolness to French influence, advanced quite close to the minister for foreign affairs, and saluted him for the fourth time, but his surprise at the taciturnity of M. d'Araujo was speedily converted into merriment when he perceived that he had been bowing all the time to a figure dressed up in the minister's robes of office.

The Spanish embassy would have been of infinite assistance to us if the ambassador's lady had been living. The Count de Campo Alange was an old man, a widower, and a greater devotee than any good Christian needs to be. He was imbued with all the gloomy superstition of the most ignorant of the Spaniards. In other respects he was a worthy man, and his honourable principles well fitted him to the post he filled. He became afterwards faithfully attached to King Joseph, and proved his fidelity by the sacrifice of almost the whole of his large fortune. His chief secretary, Senor Castro, was a man alike remarkable for his intelligence and for the gloomy and even ferocious character of his countenance. His black eyes, surmounted by his bushy and lowering eyebrows, made him look like the leader of a conspiracy.

When the troubles in Spain broke out, Castro took part in them, and his name became celebrated among the Spanish insurgents and the English. His mind was like his countenance, gloomy. The decision of his character was expressed in his eye. His glance, alternately wandering and alternately fixed, indicated the man whose mind was solely occupied in one single object. He was a man of very great ability. The under secretary to the Spanish embassy, Don Camille de los Rios, was as lively as a Frenchman, and spoke our language with perfect elegance: he was a welcome guest at our house. He belonged to the noble family of Fernand Nunez, and had received his education in France, at the college of Sorrèze. He loved France as a foreigner ought, without any absurd enthusiasm, and still preserving

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for his own country that partiality which should be cherished for the place of one's nativity.

The Russian minister was the most tedious of men: we however saw but little of him. England, which already began to tremble at the threatened invasion of Europe by the overwhelming power of Napoleon, tried every scheme to build up a barrier to oppose the threatened torrent. It was whispered that a treaty had been signed at St. Petersburgh between Great Britain and Russia. The fact was not yet officially announced, but the Russian minister on being invited to a party at my house, where there were more than two hundred persons present, appeared with a face screwed up for the occasion. He assumed such a ridiculous air of importance that even those who were best disposed to England wished he had staid at home, since the only effect he produced, was to render himself uglier than he naturally was. Holland had only a consul-general at the court of Lisbon. He discharged the functions of minister. His name was Dormann, and he was a worthy and excellent man. His wife, like himself, was one of those persons whose friendship and esteem always confer honour on those who enjoy them.

The Austrian ambassador was M. von Lebzeltern. For him and his interesting family we cherished a high regard. The Countess de Lebzeltern, who was a native of Spain, was much advanced in years. But the gaiety of her mind, and the playfulness of her manners, which were the relic of a past age, recalled to my mind the traditions of infancy, and conspired to attach me to her. Her daughters, especially the eldest, Donna Theresa Maria, were charming girls. How many delightful hours have I passed at Lisbon and at Cintra with this estimable family! Junot was much attached to them.

The Count de Villaverde filled in the Portuguese cabinet an office similar to that which in France is called President of the Council. He was considered to possess a certain tact, or, to speak in plainer terms, a sort of shrewd cunning; and was subject to that perpetual timidity which in a government as well as an individual is the stamp of degradation and frequently of dishonour. M. de Villaverde had just talent enough to discern from the lightning's flash that the storm was advancing upon his country. But there his discernment ended. He had no resources to oppose to the danger, and having proclaimed it, he delivered himself up to its terrors. The Viscount d'Anadia, the minister of the marine, was one of those persons whom it is always a happiness to meet. But the Viscount was not easily to be met with, for he was an absolute hermit. He avoided society. He saw his country in its true light, viz., a paradise inhabited by demons and

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brutes, and containing a mere sprinkling of what was good. He contemplated the evils of his country with a heavy heart, and a broken spirit. M. d'Araujo, who was no less sensible to the misfortunes of his country, used to say to him, "Let us try to remedy them," for he did not think them incurable. But M. d'Anadia wept like Jeremiah over the fate of his poor country, rejecting both consolation and hope. He was an excellent musician, and he embellished his retreat with all the resources of the fine arts. I contrived to gain his good graces, and he came to visit at my house more frequently than he went elsewhere.

I have now arrived at the principal portrait of my group, that of the Apostolic Nuncio. Monsignore Galeppi, Archbishop of Nisibi, is a man famous in the diplomatic annals of the Vatican. The shrewdness joined to his extensive and profound information, rendered his society extremely interesting.* He felt that his attitude must be very humble towards France. I do not know whether the Nuncio had received any instructions, or whether he anticipated them, but certain it is, that as soon as he heard of our arrival, he constituted himself the friend, rather than the diplomatic colleague of the Ambassador of France. As for me, he lost no time in declaring himself my *cavaliere servente*, and as he was between sixty and seventy, his age of course set scandal at defiance. He declared himself my *admirer*, and addressed to me the most elegant compliments. At the same time he lavished caresses on *my treasure* (as he called my little Josephine), and used to bring her presents of delicious sweetmeats, made by an Italian confectioner whom he had brought from Rome. The Nuncio did all this with good taste, without any tinge of servility,

* I may here relate an observation which fell from the Emperor relative to Galeppi, and which shows his opinion of the crafty Italian's character. After my return from Portugal, Napoleon was one day conversing with me about the court of Lisbon, and naturally enough mentioned Monsignore Galeppi. He had known him, I forget now where, but I believe in Italy. He observed that all the art of the most subtle Turkish scheik was mere simplicity compared to the cunning of Galeppi. This was a comparison he frequently made, and often when talking of Galeppi at Malmaison, he used to point to the little figure of an Egyptian scheik, enveloped in an enormous green pelisse trimmed with sable, a turban made of a scarlet sprigged cachmere shawl, and holding in his hand a jasmine wooden pipe, tipped with amber. He told me that when Galeppi was once signing a treaty with Murat, I do not recollect on what occasion, he put on a pair of green spectacles that the expression of his countenance might not be observed. This single fact shows the man completely. In the billiard room at Malmaison, there was a collection of these little figures, representing all the scheiks of Cairo

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and it might have answered Galeppi's object, with those who would have suffered themselves to be led, without looking where they went. But an event which just happened was calculated to put us on our guard. The council of the Holy Father had, as well as himself, reckoned on the restoration of his ancient domains. The treaty of Toletino had deprived him of the three legations, and Cardinal Gonsalvi, as well as the rest, hoped that the Emperor would acknowledge the deference the Pope had shown him by his journey from the Monte Cavallo to the pavilion of Flora, in order to consecrate his coronation, and would at least restore some of the wrecks of the legations. Napoleon did not fulfil this expectation. The Pope, after lingering four months in Paris, recrossed the Alps, without obtaining any satisfaction. Perhaps the Emperor committed an error. It is impossible to conceive how prejudicial the bull of excommunication was to his interests in Spain, Italy, and throughout Catholic Germany. He must have perceived at this time the leaven of hatred and vengeance which lurked in the breasts of the Italian ecclesiastics. Monsignore Galeppi made no demonstration of his feelings to me, but he doubtless regretted as keenly as others the loss of that gem of the triple crown. At the time of the Italian coronation, the Nuncio, who had probably requested his friends to furnish him with accounts of it, showed me a great quantity of letters from Milan, giving details of the ceremony, in terms which revealed profound attachment to Napoleon, and seemed almost dictated by enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XIII.

The nobility of Lisbon—The Duke and Duchess de Cadaval—The nobleman and his cook—Portuguese politeness—Their insincerity—Degradation of the country—The Marquis de Loulé—The three Graces—Duchess of Alafões—Marchioness de Louriçal and de Loulé—Count Sabugal—Countess da Ega—Ratification of a treaty—General Lannes' sabre—The order of Christ—The valet-de-chambre and the red ribbon—Ceremony in the Convento Novo—Tedious sermon—Prince of Brazil—Portugal under the domination of England—Naldi and Catalani at the Opera at Lisbon—Portuguese theatre.

When I was at Lisbon in 1805, the society of that capital presented a strange mixture. It was in two extremes without any medium;—either detestable or excellent. In the latter division, which unfortu-

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nately was the minority, I have already placed the Austrian minister's family; and I am proud to say that the two other individuals whom I most highly esteemed in Lisbon, were French women married to Portuguese. One of them was the Duchess de Cadaval, cousin to our present King, and sister to the Duke de Luxembourg; the other was Madame de Braamcamp de Sobral, the daughter of Count Louis de Narbonne. The Duchess de Cadaval was married at Lisbon, at the time of the emigration. She was possessed of great charms of person, grace of manners, a cultivated mind, and an excellent heart. Mademoiselle de Luxembourg was, at the date of her marriage, nineteen or twenty years of age. She was tall and well shaped, her eyes, though soft, beamed with animation, and she had an easy and gentle demeanour which imparted additional charms to her appearance. When I knew her she still retained the gaiety of her smile; but it was easy to detect in it a tinge of grief. As I have never been honoured with her confidence, I may fearlessly disclose the observations I made upon her and her husband. The Duchess de Cadaval, whose son may possibly one day sit on the throne of Portugal, is an excellent woman in every relation of life. When she married the Duke de Cadaval, his fortune had been dissipated by debts of all kinds, some of them not the most honourable.* The nobility of Portugal resembles no other. It contains none of those elements which may be turned to advantage in stormy times, when a country is in danger. The days of Juan de Castro, Albuquerque, and Pombal, are gone by, and even the recollection of them is almost extinct.

In no country, however, is the difference between the upper and lower classes so strongly marked as in Portugal. The only point of resemblance discernible between the two classes, is, their habit of paying compliments, which the Portuguese carry to a ridiculous pitch of extravagance, far beyond even the ceremonious politeness of the Spaniards, which, though overstrained, has nevertheless some appearance of sincerity. A Portuguese peasant, when he meets his friend, never fails to take his hat off, and hold it in his hand, whatever may be the state of the weather, until he has inquired after the health of the children, the grandchildren, and the house-dog. I have never

* She had the courage to adopt a most rigid system of economy in his household. There was a cook to whom he owed 50,000 francs. This debt she paid. The Duke, enraged at this settlement with a man whom he alleged to be a thief, behaved in the most violent manner to his wife; nor was he appeased till the following day, when the money was refunded. Can the reader guess how? He staked the sum at pharo with the cook, and won it. This is a fact, and truths such as these caused the Duchess de Cadaval to shed bitter tears.

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heard a Portuguese utter an indecent expression or an oath. This peculiarity in their character is so marked, that there exists no word in the Portuguese language which is equivalent to the Spanish *caramba*, much less to other blasphemous expressions used in common conversation by the French, English, and Germans. The Portuguese are great talkers:—they may almost be called babblers. They are not frank, but are constantly endeavouring to conceal their real feelings under the cover of engaging and polite attentions. Of this, we ourselves experienced mortifying proofs, when, at a subsequent period, Junot, with his chivalrous generosity of feeling, sought the aid of men who had once offered to place their fortunes and lives at his disposal, and who answered his appeal only by base treason. The men are not handsome in Portugal. There is among the Portuguese a sort of mixed blood, which gives them very much the appearance of mulattoes: this is particularly observable in Lisbon and Oporto. The fact may probably be accounted for by the frequent intercourse maintained by the inhabitants of those two cities with the negroes. In figure, the Portuguese are short, thick set, and square. Their features present no regularity; and the thick lips, flat noses, and curly hair of the negroes, are frequent among them. But it is in their hands, and especially their nails, that the distinctive character of the mixed blood is above all perceptible.

The decay of Portuguese society is perhaps owing materially to their government. Never has that government known how to turn to good account any generous impulse on the part of the people. Such feelings have always been stifled by fantastic laws, still more fantastic in their application. The ruin of literature was so complete at the period of our residence in Portugal, that Camoens was scarcely known. To this melancholy state of things was added the English domination, the real cause of the malady which preyed upon the vitals of Portugal in 1805. The English were then all powerful at Lisbon, and their rule was exercised with perfect despotism. How could it be otherwise when the Prince of Brazil himself set the example?

After my presentation I kept open house. I received company every day, and three times a week I gave a grand dinner. I often gave balls, but not for the Portuguese, who indeed are not fond of dancing, and dance very badly. At the time to which I allude, there was but one man in Lisbon who danced well, and he would have been conspicuous even in Paris, not only for that accomplishment, but also for the general elegance of his manners and his high-bred politeness. This was the unfortunate Marquis de Loulé. He was very much like

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the portraits of Henry IV., and had the pleasing smile which distinguished that monarch. He married one of the "three Graces," for so we called the sisters of the Marquis de Marialva, who has been ambassador from Portugal to France, and who is one of the few men who do honour to Portugal. The Marchioness de Loulé, the Marchioness de Louriçal, and the Duchess of Alafoës, were indeed most charming girls.

The Duchess of Alafoës, remarkable for her beauty, was, when I knew her, about twenty-eight years old, and the aunt of the Princess and of the Prince-Regent; I believe also of the old mad queen. The Duke of Alafoës was upwards of eighty. He was a lively and intelligent man, and had travelled much. He had been long in France, and his recollection of that country sufficed to ensure a polite reception to every Frenchman who visited him. He was no favourite at court at the period of our stay at Lisbon, and consequently lived very retired at his residence, called the Grillo, at the eastern extremity of Lisbon. After the custom of the most exalted fidalgos, he lived in the midst of a troop of dependants who formed a sort of little court around him. The Marchioness de Louriçal and the Marchioness de Loulé were more elegant than their sister. They were fond of pleasure: they used to come to my balls, and scrutinize my toilet with looks of envy, and amused themselves by saying ill-natured things of France, her ambassador, and even her ambassadress.

In 1805 the Bellas family were exceedingly influential in Portugal. They were devoted to England, soul and body, and used English manners. The Marquess de Ponte de Lima was a man of very pleasing manners, who spoke French well. He was married to his cousin, the daughter of the Countess de Obidos. She had a pretty face, but though only twenty, she was, like the Baroness Von Tondertintrunck, nearly three hundred weight. This was the consequence of a habit of gourmandizing, and an excessive indulgence in *caldo de gallina*.* The Portuguese are by no means so abstemious as the Spaniards.

Count Sabugal, the eldest son of the Count d'Obidos, was a man of very elegant manners. He wrote Italian verses very neatly, and spoke French well. He was passionately fond of literature, which was something rare; for the Portuguese nobility make literary taste a subject of ridicule. The Count was connected with the royal family, and therefore his servants wore the *green livery*. Count Sabugal would have been a distinguished man in his own country, had the government employed him as it ought to have done, but in Por

* Chicken dressed with rice.

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tugal nothing is ever seen in its right place. The Countess da Ega is another individual of whom I will here say a few words, though I shall presently have to speak more at length of her and her family. The Countess was a Portuguese by birth, but the daughter of a German nobleman. She was an intelligent woman, well informed, without pedantry, and she spoke and wrote several foreign languages with facility. Just as I arrived in Lisbon, the Countess was about leaving Portugal for Madrid, where her husband was ambassador. As she had taken her *congé* at court, that monster *etiquette* which creates so much annoyance in the world, prevented me from seeing her. However, I afterwards saw her in Madrid, on my way back to France. Her acquaintance was a source of great gratification to me; for her house was the resort of the best company, and her cultivated taste gave her a superiority over most of her countrywomen. Her fair hair and fine complexion made her look like a German or an Englishwoman rather than a Portuguese; and she was altogether a very pretty and elegant woman. The Count da Ega, who was very old and ugly, possessed, it was said, considerable ability as a statesman. Since her widowhood, the Countess has married Baron Von Strogonoff, the brother of my friend Madame Demidoff.

The treaty concluded by General Lannes had been signed,* and the Emperor directed Junot to present the ratifications to the Prince Regent. Junot carried them to Queluz, where the Prince generally resided. When his Royal Highness received the rouleau of papers, he began to laugh:—"Ah!" . . . he exclaimed, "yes! . . . . yes! . . . yes . . . It is a fine treaty! . . . a fine treaty! . . . Ah! Portugal is a fine nation! . . . a very fine nation!" I must mention that at this moment, Junot and the Prince were alone on a little terrace which commanded a fine view of the scenery round Queluz; and when the Prince said, "Portugal is a fine nation!" . . . . he alluded to the fields of olives and maize which he perceived around him.—"Yes! . . . . yes! . . . ." he continued, "it was on this very spot, that I gave my word of honour to General Lannes . . . . The general is rather . . . ." Then observing a frown gathering on Junot's brow, the poor Prince drew in his horns, and added, "He is a very worthy man! . . . . He used to carry a very large sabre which made a great noise as he came up stairs." I was informed that Lannes's sabre had once or twice nearly frightened the Prince of Brazil out of his wits. Probably, the plenipotentiary observing its effects in accelerating business, em-

* The treaty of neutrality be ween France, Portugal, and Spain, concluded in 1808.

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ployed it as a convincing argument. *The great sabre* had left a profound impression in the memory of the Prince.

As a mark of gratitude for the courtesy which Junot had evinced in his relations with the court of Lisbon, the Prince of Brazil offered him the grand cordon of the order of Christ. Junot could not venture to refuse it, though he was very much inclined to do so; but he replied that he could not accept it without the Emperor's permission, which he would write for.* However, remonstrance was useless; and Junot received formal permission to accept the order of Christ on the eve of a grand ceremony which was to take place at a convent recently founded by the mad Queen, called *O convento Novo.* This convent, to which a beautiful little church was attached, was situated on one of the hills of Lisbon, which, on account of its pure air, was resorted to by foreigners as their place of residence, and was known by the name of *Buenos Ayres.* Junot inquired what dress was to be worn by the Knights on the occasion, and he was informed, *a large mantle of white crape, without lining, and training on the ground.* "Well," said Junot, using an emphatic expression, "the best thing I can do is to dress myself like a priest on Shrove-Tuesday, to complete the ceremony." The Minister for Foreign Affairs had sent a note to Junot, informing him that the Prince Regent requested his presence at the *Convento Novo*, as Grand Cross of the order of Christ, if he had received from his Sovereign leave to accept it. Junot replied, that to his great regret the courier who he had no doubt would bring him the *gracious permission*, had not yet returned; but he added, that Madame the Ambassadress, who was exceedingly anxious to witness the imposing ceremony, requested to know whether she could be admitted to the chapel without any breach of *etiquette.* M. d'Araujo immediately replied, that places should be reserved for me and any persons who might accompany me, and that I must be at the convent next morning at half-past eleven o'clock.

As Junot could not properly accompany me to the *Convento Novo*, MM. de Rayneval, de Cherval and Magnien escorted me; and at half-past ten o'clock we all left the Chafariz de Loretto for Buenos Ayres. I was dressed as any lady in Paris would have dressed on a similar occasion. I wore an Indian muslin dress with a worked border. It was made high in the neck, and with a demi-train, as

* In spite of the reverence attached to the name of this order, it is perhaps the most insignificant in the catalogue of knightly decorations. Junot could hardly be blamed for wishing to decline the honour intended him, when he had seen the Duke de Cadaval's servant, waiting on his master, invested with the red ribbon of the order.

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morning dresses usually were at that time. I had on a Leghorn hat with a bouquet of wild flowers, a very large English veil, coloured gloves, and black shoes. As for the gentlemen, they were in boots and round hats, in short, quite in an undress. On arriving at the convent we were received with military honours. The guard presented arms, the drums beat, and an emigrant French officer stepped forward to hand me from my carriage, and to conduct me to the place which he said was reserved for me by order of the Prince. We passed through a number of little passages and doors, and at length reached a very gloomy corridor, where I heard some delightful singing. We were separated from the body of the church only by some tapestry. "Take care, your Excellency!" said the officer, "there are three steps to ascend."

I stepped up, and he raised the tapestry. It was now impossible for me to recede: I found myself at the edge of a broad platform, on which were the Prince Regent, the Prince of Beira, and in short all the male portion of the royal family of Portugal, but not one of the females. It was fortunate that there was a seat for me, for I was ready to expire, from confusion and vexation. The reader may imagine what I must have felt at finding myself an object of observation to seven or eight hundred persons, who looked upon the wife of the French ambassador as an extraordinary animal. At that time the men of the Revolution were regarded by foreigners as paragons of bravery; but in Portugal it seems they were looked upon as absolute anthropophagi. What then must have been thought of their wives? Fortunately for me, Count de Novion, who, as well as his wife, had been for thirty years the friend of my family, assured the Portuguese that my parents were old *Christians*. Thus I found favour in the eyes of the Portuguese, who though three parts Jewish are extremely tenacious of admitting amongst them any persons who do not bring good proofs of their purity of blood. M. de Rayneval and M. de Cherval were as much perplexed as I was by our awkward situation. Their first impulse like mine was to retreat; but this was impossible, and the greater our astonishment was, the more it behoved us to conceal it from the uncharitable ridicule to which we knew we should be exposed.

That I might be the better able to observe the ceremony, I had raised my veil on entering. I would fain have drawn it down again to hide my poor face, which I am sure must have been as red as a pomegranate. The Prince Regent, who probably had never seen an ambassadress in such a situation, fixed upon me two great eyes, which almost frightened me, though I could hardly help laughing. For-

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tunately my attention was diverted by observing the Knights of Christ ranged in two files, and each covered with the white crape mantle, at the idea of which Junot had been so much amused. The strange figures of the Count de Villaverde, then President of the Council, the Prince of Brazil, and many other distinguished personages present, dressed in white crape mantles, marching to and fro in a space of twenty-five feet, alternately sitting down, standing up, and kissing each other's ugly faces, was so diverting, that they afforded me some compensation for my embarrassment. But one gets tired of every thing. I began to yawn, and M. de Cherval, who was also tired to death, said to me in a whisper, "Never mind, we shall get off very well if we can escape the sermon." At this moment we heard a voice exclaim with a nasal twang, "*In nomine Patris, et Filii*," *&c.* We looked at each other with such an expression of despair, that the inclination to laugh naturally followed. However, this was immediately suppressed by a sermon in Portuguese, a horribly barbarous sounding language to those who do not understand it, with its continual terminations in *aon*. This harangue lasted for a long hour and a half. So we were obliged to exercise our patience and hear him to an end.

During my long torture I surveyed the different members of the royal family. As to the Prince of Brazil I have already attempted to sketch his portrait, but his countenance baffles all description. There was a caricature published in Lisbon, the day after his flight, in which he was represented with a bull's head with somewhat of the expression of a wild boar. The fact is that he was not only ugly, but his ugliness was of that description which left good nature no resource. It was impossible to look with patience at his great brutish head, his clumsy legs, and his shoulders as broad as those of a Galego. The Prince of Beira*, his son, was handsome, and was altogether a pleasing and interesting child.

At length after nearly four hours' torture we were allowed to go away, because the Prince and his craped court took it into their heads to retire, after kissing each other in all peace and charity, although they hated one another as cordially as any persons in the world. I did not leave my place until I was pretty sure the Prince was quite gone, then again accepting the arm of the officer who had before escorted me, I regained my carriage. My companions were exceedingly

* So called in order that he might not be confounded with the Infant Don Pedro, the son of an Infant of Spain and a Portuguese Princess, then at the court of Portugal. The Prince of Beira is the late Emperor of Brazil.

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annoyed, especially M. de Rayneval, who, accustomed as he was to the *ennui* of court life, had never before swallowed so soporific a potion. The guards saluted us at our departure as they had done on our arrival, presenting arms and beating drums, and we departed fully resolved to make strict inquiries respecting any ceremony of the Court of Lisbon which we might again desire to witness.

There was at this period great hesitation on the part of the Portuguese government to obey the imperious wishes of England Even the court of Lisbon, though directly under the yoke of Great Britain, could not obey her without fear and trembling. Now, too, a voice of thunder also issued its mandates and insisted on being obeyed. Hitherto Portugal had not been under much apprehension with respect to France, because we could not attack her except by sea, and we had no fleet. But Spain was now subjected to the man to whom mountains covered with snow, raging torrents, unformed roads, hostile fleets—nothing proved an obstacle, and a sort of instinctive terror hinted to Portugal, "This man will ruin you if you do not obey him." And truly this man did ruin her, and *because* she did not obey him. What I have already said of the Portuguese character, will enable the reader to comprehend the double dealing of the court of Lisbon. M. d'Araujo, who wished to act uprightly, was compelled to do as the others did. England herself had began to fear. The squadron of Rochefort, under the command of Vice admiral Missiessi, sailed from Aix on the 11th of January, 1805, and returned to Charente after a cruise of six months, having completely effected its object, without having once been seen by the enemy.*

This intelligence, which we received one evening in the midst of a fête at our hotel, did not appear to impart equal pleasure to all present. I remarked the circumstance to an individual for whom both I and Junot entertained a great esteem, and who possessed a minute knowledge of both Portugal and England, under all the various aspects which those two nations presented. This individual, who usefully aided me in my own observations, was the celebrated singer, Naldi, then a performer at the Lisbon opera. He came to Paris and ended a life which he had employed in acts of benevolence, and in proving that unsullied worth which may be found even in his profession. I engaged him for my singing master as soon as I heard him in Fioraventi's *Camilla*, and we soon learned to appreciate his

* This squadron visited the Islands of Mont-Serrat and St. Christopher, and made some captures during the voyage.

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various merits. Naldi was distinguished for extensive information on every subject relating to the fine arts, science, and mechanics. His love for the latter afterwards cost him his life. He was trying an *auto clave* at his residence in Paris, when the machine, which was new and not perfectly understood by him, burst and fractured his scull. How many delightful hours have I passed in listening to the delicious compositions of Fioraventi, sung by Naldi and Guaforini! Naldi also excelled in the *Fanatico per la Musica*. This opera, which was produced during my residence at Lisbon, for Guaforini and Naldi, was quite spoiled in Paris when Madame Catalani arranged it for her voice. The pretty duo of the singing lesson was no longer the same. The Lisbon opera was at that period the most famous in Europe. Catalani, then in her zenith, was the prima donna. The soprano was Matucchi, the successor of Crescentini; Monbelli was the tenor, and he was a very excellent singer and actor. There was also another tenor, named Olivieri. This was the company for the opera seria. For the opera buffa there were Guafonini, Naldi, and a good tenor, whose name I have forgotten. Add to this list the names of Fioraventi, the composer for the opera buffa, Marco Portogallo, composer for the opera seria, and Caravita, as writer of the *libretti*, and some idea may be formed of what the Lisbon opera was in 1805 and 1806.

As to the Portuguese theatre, which is called *Teatro de Salitre*, it was wretchedly bad. The house was gloomy and dirty, and the actors detestable. I went once to see the performance of *Gabrielle de Vergy* translated into Portuguese; I began to understand a little of the language, but I could as easily have comprehended Chinese as the Portuguese actors: they seemed to be braying. As to the dresses I cannot attempt to describe them. When Fayel enters Gabrielle's prison wounded, the actor, wishing to have the appearance of being stained with blood, made an immense blotch of red on a portion of his dress. This was hideously disgusting. The Lusitanian Roscius had got a piece of red rag sewed upon his dress, and being insecurely fastened, it got loose, and fluttering in the wind which blew in from the side scenes, produced a most ludicrous effect. The reader may judge of the rest from what I have stated. The Portuguese themselves do not go to their national theatre. They have no dramatic writers. The actors are bad, because there is no audience capable of appreciating them if they were good.

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CHAPTER XIII

Belem—Garden at Bemfica—The dangerous bouquet—Military position of Lisbon—Junot's subsequent defence of it in 1808—The mad Queen Donna Maria—My encounter with her—Cintra—Country houses there—Coalition preparing against France—Elevation of Madame Lætitia and the Princess Eliza—Naval action between Villeneuve and Sir R. Calder—Captain Baudin of the Topaze frigate—His successes—Promoted by Napoleon—Observations on Colonel Napier's work—Letter from Napoleon to Junot—Attitude of Austria—Junot's visit on board the Topaze—My illness—Junot departs to join the Emperor—His speedy arrival at Napoleon's head-quarters—His conversation with the Emperor.

The King has no palace in Lisbon. He formerly resided at Belem, but since that castle was burnt, the royal family live at Queluz, which they never leave except when they go to Maffra, a royal convent, and a wretched copy of the Escurial. The castle of Belem* was being rebuilt when I was in Lisbon. The only garden in the environs of Lisbon that deserves the name is the property of the Marquis d'Abrantes, at Bemfica. One day when I was walking in it, inhaling the balmy air, in an alley formed of superb magnolias and palm-trees, then in full bloom, the gardener made me up a large bouquet, in which he placed four or five magnolia flowers. On my return home with my bouquet, I felt an unusual drowsiness. I went to bed, having first placed my nosegay in water, and deposited it on a table near my bedside, that I might enjoy its delicious perfume. When I lay down the drowsiness with which I had been oppressed appeared to leave me. My blood circulated with extreme violence, my pulse beat as if I had been in a fever. I was for a considerable time exceedingly restless, but at length I fell into a profound and heavy sleep. As I had retired to bed very much fatigued, Junot desired the servants not to disturb me the next morning. However, at eleven o'clock, finding that I had not been called, he himself came into my apartment, and opened my shutters, whilst my little Josephine climbed upon the bed to embrace me. But as soon as the light came into my room, the poor child uttered a terrible shriek.

* Belem is called a suburb of Lisbon, but it may be considered as forming part of the city.

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I was almost suffocated. Junot instantly threw open the windows My faculties were so completely suspended that at first he supposed me to be dead. However, there was no contraction of the features which indicated suffering. I was deadly pale, and my teeth were so firmly closed, that on coming to myself again, I could hardly separate them. My eyelids also were very much swollen. I had lost my sense of hearing, and was in a state of perfect insensibility. Junot raised me in his arms, and carried me into the balcony. The air caused me to give signs of life, but it was not till M. Magnien* had rubbed my forehead with vinegar, and I believe with ether and alkali, that I was able to open my eyes. I awoke as if from a long and sound sleep. My eyes could not support the light of day, and I several times appeared inclined to relapse into my state of insensibility. I remained in this situation about two hours. I had felt no pain until I was perfectly roused, and then I suffered from violent head-ache, which was removed only by very active exercise. I should undoubtedly have died had not Junot entered my chamber just as he did. This circumstance serves to prove the baneful effects which may be produced by perfumes so powerful as those exhaled in Portugal by the magnolia, and especially the datura, of which there was a superb branch in my nosegay, as well as daphnes of all kinds.

I have now to make a few observations on the military condition of the Portuguese capital. Lisbon appears when approached from Spain, as if entrenched behind the Tagus, which at that part is two leagues broad. From hence to the mouth of the river, about half a mile, there are several hills which might be easily defended, but which do not command the city. On one of the hills is a tower, corresponding with the tower of Belem. It is fortified and contains a garrison, and is called *Torre Velha*. Near the mouth of the river are two villages, Trafferia and A-Costa. From the point of land where A-Costa is situated, a sand-bank runs out to a large fortified tower, which, together with a fort built opposite to it, defends the entrance to the port. Its proper name is the Fort de San Lourenço, but it is commonly called Torre di Bugio. The northern bank then stretches much further into the sea, and forms the famous promontory of Cabo di Rocca. A little below Belem, proceeding towards Lisbon, is a square fort called the Torre de Belem, which is thickly planted with cannon, and defends the passage. No vessel could pass these

* M. Magnien was a medical gentleman. He accompanied the embassy, but not in any official capacity.

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guns without being seriously assailed. A short time before I arrived in Lisbon, several batteries were built near this fort, some quite on the edge of the river, which is very difficult of access. The channel is very narrow, and its mouth is barred by a bank of stone. At a short distance stands the little town of Oeyras, and two leagues lower down, still following the current of the river, is Cascaès, an important town, having a fort, beneath which vessels may anchor. Close to this place is Fort San Antonio. From thence, in the direction of the north, the river is bordered only by a chain of broken rocks, while on the south, there are an immense multitude of sand-banks, not yet marked on any map. From the description I have here given of the position of Lisbon, the reader may conceive the difficulty, not to say impossibility of carrying the city, by an attack directed either from the side of Spain or from the sea. Before the city could be endangered in the latter direction, the hostile force must land at a considerable distance, and in that case Lisbon may defend herself by an army, and her natural position. It was by this means that Junot defended Lisbon in 1808; but once the barrier being passed, all defence is impossible. Thus availing himself of the peculiarities of his position, a general entrusted with the defence of Lisbon, once said to his assailant:

"Grant me the conditions which *I impose upon you*, or I will destroy the city of Lisbon; the Emperor did not confide to me his eagles, that they should be dishonoured by a capitulation."* This was Junot's reply to Sir Arthur Wellesley, when, after the battle of Vimeiro, he found himself with 12,000 men, opposed to 35,000 English and an equal number of Portuguese troops, backed by a savage and insurgent population, bent on the pillage and massacre of the French. And he would have done as he said. Of course he and his army would have been destroyed first, but the destruction of the English would have been equally certain. This would have been better than the burning of Moscow, for at that catastrophe, Rostopchin escaped.

Leaving Belem and its fortifications and crossing two leagues of a fertile and cultivated country, we arrive at the residence of the royal family, which is situated in a solitary valley. Here dwelt the

* The enthusiastic devotion of Madame Junot to Napoleon, and her respect for her husband's military talents, has blinded her judgment, and led her into great inaccuracy in her estimate of the relative forces of the French and Anglo-Portuguese armies at the time of Junot's discomfiture by Sir A. Wellesley.—*Eng. Ed.*

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mad Queen, Donna Maria. She was at times raving mad, and was always haunted by the dread of hell-fire. Whenever her confessor, the grand-inquisitor, entered her room, she would exclaim that he was the devil. She used also to greet her daughter-in-law with the same appellation; but in this instance, at least, the mistake was not very extraordinary. This Queen was the mother of the two Princes of Brazil. One died of the small-pox before he came to the throne: the other reigned in Brazil as he did in Lisbon. Heaven knows how gloriously that was! .... The mad Queen was therefore the grandmother of Don Pedro and the great-grandmother of the young Queen Donna Maria de Gloria. Her majesty never left her royal prison except to enter another, namely one of the little Portuguese carriages, in which she was closely shut up until she got into the country, and quite out of the reach of the public gaze; then, sometimes her keepers would let her go out of the carriage and enjoy her liberty.

One day when I was strolling in a little romantic valley, in the neighbourhood of Cintra, I met three ladies, one of whom attracted my notice on account of her strange appearance and wild stare. It was a windy day, and her hair, which was as white as silver, was blown over her face and shoulders. As this appeared to annoy her, one of the females who accompanied her, endeavoured to shade the hair from her face, but for this kind office she received a box on the ear, which I heard. Three men were walking at some distance to render assistance in case of need. When I was perceived, one of these men came to me and, addressing me in Portuguese, begged that I would retire. He did not, however, mention her Majesty, and it was not until afterwards that I was informed, by M. d'Araujo, it was the Queen. I think her attendants must have told her who I was; for as I withdrew I perceived that she was menacing me with clenched fists, and darting at me looks which were absolutely demoniacal. This rencounter not only frightened me, but it gave rise to a world of melancholy reflections. The Sovereign of a great nation wandering in a solitary valley, and consigned to the charge of a few menials, whose impatience and ill-temper being excited by constant attendance on the unfortunate lunatic, were likely to increase her malady; her gray head, too, which in its *desen-voltura*, seemed to reject the crown it could not support: all presented a picture which made a profound impression on my mind. When, on my return home, I mentioned my adventure to Junot, we could not help remarking the curious fact that all the Sovereigns of Europe, at least all the *legitimate* Sovereigns, were at that time either mad or imbecile.

On the north-west of Lisbon, a long chain of high mountains

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terminates the beautiful landscape. These are the mountains of Cintra,* upon which many of the Portuguese have their *quinta*, or country house.

We hired a *quinta* at Cintra, which had belonged to a Madame la Roche, the widow of a French merchant. The garden was not large, but it was entirely planted with orange and lemon trees, which, we were informed, produced an extraordinary abundance of fruit. At Cintra we found the Duke and Duchess de Cadaval. They had three *quintas* there, and scarcely one of them was habitable. The Duchess laughed at this, though it was easy to perceive she was dissatisfied. As to the Duke, he did not concern himself about the matter. His occupations were gambling and abusing the French, at least, saying behind their backs what he dared not have said to their faces. We had also near us the family of the Austrian minister, our intimate friends the Lebzelterns. They resided in the old royal palace of Cintra, part of which was assigned to their accommodation by the court. This formed a pleasant little journey for us, for our house was almost at Colares at the other extremity of the valley.

While we were at Cintra, Junot received letters announcing positively that a third continental coalition had been formed against France. He became low-spirited, for he was fearful that the Emperor would forget him. He therefore wrote to Napoleon, and sent off his letter by an extraordinary courier. It was now July. The reports of war were circulated only in whispers; for Austria had not formally acceded to the treaty between Russia and England. At this time, too, I learned an event which rendered me truly happy. Madame Lætitia Bonaparte was at length raised to the rank suitable to the woman who had given birth to the Sovereign of Europe, and I was appointed one of her ladies. I have reason to be gratified for the kindness I invariably experienced from that Princess. She was an excellent woman, and possessed a truly queen-like heart.

About this period, several acts of the Emperor awakened the petty animosity of some of the governments of Europe. All that was wanted was a pretext for rising against the colossus, whose regenerating hand was extended to all the old crowned heads which were tottering beneath antiquated and decayed institutions. By an imperial decree, the states of Parma and Placenzia were united to France, and Lucca was given to the Princess Eliza. England, des-

* Lord Byron has justly observed that Cintra is a paradise inhabited by demons, but in alluding to that place in his Childe Harold, he has committed an historical error which I shall hereafter correct.

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perately resolved on war, at any sacrifice, gladly seized the opportunity to characterize as the ambition of invasion, that which was rather the ambition of glory on the part of Napoleon. Accordingly her fleets put to sea. The Emperor, assured of the good will and fidelity of Spain, and confiding in Admiral Villeneuve (that man who brought so much misfortune and disgrace on our arms), ordered him to go in pursuit of the enemy, but only with a superior force, which was very easy, since we had the command of the dock-yards and arsenals of Spain. Admiral Villeneuve set sail with a combined fleet consisting of fourteen French ships of war, and six Spanish vessels. He fell in with the English fleet, commanded by Sir Robert Calder, off Cape Finisterre. The unfortunate Villeneuve was beaten with a superior force, and two of the Spanish ships fell into the hands of the enemy. We were among a people to whom our misfortunes were a source of joy, and our glory a cause of mourning:—it may easily be imagined, therefore, what were our feelings on the receipt of the above intelligence, which came to us before even it reached the Emperor. Junot was furious. But Heaven had a compensation in store for us. How happy I am to number among my friends a man of whom the French navy had just reason to boast, and over whose laurels we then shed tears of pride.

We were still dejected by the melancholy intelligence of the battle of Finisterre, when we learned that a French frigate had just entered the port of Lisbon after some glorious engagements. We were then at Cintra. Junot directed Colonel Laborde to set off to Lisbon, and to request the commander of the frigate to come to him immediately. It was too late for him to return that evening; but next morning the Colonel came back accompanied by the brave officer who had secured such a triumph to the French flag. Junot hastened to meet him and embraced him as if he had been an old friend. Captain Baudin was, at that time, a very young man, handsome, and of mild and reserved manners. He commanded the frigate *la Topaze*, forty-four guns. Off the Antilley, he had fallen in with the English frigate, *Blanche*, also of forty-four guns. He had defeated and captured her. Returning to Europe to refit, for he had suffered considerably in the engagement, he fell in with another English vessel, the *Reasonable*, sixty-four guns, near the coast of Spain: "My lads," said he to his crew, "shall we allow this fine prize to escape us?" "No!" exclaimed with one voice both officers and men. "*Houra pour la belle France!* . . . . Captain, give the word!" The guns of the *Topaze* gave the signal for the attack, and with his masts broken, his sails tattered, a part of his crew wounded and disabled, the young

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captain attempted to capture this large vessel. The *Reasonable*, however, escaped, but with immense loss; and the *Topaze* entered the port of Lisbon amidst the acclamations even of our enemies.

"Oh!" exclaimed Junot, after reading Captain Baudin's report of these actions, and striking the table forcibly with his hands. "Oh! if this young man had been at Finisterre, instead of that ——— Villeneuve!" When Captain Baudin returned to the drawing-room, Junot ran to him and embraced him a second time. "You are a brave and loyal young man," said he, "I ask your friendship and I offer you mine." This was not a common phrase with Junot. It was but the second time I had heard him make use of it since my marriage. On the first occasion, it was addressed to General Richepanse. The *Topaze* had suffered so severely, that she required to be completely refitted. Lisbon, being a neutral port, seemed admirably adapted for this operation; but, will it be believed, it was necessary to resort to violence, to enable the frigate to remain there, whilst a flotilla composed of six large vessels, and several small ones, lay at anchor, before the Square of Commerce, as long as it was found convenient. Is it surprising that this conduct should provoke revenge? Is it wonderful that we should take reprisals when we have in our hands overwhelming proofs of the ingratitude of the Portuguese towards the man who devoted himself to the protection of their lives and honour when his own safety was compromised, both as a private individual and one entrusted with an immense responsibility? Lisbon should not have raised her ungrateful voice so loudly. How base and treacherous has been her ingratitude!

But why should I be surprised at the conduct of the Portuguese? Have I not seen here, *in France*, one of Junot's old comrades permit the publication of a work translated from the English, containing revolting falsehoods respecting my husband and Marshal Ney? . . . . . This work, which is the production of Colonel Napier, and which found grace in the eyes of the minister for the war department, was presented *to me, to me the widow of Junot*, as containing *authentic* documents. I read in it an indecent attack upon the private character of a man whose conduct as a soldier not even his enemies could traduce, in that admirable affair of the convention of Cintra; since the individuals who signed it on the part of England were tried by a court-martial. The fine lines of Childe Harold would in themselves suffice for the glory of Junot, even though the original copy of that convention were not in existence to prove it. Fortunately, I possess that original document, and in both languages. It is not inserted in Colonel Napier's work.

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On receiving intelligence of the affair of the *Topaze*, Napoleon immediately raised Captain Baudin to the rank of *Capitaine de Frégate*. In the report which Junot transmitted to Paris, the Emperor remarked a circumstance which greatly pleased him: this was, that Captain Baudin had adopted at sea the same method which he, Napoleon, employed in making an attack by land: he had taken positions in which he could employ more guns than the enemy, and it is well known that this was one of the Emperor's favorite manœuvres. He remained several months in the port of Lisbon, because there was an English cruiser at its entrance which he wished to avoid. He left Lisbon after the unfortunate battle of Trafalgar. My husband was much attached to Captain Baudin, who is one of those friends that have remained faithful to me. The friendship I cherish for him makes me feel the more indignant at the injustice with which he has been treated. Napoleon, who so well knew how to appreciate talent, and who never conferred distinctions except as the reward of real merit, made Baudin a rear-admiral at an age when others of his profession scarcely attain the rank of captain. This is three and twenty years ago, and he still remains what Napoleon made him.

I have already mentioned that a new continental coalition was expected. While we were at Cintra, Junot one day received a letter in the handwriting of the Emperor, which brought him very important intelligence. On the horizon of Europe clouds were already gathering in the direction of the North. This important period deserves a brief retrospection. Of all the powers included in the coalition, Austria was the one whose interests were most in danger. Her states, reduced to one-half their former extent, were open on all sides. Her federative power was annihilated in Germany, without the hope of recovery; and this same power was strongly menaced in Italy, and even in part destroyed. Accordingly Austria took the alarm, for with her the question was an affair of life or death. Napoleon's coronation at Milan conveyed to Austria the last conviction that her power was for ever annihilated in Italy, and that she had never been beloved there—a fact sufficiently inexplicable to a sovereignty that was adored in its own hereditary states. Be this as it may, Austria was really afraid; she had not yet recovered from the shock of Marengo and Hohenlinden. She found herself, as it were, pressed between the source of the Maine and the mouth of the Po. It was necessary to assume an imposing attitude, or she was lost.

The violation of the treaty of Luneville was seized upon as a pretext. It was alleged that, by virtue of that treaty, Holland, Switzerland, Lombardy, Genoa and Lucca, as well as Parma, had the

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right of choosing constitutions for themselves, and that it was an encroachment on that right to impose laws upon them. Reasoning thus, Austria at length acceded to the treaty concluded between St. Petersburgh and England on the 8th of April previous. She immediately entered the field. General Klenau crossed the Inn and invaded Bavaria. The Austrian army, eighty thousand strong, was commanded by the Archduke Ferdinand, under the tutelage of General Mack, whilst thirty-five thousand men occupied the Tyrol, under the command of the Archduke John; .hus supporting the left of General Klenau's army and the right of the army of Italy. The latter, which was under the immediate command of Prince Charles, was perhaps the most important of all, and consisted of one hundred and ten thousand excellent troops. This force was advancing in good order upon the Adige. France found herself again threatened on all sides. The south of Europe alone continued faithful to her, and therefore it was of the highest importance to preserve friendly relations between the courts of France and Lisbon. England made superhuman efforts to stir up a quarrel, and a very trivial occurrence well nigh enabled her to accomplish her object.

Junot went to visit Captain Baudin on board his frigate, and as soon as he set foot on the deck, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in honour of him. It is not allowable to fire guns in a neutral port, and the English affected to be very indignant at this violation of the rule. They appeared much more mortified at it than the Prince Regent of Portugal himself. Finding that they did not obtain what they were pleased to call justice, they made our one-and-twenty guns an excuse for firing two thousand as the signal of mourning on the one side and rejoicing on the other, on the occasion of the battle of Trafalgar. This powder cannonade was more insulting to the Princess of Brazil than to us, because she was a Spaniard; but its object was to insult France, and serious consequences would no doubt have ensued had Junot been at that time in Lisbon. Fortunately he was galloping towards Moravia. His first impulse, which was always violent when the honour of France was concerned, would doubtless have been injurious to the feeble government of Portugal. M. de Rayneval, who was no less susceptible but more calm, avoided a rupture, to the great disappointment of the English.

I had been exceedingly ill for several months past, and my medical attendants ordered me to go to a little miserable village, called Caldas da Raynha, where there are some tepid springs, which are said to possess wonderful medicinal virtues. Though I entertained very little hope of deriving benefit from them, yet I set off, carried

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on a sort of litter, and arrived at Caldas da Raynha in such a weak state, that at first I could take the waters only by spoonfuls. They are warm, sulphuric, and at the same time tonic. My disorder was a nervous affection of the pilorus, but so severe that I could not take even a glass of *eau sucrée*. The waters produced a wonderful effect upon me, so that at the expiration of a week I was able to walk in the royal quinta, and within a fortnight I eat a partridge for my dinner. However, my convalescence was slow. One day, while I was at Caldas da Raynha, Junot came to bid us farewell. The Emperor had kept his word, and had sent for him as soon as the first cannon was fired. "Be speedy," said Duroc in his letter, "for I have a presentiment that this campaign will not be a long one."

Junot immediately set off to join the Emperor wherever he might be. M. de Talleyrand, who had written to desire Junot to give the power of chargé-d'affaires to M. de Rayneval, mentioned in his letter that I might, if I pleased, return to France, as it was known that I was an invalid. Junot stayed but a few hours at Caldas. He returned to Lisbon, where he mounted a post-horse and rode to Bayonne. There he procured a caleche, which conveyed him to Paris. He stayed there four and twenty hours, after which he departed for Germany, in a post-chaise, driving with the utmost speed. He joined Napoleon at Brunn, in Moravia, on the 1st of December. The Emperor was standing with Berthier, at a window looking towards the high road. It was about half-past nine in the morning, and the weather was thick and foggy. "Who have we here," said the Emperor, as he perceived Junot advancing along the road. "It is a post-chaise. We do not expect any news this morning." The chaise advanced rapidly, and the Emperor, who kept his glass pointed at it, at length exclaimed, "It is a general officer. If the thing were possible, I should think it was Junot. On what day did you write, Berthier?" Berthier informed him. "Then it cannot be he," continued Napoleon. "He has twelve hundred leagues to travel, and with the utmost possible speed he could not arrive."

The aide-de-camp on duty entered, and announced General Junot. "Par Dieu," said Napoleon running up to him, "you are the man for affairs like this! To arrive on the eve of a great battle, after travelling twelve hundred leagues, and to leave an embassy for the cannon's mouth. To complete the business, you have only to be wounded in to-morrow's battle." "I expect it, Sire; but I hope it will be with the last ball," replied Junot, laughing. "The Russians must let me perform my duty to your Majesty." "Faith," said the Emperor, "it is the only duty that is left for you. You have come too late.

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Every corps has got a commander, even your brave grenadiers of Arras, and they have a very able one." "I know it," replied Junot, "and I do not regret his appointment, for I know he will lead them to victory. But, Sire, I am too happy in serving as your aide-de-camp, as I did in Italy. It is a happy augury."

The Emperor shook his head, but his air of doubt was not discouraging; he smiled, and his smile always inspired confidence. He walked about the room with a calmness calculated to encourage the most timid. He asked Junot how he had left me, and whether my illness was caused by jealousy of the Princess of Brazil. Junot burst into a fit of laughter. "Is she really so ugly as she is described?" resumed the Emperor. "Is she uglier than her sister of Etruria? Surely that is not possible." "Sire, she is uglier than any thing you can possibly imagine." "What, more so than the Queen of Etruria?" "Much, sire." "And the Prince Regent?" "In the first place, sire, he is a perfect fool; and as to his personal appearance, your Majesty may judge of that from the description which my wife drew of him in two words, and which I assure you is exceedingly accurate. She observed that the Prince of Brazil was like a bull, whose mother had been frightened by an ourang-outang." "Did she really say that," resumed the Emperor, laughing immoderately, "*petite peste?** And is it true?" "Perfectly true, sire."

The Emperor then asked Junot a multitude of questions respecting the royal families of Spain and Portugal, and that at a moment when his mind must have been engrossed by thoughts of a different and more important nature. But everything was wonderful in that wonderful man.

* A name by which the Emperor frequently called me in his moments of good humour.

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CHAPTER XIV

Dangerous passage across the Tagus—Narrow escape—The battle of Trafalgar—Celebration of the event by the English at Lisbon—Villeneuve's incapacity—Disastrous results of the battle—Napoleon's brilliant campaign in Germany—Series of victories—Capture of Ulm—Battle of Austerlitz—Enthusiastic attachment of the soldiers to Napoleon—Armistice—Napoleon enjoys the fruits of his glory—Marriage of Eugène—My audience at the court of Lisbon before my departure—Conversation with the Duke de Cadaval.

After Junot left his diplomatic post, to assist in gaining fresh triumphs for the country he so dearly loved, several unfortunate and unlooked for events occurred. The battle of Trafalgar, that disastrous conflict which extinguished the last gleams of our maritime glory, happened about this time: I was at Lisbon. I saw the consequences of that event unclouded by the illusion with which flattery sought to conceal the disaster—a disaster so at variance with the glories of Austerlitz.

I was on my way back to Lisbon from Caldas da Raynha after my recovery, and on reaching the Tagus, went on board one of the royal *escaleres*, which was prepared for my accommodation. This was on the 21st of October. The weather, which at first had been exceedingly fine, became all of a sudden overcast, and soon fell to a dead calm. As we had twenty rowers this mattered little, especially as we were descending the river. But a most violent storm presently burst upon us, raging with such increasing fury that we were at length in extreme danger.

For two hours the wind raged furiously, and our yacht was sometimes driven aground so violently that we feared she would go to pieces. Fortunately my little daughter was not with me, so that I had only my own safety to think of, and that did not very greatly concern me. However, I had just been so very near death, that I felt existence was worth caring for. I was then but twenty years of age, and it is hard to die a violent death so early. But I recollect I was quite resigned. A dispute between M. Magnien and M. de Cherval, informed me that the former had, contrary to the opinion of the barge-master, insisted on our returning by water. The master became uneasy, and on my questioning him, frankly admitted the

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danger we were in. As he was speaking, the clouds closed over us with such rapidity, that the banks of the river disappeared from our view in an instant. The master ordered the sail to be unfurled, which was no sooner done than a dreadful blast rent it in two. The lurch was so violent at that moment that we were within an ace of being upset. M. Magnien was perfectly bewildered. He kept traversing the little cabin of the barge, into which the waves forced themselves through the windows, wringing his hands, and reproaching himself for having been the cause of our peril. Presently, the master came down to us, looking agitated and pale. "Our oars are broken," said he, "the sail is torn, and I cannot answer for your safety. We are now opposite Saccavin. If you like, I will endeavour to land there" "By all means," cried I, half killed by the pitching of the boat.

All the efforts of our twenty rowers were at first of no avail. The wind blew with such violence, that we were constantly driven back into the middle of the river covered with the surge, which forced itself over the sides of the yacht. At length, however, the promise of a rich reward, joined to a natural solicitude for their own safety, animated the men, and after the most laborious exertion, they succeeded. We were brought on shore, at about two hundred paces from the landing place. Four of the boatmen carried me over the shallows, and I was taken to a house at Saccavin, where I was provided with a fire and a change of clothes. I then despatched an express to Lisbon for my carriage, and on that same evening I was seated in the little yellow drawing-room of my hotel in Lisbon, with my daughter on my knee, surrounded by my friends, and perfectly happy. Ah! how often have I reproached myself for the happiness I enjoyed that evening! .... It was the day of the battle of Trafalgar!

Five days had elapsed since my return. The stormy weather had passed away, and the blue sky of Lisbon again appeared. The autumnal sun, more glowing than that which warms the summer of our climate, now again shone forth in cloudless glory. We had arranged a little excursion in the country with the Lebzelterns, when one morning I was awakened by the firing of guns, which shook the frail walls of our hotel. The reports followed each other with such rapidity, that I knew not what to think of it. I sent to M. de Rayneval, but he had gone out. Indeed, every body was abroad making inquiries. M. de Rayneval was the only person who had learned the news, and he had gone immediately to M. d'Araujo. Intelligence of the battle of Trafalgar* had arrived at Lisbon during the night. The

* Trafalgar is ten leagues south-east of Cadiz.

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port was crowded with English vessels, and without regard to the neutrality of the place, without regard to the Princess of Brazil, who, as infanta of Spain, had lost by the disaster even more than France, the English vessels immediately began firing in celebration of their victory, just as if they had been in Portsmouth harbour; with their demonstrations of joy, signs of grief were mingled. The victory was dearly won. Nelson was no more!

On his return, M. de Rayneval told us the news. He was overwhelmed with grief at the disastrous event, happening as it did at the very moment our arms promised such success,—an event, too, which the enemy and the elements combined to follow up with such murderous and general destruction! He described the dreadful conflict to me, for he could not bear to read it over again. It was, indeed, horrible! What a wretch must that admiral be, thought I! . . . . He has been the cause of this catastrophe, this scene of carnage, this second act and conclusion of the tragedy of Quiberon, this ruin and destruction of our naval power. The Emperor is reported to have cried out in his sleep, after he heard of the defeat of Villeneuve by Admiral Calder:—

"Varus, rends-moi mes légions."

The brilliant affair of Captain Baudin had not rendered this news less bitter to Napoleon. He immediately ordered Admiral Villeneuve to be superseded by Admiral Rosilly. Villeneuve had previously fallen into disgrace; for it was he who at the battle of the Nile remained quietly at anchor. He was patronized by Décrès, who always protected the unworthy and never the deserving. When Décrès was informed of the Emperor's determination, he wrote to Villeneuve to this effect:—"I delay the *official announcement* of Rosilly having superseded you. Manage to get under weigh before it reaches you. Seek the enemy, and if you should have a successful engagement, you will be pardoned. You must risk all to gain all."* On receiving this letter, which informed him of his well-merited disgrace, Villeneuve saw that he must escape his dishonour at any risk. In his character of commander-in-chief of the combined squadron, he summoned on board his ship all the Spanish commanders, at the head of whom was the brave Gravina, the boast of the Spanish navy. Villeneuve announced to them his intention of proceeding out of the way. Gravina objected to the proposition on the ground of its im-

* I knew the officer who carried this dispatch. Many months after, by a singular accident, he became acquainted with its contents.

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practicability. Villeneuve replied to him in an abusive strain. "I shall demand satisfaction for this, after the battle," rejoined Gravina. "We must be off it seems; may God protect us, for we are going to our destruction!"

Villeneuve was impelled by his evil genius. He was equally deaf to the remonstrances of the officers of the French fleet. The brave and skilful Rear-Admiral Magon, the old friend of my family, in vain enforced Gravina's arguments. The English fleet commanded by Admiral Nelson, that enemy of the French, whom he hated as cordially as Hannibal hated the Romans, consisted of twenty-eight vessels, nine of which were three-deckers. The combined fleet included eighteen French and fifteen Spanish ships. It consisted of one vessel of a hundred and thirty guns (the Santa-Trinidada), two of a hundred guns, two of eighty-four, three of eighty, one of sixty-four, and twenty-four others, each twenty-four guns! What a noble fleet! In this united force there was power sufficient to crush the English fleet. But instead of being victorious, ours was destroyed, through the most unskilful manœuvres. The courage and ability of some of our officers, it is true, present examples almost equal to the fabulous achievements recorded by Plutarch of the heroes of antiquity. A storm as dreadful as any which had occurred in the memory of the oldest sailor added its horrors to those of the conflict. The lightning vied with the flashes of the guns, and its lurid glare afforded the dying the consolation of seeing that it dealt its shafts impartially. Our tricoloured flag, alas! suffered most during those fatal days, for the horrid conflict raged two days and a night. We had five vessels taken! three sunk during the action! three blown up! one (that commanded by Rear-admiral Magon*), borne down upon by the enemy and her deck covered with the slain, was blown up by her own crew to escape the disgrace of surrendering! Thus did I lose a friend of my early childhood! Ten other vessels ran ashore on different parts of the coast. One was wrecked at a distance of thirty-two leagues from Trafalgar, at Cape St. Vincent, near Lagos; but she contained only the dead and dying. Only nine vessels re-entered Cadiz. As to the Admiral, it was natural to expect that he must have been killed in the battle, or at least that one of the thunderbolts which rent the air on every side must have lighted on his head! But no! he was taken! he was made prisoner! He delivered up his sword amidst the groans of the dying and the wounded, who with their last

* L'Achille, Rear-admiral Magon was determined not to surrender. "I was taken once," he used to say to me, "but it shall be the last time."

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breath vented imprecations on him as the author of their misfortunes. I am but a woman! yet methinks, were I placed in a like situation, a pistol should have settled all my accounts in this world.

The consequences of this battle of Trafalgar were most dreadful. I was then in the habit of seeing men capable of judging of the extent of the disaster, and who considered it not even balanced by the Emperor's victories. Napoleon was not irritated, but profoundly grieved at the battle of Trafalgar.

While the straits of Gibraltar were reddened with French blood, Napoleon was leading our eagles to victory on the plains of Ulm. The grand French army, composed of seven different corps, under Bernadotte, Marmont, Davoust, Soult, Lannes, Ney, and Augereau, with Murat at the head of the cavalry, and an immense reserve of artillery and cavalry, was advancing with giant strides upon Austria. Every thing had been prepared with such ability, that nothing was wanting in the hour of need. Treaties were every where signed against France; yet she, ever great and powerful, smiled at all the projects formed against her, as a giant smiles at the efforts of pigmies. The Kings of Naples, Spain, and some portions of Germany, alone remained faithful to us. All at once, as if by a mandate from Heaven, the French army was set in motion. It advanced, and kingdoms fell before it. Its course was marked by the destruction of all that opposed its progress. In the space of one month, after the occupation of Weissembourg, or rather from the 3d to the 20th of October, 1805, the French army pursued its victorious course as follows:

Whilst Napoleon dismayed Austria, and secured the tranquillity of the debouches of the Tyrol, by the rapidity of his movements, and the skill of his manœuvres, every day brought us a fresh victory. I shall, therefore, speak of battles only, without adding the word *victory*, that being always understood. To begin with Werthingen: Murat has frequently been said to have won this battle. This is a mistake, the glory of it belongs to General Oudinot and the brave grenadiers of Arras. After the battle of Werthingen, came the battle of Guntbourg, in which Marshal Ney defeated the Archduke Ferdinand: then the occupation of Augsbourg by Marshal Soult: then the occupation of Munich by Bernadotte: then the capture of Memingen by Soult, who made 4,000 prisoners. These events were succeeded by the famous battle of Elchingen, at which Marshal Ney made 3,000 prisoners, and who, by taking of the bridge of Elchingen, mainly insured the success of the campaign, and especially the capture of the garrison of Ulm. Then followed the battle of Langenau, in which Murat made 3,000 prisoners. And lastly, on the 20th October,

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seventeen days after the occupation of Weissembourg, Ulm capitulated, while Mack, the quarter-master-general, was within its walls.* The Archduke Ferdinand had escaped with a party of cavalry. In Ulm were found immense magazines, thirty thousand men in garrison, seventy pieces of cannon mounted, three thousand horses, and twenty generals; these last were allowed their liberty on parole. In these seventeen days, Austria lost fifty-five thousand prisoners, and almost the whole of her artillery and baggage. The wreck of her army was obliged to retire behind the Inn, where Napoleon immediately came up with it. The Emperor of Russia had an interview at Berlin with the King of Prussia. In order to render their union the more solemn, the two young Sovereigns swore, on the tomb of the great Frederick, to maintain a fraternal alliance for the extermination of France.

After the brilliant affair of Ulm, the French army passed the Inn, and Marshal Lannes took Branau; the very place in which, five years after, the Archduchess Maria Louisa consigned herself to the fair hands of the Queen of Naples, to become Empress of France, and Napoleon's wife! Salzbourg was next taken, by Lannes. In Italy, Massena sustained, as he always did, the honour of French arms. Vicenza and Verona fell into our hands. The Archduke Charles, having obtained a momentary advantage at Caldiero, paid for his transient triumph by an immediate retreat upon Palma Nova. Marmont reached Leoben, in Styria, and while the Emperor was entering Vienna, the Tagliamento was crossed by our victorious troops. The Russians, astonished at the rapidity of our triumphs, proposed an armistice. Murat accepted it on condition of its meeting with the Emperor's sanction. Napoleon rejected it, and commanded the French army to pursue its march. Presburg was occupied by Davoust's corps. While these events were proceeding in Austria, the army of Italy passed the Izonza; took Gradisca and Udine. Palma Nova, with its numerous magazines, fell in its turn. Marshal Augereau crossed the Black Forest, took Lindau and Bregentz, obliged General Jellachich, with six thousand men, to capitulate and the French became masters of all the Voralberg. It seemed as if at the blast of our victorious trumpet, towns opened their gates, ramparts crumbled, and troops laid down their arms.

While his lieutenants were seconding him with the ardent spirit which then animated every man in the army, Napoleon advanced into Moravia. Buxhowden had formed a junction with Kutusow, and the

* This important result was as much the consequence of the incapacity of Mack, as the great military talents of Napoleon.

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latter general became commander-in-chief of the whole allied force. But Napoleon did not allow him time to arrange new plans. He took Brunn, the capital of Moravia, and the point of union for all the magazines of the combined army. He then made himself master of Trieste. A corps of 8,000 men, under the command of the Prince of Rohan, driven from the Tyrol by Ney, endeavoured to reach Venice. They were routed in turn by Regnier, Ney and Gouvion St. Cyr, and after flying from defeat to defeat, and fighting every where against their fellow-countrymen, they terminated their career by a capitulation. At length, on the 2d December, the three Emperors appeared at the head of their armies. The Russians numbered seventy-five thousand effective troops; the Austrians, thirty-five thousand; with a cavalry force far superior to ours. We counted but eighty-five thousand men. The battle of Austerlitz is one of the most glorious monuments of Napoleon's fame. On that field, as in Italy, he beat the enemy with an inferior force, and by his superiority of military skill. But even there he was pursued by the envious hatred which finally rivetted the chains at St. Helena. Lannes commanded the left wing of the army, having General Suchet under him. Soult led the right wing, Bernadotte the centre, and Davoust commanded a corps of observation. The cavalry was placed under the command of Murat, and twenty-four pieces of light artillery supported Lannes' right. Oudinot formed the reserve, with the grenadiers of Arras, and Junot was to support that reserve with six battalions of the guard. Napoleon, from an eminence, took a view of the enemy's forces on the morning of the battle. He was accompanied by a young page, who is now a colonel in one of our regiments; his name is M. de Galtz de Malvirade. The Emperor rested his glass on the shoulder of the youth, and for seven or eight minutes attentively watched Kutusow ordering the position of his troops. What he saw afforded him the most perfect satisfaction, for he smiled, and his countenance wore the expression of perfect serenity. He closed the glass, and observed to Junot, who was standing near him:—"It is well; they are doing exactly what I want."

The battle of Austerlitz, which commenced at sunrise, and did not terminate till nightfall, is a memorable proof of Napoleon's talent, and of the courage of his troops. I have no objection to admit that the enemy's folly also contributed to his success. The battle of Austerlitz was a complete humiliation to the Russians and the Austrians. Junot, who never left the Emperor's side during the whole of the action, has often described to me the conduct of that extraordinary man during those hours when his destiny depended

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upon defeat or victory.* To render justice to all, it must be allowed, that Marshal Soult gave evidence of superior courage and talent. For seven hours he maintained an attack, as suddenly conceived as it was vigorously executed, and to which, according to Junot, the success of the day was mainly owing. I know not whether the *Moniteur* made specific mention of this at the time, but I find the circumstance set down in my notes, for Junot attached considerable importance to it, frequently declaring that it had considerable influence on the result of the battle. The loss of the allies was immense; a hundred and fifty-five pieces of cannon, flags innumerable, whole parks of artillery, and forty thousand men, either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. At Austerlitz, the cuirassiers, for the first time, were seen to charge batteries.

The night before the battle, the Emperor directed Junot, Duroc, and Berthier, to put on their cloaks and follow him, as he was going round to see that all was arranged as he wished. It was eleven o'clock, the bivouac fires were surrounded by soldiers, among whom there were many of the brave guards who were afterwards nicknamed the *Grognards*.† It was the 1st of December, and the weather was very severe, but none cared for it. They were singing and talking, and many of them were engaged in recounting the splendid victories of Italy and of Egypt. The Emperor, wrapt up in his *redingote grise*, passed along unperceived, behind the groups, in which were hearts devoted, not only to him and his glory, but to the glory of our arms. He listened to their conversation, smiled, and seemed greatly affected. Suddenly he passed a bivouac, the fire of which, gleaming full in his face, discovered him. "The Emperor!" exclaimed the whole group. "*Vive l'Empereur! Vive l'Empereur!*" responded the next. Along the whole line, in the bivouac, and under the tents, the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* passed from mouth to mouth, and rent the air. The fires were immediately deserted, for the soldiers rushed forward to behold their well beloved chief. They took the straw from their beds, and lighting it, made torches with which they illumined the gloom of the night: still shouting *Vive l'Empereur!* with that heart-felt enthusiasm, which neither authority, seduction nor corruption, can ever repress. Napoleon was moved .... "Enough, my lads! enough of this!" he said. But these proofs of attachment afforded him the liveliest pleasure, and his heart responded to them.—"Ah! you seek

* The French army had, some time previously, been spread through Moravia, and its line being so much extended, was in proportion diminished in strength.

† Grumblers.

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glory!" exclaimed an old soldier, with mustachios which seemed never to have been cut since the first passage of the Alps. "Well! to-morrow the good soldiers of the guard will purchase it to crown your anniversary!"—"What are you growling about under those thick mustachios?" said the Emperor, approaching the old grenadier, with one of those smiles which in him were so captivating. The grenadier, like most of his comrades, held in his hand a torch of straw, whose light revealed his swarthy scarred face, the expression of which was at that moment most remarkable. His eyes were filled with tears, while a smile of joy at sight of the Emperor was playing on his hard but manly features. The Emperor repeated his question.—"Faith, my General, that is *Sire*," replied the soldier, "I only say that we will thrash those rascals of Russians: that is, if you desire it, for discipline before every thing. So, *Vive l'Empereur!*" and thus fresh shouts conveyed to the Russians their death warrant, for troops so animated could never be subdued. It was, however, found necessary to order the soldiers to put out their straw torches, for their cartridge boxes being filled, an accident might possibly have happened.

The Emperor of Austria, it is well known, came to Napoleon at his bivouac, for the purpose of *asking for peace*. M. d'Haugwitz, the Minister of the King of Prussia, was sent to our Emperor. He had, it is said, two letters in his pocket. Junot, who regarded him, perhaps, with an eye of prejudice, maintained that this fact was not doubtful, because d'Haugwitz searched a long time for the packet, which the issue of the battle had rendered the right one, or rather the wrong one, for his master. He made strange grimaces; "in short," said Junot, "I did not like his countenance." It is a fact, that on receiving the letter from *his brother* of Prussia, Napoleon smiled and said, very pointedly: "Here is a compliment, of which the fortune of war has changed the address." The battle of Austerlitz not only terminated the campaign of 1805* but also put an end to the triple continental coalition.

At length Napoleon reposed in the full blaze of his glory. The drum had ceased to beat; the eagle had closed his wings, and peace prevailed. We enjoyed the climax of our triumph, when we saw Napoleon seated upon that throne to which he had been raised by the voice of the nation. After signing the treaty of peace which restored to the Emperor of Austria his states and his subjects, Napoleon

* At this an armistice only was agreed to: and the first thing demanded was the evacuation of the Austrian states, by the Russian troops. They were required to retire by the Krapack mountains, by daily marches in three columns, and in a way prescribed by the Emperor Napoleon.

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proceeded to Munich, and married Prince Eugène to the daughter of the King of Bavaria. Prince Eugène was a most amiable as well as a very handsome young man. Junot, who was affectionately attached to him, wrote to me, at Lisbon, all the particulars of his marriage. This union, I know not why, met with strong opposition on the part of the Queen of Bavaria, who was the mother-in-law of the Prince Royal and of the Princess Amelia.* However, the marriage took place, and gave occasion to a succession of very brilliant entertainments, which I did not see, because I was then on my way home from Lisbon to France. The cause of my long and severe illness was pregnancy; and as soon as I was able to undertake the journey, I determined to return to France. I requested an audience of the Princess of Brazil, who immediately granted it. Perhaps our recent victories in Germany had something to do with this ready acquiescence.

The Princess received me in a cabinet, into which none were admitted but her personal favourites. She was surrounded by her young family, and the interesting group gave her almost an air of beauty. One of the Infantas was truly pretty, viz. Donna Isabella, who afterwards married Ferdinand VII. She was then a mere child; but a very engaging creature. The Princess treated me with great courtesy. She spoke to me of my pregnancy, and proposed to stand godmother to the child. She had mentioned her intention of doing me this honour before, when Junot took his leave of her and the Prince at Maffra. I acknowledged as became me this mark of royal favour. But I was somewhat more embarrassed with her next offer, which was the cross of St. Elizabeth. I replied much in the same manner as Junot had done on a similar occasion. I said that as the Empress Josephine wore no orders herself, the ladies of her court could not wear any. I added that before the Revolution no distinctive symbols were worn by the ladies in France: with the exception perhaps of canonesses and the females of the family of the grand-master of Malta, as for instance the Noailles and others.

The Princess of Brazil was very lively, but I think very ignorant. She gazed at me with a singular expression while I was speaking to her, and seemed to follow my words one by one as if to catch their sense. "But," said she in a tone of voice which had in it something of bitter sweet, "I do not think the Empress will refuse to accept

* Junot, who hated imperious women, especially when they conceived they had a *right* to be imperious, nevertheless confessed that the Queen of Bavaria was very handsome.

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the cross of St. Elizabeth, if I offer it to her. General Junot is the bearer of a letter from the Prince and one from me, in which we beg her acceptance of it. Should she accept it, you can have no reason for not wearing it." I replied that I had an earnest wish to wear the order, which in fact was true, I never had a stronger wish for any thing than to possess a decoration. That of St. Elizabeth was beautiful. It was a white and red ribbon terminated by an enamelled portrait of the holy aunt of our Saviour. The decoration of Maria-Louisa, which is a white and violet ribbon, is less pretty, especially for a female. I cannot help remarking as a singular circumstance, the scruples which both Junot and I expressed to accept favours, which in general are so eagerly sought after. For my part, I wished with all my heart to wear the order; but it was different with Junot: he had an objection to the order of Christ.

My conversation with the Princess was long and very condescending on her part. She talked to me with a sort of grace which reminded me of her mother. The Empress Josephine seemed to be a particular object of curiosity with both these Princesses. They evidently wished that I should be very communicative on the subject; but I contrived to maintain that sort of reserve which for more reasons than one became me. I therefore only touched in a general way on the subjects of Malmaison, St. Cloud, and the very social mode of life led by the Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Louis, the Prince Eugène, &c. As I spoke, I observed that the countenance of the Princess of Brazil became more and more repulsive; a malicious expression seemed to overspread her singularly ugly features. She had that sort of disposition which becomes dreadful in its results when combined with a narrow and illiberal mind. Ever since the battle of Trafalgar she had stood in a humiliating situation at her own court. Her pride had been wounded, and though she could neither give her ill humour vent nor accuse any body for her misfortunes, yet she nevertheless longed to do so. I perceived her chagrin, whilst she innocently believed she was all amiability in my eyes. How she detested the Emperor!

Our conversation turned upon French fashions. I said that with her permission, I would do myself the honour of sending her patterns of every elegant fashion prevailing in Paris, after my arrival there. "And will you not send me any thing?" inquired the young Princess, when I approached her to take my leave. I understood sufficient Portuguese to comprehend this simple question, and I replied that I should have the honour of sending her royal highness a finer doll than ever Prince Lutin conjured up with his magic rose. My audi

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ence was, as I have stated, a very long one. The weather being bad, the Princess could not go to hunt, and it became, therefore, necessary to kill time. I staid with her a full half hour. A fortnight afterwards, when I was on the point of departing, I had another audience. This was very brief, but still of the same friendly description.

I frequently received letters from Paris and Germany, communicating the events I have related. It may easily be conceived that I was much gratified by these communications, especially at a moment when the enemies of France were on the increase. I was much amused sometimes by the hypocritical compliments I received on the success of the French arms. One day when the Duke de Cadaval was dining with me, he said with an air of confidence, "Now I see how it is, come tell me frankly: *Bonaparte* has bought over Mack; has he not?" I pretended not to understand him. "What do you say, Monsieur le Duc?" inquired I. He looked embarrassed. "I was saying," he stammered out, "that I thought the Emperor Napoleon had bribed General Mack." The idea was so stupid, and at the same time so malicious, that I could not refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter, which not a little disconcerted my politician. Thus it was that those great events, those splendid achievements of genius, were appreciated in Portugal in the year 1806!

CHAPTER XV.

Fête on board the Topaze—Superb appearance of the Frigate—Festivities—Sham fight—Gaiety of the Nuncio—Sacrifices to Bacchus—His humane interference on behalf of an old fortune-teller—My arrival at Madrid—Gloomy events at Madrid—Mysterious death of the Princess of the Asturias—Suspicion of poison—Alameda—Departure for Paris—Public opinion of France in favour of Napoleon—Death of Mr. Pitt—Napoleon's animosity towards him—Libels on both sides—Sensation produced in Spain and France by Mr. Pitt's death—Escape of a French prisoner from England—His statements reported to the Emperor—My return to Paris—Visit to the Empress—Her breakfasts—Stephanie de Beauharnais, her niece—Audience with Madame Mère—Receipt of an unexpected Sani.

I WAS now on the point of leaving Lisbon to return to Paris; but Captain Baudin, who was still in the Tagus, where he had repaired his frigate, wished to give me an entertainment before I left. Every person connected with the diplomatic corps, and maintaining friendly

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relations with us, was invited to meet me, besides many Portuguese of distinction. The captain had invited M. de Araujo, but in his rank of minister for foreign affairs he could not be present at an entertainment given in the port of Lisbon, and at which the health of the Emperor Napoleon would of course be drunk with enthusiasm. This was at all events the real reason of his declining the invitation; the pretended reason was the arrival of some despatches. The person who contributed most largely to the amusement of the company, was Galeppi, the Nuncio. He wore what in Italy is called a country costume, that is, a sort of great coat of violet-coloured taffeta, trimmed with gold lace; and as we were not on terra firma, he conceived himself privileged to behave as he pleased. The déjeûner scene was singularly diverting, as we shall presently see.

I reached the quay of the Square of Commerce at eleven o'clock. There I found the captain's gig, with twelve rowers dressed in white trowsers and blue jackets. I was accompanied by M. de Rayneval, my daughter, who was then four years old, her governess, and M. Magnien. On reaching the Topaze, which lay at anchor off the quay of Soudres, I was received by the captain and his officers. The Spanish Ambassador and the Nuncio were already arrived; and the gallant captain conducted us over his vessel. To me this was a curious and a novel sight. The captain's cabin was so elegantly fitted up that it might have served as the boudoir of a Parisian lady. It was wainscoted with Brazil and other woods, remarkable both for their rarity and fine odour, and every part of the furniture was in the most perfect taste. A magnificent déjeûner was prepared for the company. Captain Baudin managed every thing with that courtesy which enhances the value of a reception. I have uniformly remarked that officers of the navy and army are ever more solicitous and attentive than other gentlemen when in the company of ladies. A fine band played while we sat at breakfast; but presently our ears were greeted with a different sort of harmony. Several toasts were drunk; first, the Pope, then the Emperor, the King of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, the Prince and Princess of Brazil, and lastly the King of Holland. Each toast was succeeded by loud hurras, and the firing of five-and-twenty guns. The noise was so terrific that I almost fancied myself in the infernal regions. My ears, however, soon grew familiar with it, and it even pleased me. But this uproar was nothing to that which followed. As I had often wished to be enabled to form a good idea of a naval battle, Captain Baudin got up a sham fight, for my amusement, and it was so admirably managed that the illusion was for a moment terrific: the frigate, in consequence of the damage she had sustained in

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her late engagements, had required to be new masted; the yards and topmasts were up; but not being completely rigged, it was easy to make them fall as if broken by the enemies' balls. Almost all the population of Lisbon had assembled at the water-side, to view the spectacle. We thus had our revenge that day, and the shouts of *Vive l'Empereur* compensated for the hurras that had been given for the battle of Trafalgar.

The Nuncio contributed very largely to the amusement of the day. Monsignore was at first a little stunned by the guns which were fired in honour of the toasts. The Pope's health was the first toast, and the Nuncio did full honour to it by drinking off three glasses of Madeira, probably to fortify his nerves. Then he drank Port for the Emperor's health, Carcavello for the King of Spain's, Oyeras for the Prince of Brazil's, and so on, until from health to health he came to mine. This was the *coup-de-grace*, the Nuncio's head began to betray symptoms not strictly apostolical. The frigate, though at anchor, nevertheless had that slight rocking which is always perceptible in a vessel when lying in rough water like the Tagus. To behold Monsignore Galeppi, that pink of fineness, that leader of the Machiavelic science of the Vatican, in the situation above alluded to, was a sight never to be forgotten. In plain terms, Monsignore Galeppi was completely *tipsy;* he laughed, looked round with his little eyes, and blabbered things which greatly scandalized his official attaché, the Auditore. The latter behaved with all due propriety, but as to the Nuncio, his tongue ran on beyond all bounds. "These dogs of English must all be annihilated," he exclaimed, filling up a bumper of wine—"they are a set of infidels. *Vive* his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon, Emperor of France, and King of Italy?" He handed a glass of Madeira to me that I might drink the toast; I excused myself, being a rigid water drinker, but he nevertheless extended his violet taffeta sleeve, exclaiming: "*Vive Sa Majesté l'Empereur Napoleon!*" Then, with his husky voice, he attempted to sing.

He was a most original character; but nevertheless a very intelligent man, and free from priestly superstition when he could act according to the dictates of his own understanding. A curious circumstance occurred while I was in Lisbon, which, thanks to Junot and Galeppi, was attended by no serious consequence. An old woman, who associated with her more regular calling of orange and pilchard selling, that of a fortune-teller, was applied to by a drunken German soldier, for the exercise of her divining skill. He had mortally wounded a rival, in a fit of jealousy, and, apprehensive

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of the consequences, was anxious to consult his fate, thinking that by *being apprised of it beforehand*, he might avert condign punishment by running away. The woman perceiving his wretched state of intoxication, declined the consideration of his case until the following day. A crowd having collected, the soldier became greatly excited, and accidentally stumbling, fell with some force on the ground, and became insensible. On coming to himself, he declared that on attempting to seize the old woman, he saw the devil at her side who felled him with a club. This was too good a *bonne-bouché* to escape the attention of the monks. Through their bribery, and probably their threats, the soldier persisted in the truth of his statement, and the unfortunate beldame was confined in the dungeons of the Inquisition. She was luckily rescued from further molestation by Junot, who was cordially assisted by Galeppi in the business, though he was somewhat afraid his interference should be known at Rome. To crown the absurdity, the soldier became a monk of one of the most austere conv ents in Lisbon.

On my departure from Lisbon, I proceeded straight to Madrid, where I took up my residence at my old abode, Alphonso Pignatelli's pretty little house. Awful and ill-boding events were passing at this juncture within the palace of the Kings of Castile. Much had been said of the enmity borne by the Prince of the Asturias to Manuel Godoy. That enmity, if it had its origin in the ill-treatment to which the Prince of the Peace insolently subjected the son of the King, as well as a Princess, whose amiability rendered her admired and beloved—if, I repeat, the enmity was grounded on this—it was entirely justifiable. Kings and Princes are but mortals, and are, like other men, influenced by human passions.

The Princess of the Asturias was on her death-bed, expiring amidst tortures so frightful, that, being one day at the Sitio, I could no longer endure the sound of her piercing shrieks. I was much attached to the Princess, and should have liked to have paid a visit to her at this moment; but all my efforts to obtain permission were ineffectual. During my long sojourn at Madrid, I frequently solicited leave to make this visit, not only from respect to the Princess, but because I wished to see the Prince of the Asturias, whom I was sure of finding at his wife's bedside, which he never quitted, day or night. I had, in fact, received from Paris some secret instructions, in which I was desired to do something which unfortunately I was unable to effect. This occasioned my protracted stay at Madrid, a circumstance which some persons have thought proper to attribute to my love of pleasure. This, indeed, would have more naturally hurried me back

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to Paris. The fact is, that reasons which I cannot divulge, but which were of the highest importance, with reference to the situation of the royal family of Spain, detained me at Madrid.

Strange reports were circulated respecting the illness of the Princess of the Asturias. The affair was enveloped in mystery; but in confidential conversation the terrible word *poison* was mentioned by persons most attached to the Queen. It was related that one day a courier, about to depart from Naples, was arrested, and his despatches examined: they contained letters from the Princess of the Asturias to her mother. The unfortunate Princess complained of the more than humiliating treatment which both she and the Prince of the Asturias received from the Prince of the Peace; and the letter concluded with affecting regrets for her removal from her native country, and apprehensions respecting her future fate. The Queen smiled maliciously on perusing those touching complaints of a broken heart. "What shall we do?" said she to an individual who was her counsellor, for as to Charles IV. he was a mere cipher. "Send off the letter," was the reply, "and then we shall see the answer; that will suggest to us what we had best do." The answer arrived—but too speedily. The reports then in circulation stated that it arrived on the 10th of August, 1805; and five days after, viz. on St. Louis's day, the resolution which had been adopted was put into execution. Such were the reports current among the very highest ranks of society in Madrid. In short, it was whispered fearfully that the Princess of the Asturias had been *poisoned*, and that this crime had been resolved upon in consequence of a line in the answer of the Queen of Naples. "My daughter," wrote the Queen, "I can scarcely conceive how you endure what you described to me. . . . There is no throne that can be worth being purchased so dearly. . . . Rather leave Spain and come back to me. But if you cannot resolve to leave Ferdinand, from whom you derive the little share of happiness you enjoy in that country, then, my daughter, learn to be, not a weak woman, but a great and courageous Princess. Recollect the words of Catherine II.: '*It is better to kill the Devil than to let the Devil kill us!*'

This last sentence, it is said, instigated the murder; such, at least, was the general report. Since the accession of Ferdinand VII. I have heard that the apothecary who administered the poison voluntarily confessed his guilt; but for this I cannot vouch, as I was not at that time in Spain. However, that the Princess was poisoned was universally believed to be a fact. The Prince of the Asturias was in such a state of despair, that it is supposed he would have put an end

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to his existence. He scarcely ever left the bedside of the Princess, whose sufferings might well have moved her bitterest enemy. For the memory of the Princess of the Asturias, I cherish the respect due to those talents and virtues which, had she lived, would have imparted conspicuous lustre to the throne of Spain. Her death might be regarded as a great misfortune to France. There can be no doubt that the affairs of the Peninsula would have been treated very differently at Bayonne, had the Princess been there.

I remained in Madrid until the beginning of February. I frequently visited the amiable Countess da Ega, the wife of the Portuguese ambassador at Madrid, who gave very agreeable music parties. The Duchess d'Ossuna, too, gave a charming fête in honour of me at the Alameda, her country house near Madrid. When King Joseph was in Spain, I cannot imagine why he did not choose the Alameda as his residence, instead of giving it to General Belliard. I would rather have lived there than in the Escurial. I now received a letter from Junot, dated Vienna, in which he informed me that the Emperor had given him a mission to Italy; but that I was to return to Paris to enter upon my duty in the service of Madame Mère.

I quitted Madrid with regret, for I could not but be grateful for the perfect cordiality with which I had been received; but France recalled me, and if in the course of these memoirs I have given any idea of the profound devotion I feel for my country, my readers may conceive my attraction towards her, in this, her hour of resplendent and almost magic glory. The man who has surrounded her with this immortal halo was receiving his recompense. We were not then the unjust and ungrateful people we have since become; we appreciated his laurels, and the unanimous voice of France proclaimed him the greatest among the great, and the most beloved of her sons. This sentiment particularly struck me in passing through Bayonne and Bordeaux. In these quarters public opinion was against him, on account of the rupture of the treaty of Amiens and the expedition to St. Domingo. In justice to its citizens it must be acknowledged that the commerce of Bordeaux, violently shaken by these two events, could not be expected to repay its misfortunes with attachment. The people require that their interests should be considered, and in the struggle with England they were always forgotten. Yet, on my return through Bordeaux, I was astonished at the difference which twelve months had produced in that city; the second of the empire for its population and commerce. Before quitting Spain I had learnt a piece of news of immense importance to the political game of Europe—the death of Mr. Pitt. I knew the Emperor's manner of

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thinking of Mr. Pitt, and I felt persuaded that this event would affect him deeply. I will go further, and profess that he could not fail to rejoice in it.

As Napoleon's aversion for England was so well known, it may easily be supposed that he looked upon Mr. Pitt as his enemy. But it is not so generally known that a personal animosity subsisted between General Bonaparte and Mr. Pitt. It is nevertheless perfectly true. I know, that so early as his command in Italy and Egypt, General Bonaparte could not pardon the English government for its publication of the entire correspondence of individuals. Then followed the affair of Saint-Jean d'Acre and the treaty of El-Arish. Mr. Pitt was justly accused of the whole; his influence at that period was predominant, and instead of tending towards conciliation, it served but to embroil every thing. General Bonaparte, on attaining the Consulate, made some advances towards gaining Mr. Pitt. But his propositions, though too skilfully conducted to compromise him, were ill received, and the First Consul had to endure the humiliation of having received a check. He felt it, too much perhaps for a man of his mind, but I have already observed how sensitive he was to even puerile trifles. From that moment Mr. Pitt became to him an object of one of those decided antipathies which are not to be overcome; he instituted inquiries into all the details of his past life; and the French journals and English opposition papers teemed with diatribes in the worst possible taste. What was the consequence? That Mr. Pitt, in his turn, made a descent, not upon our coasts, but into the family of the First Consul; that the dearest and most sacred objects of his attachment were delivered up to all the scandal which a malevolent and sometimes witty pen could contrive for the amusement of the public, under cover of facts sometimes invented and sometimes speciously true; and that Europe entire was occupied in reading the most scandalous biographies of the mother and sisters of the First Consul.

The first which fell into Napoleon's hands threw him into such a paroxysm of fury, that on the arrival of the second none dared to translate the whole truth for him. It became, however, necessary to represent things as they were, and Jupiter's wrath was renewed. Just then, matters stood with us in something like an Homeric attitude; when our Jupiter knit his brow, the European world trembled. But instead of attacking Mr. Pitt with cannon, Napoleon continued this warfare of abuse with such bitterness, that presently the personalities returned by the enemy were of so outrageous a nature, that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of Napoleon's rage on reading

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any of the thousand and one productions which the pamphleteers of London, while making their own fortunes and paying court to the minister, poured upon our coasts. It is well known that at the period of the peace of Amiens, Mr. Pitt retired from the administration to avoid, as he said, signing the dishonour of England, and finding himself in communication with a man whom he considered as *the enemy of human nature*. The hatred between these two men is the strongest perhaps that ever had existence. The Emperor saw but one real and redoubtable obstacle to his views—and that was Mr. Pitt. This man would have undermined all his operations. During the three and twenty years that Mr. Pitt had been in office, how great an influence had he exercised on the affairs of France! In vain did Napoleon repeatedly say of him, "As far as Dover Pitt is a great minister, at Calais I fear him no longer." This was not true; Pitt was a clever statesman everywhere. And though Napoleon did not fear him, because he feared nothing; he hated him, and held him in that sort of apprehension we feel for a man of talent whom we know to be our enemy; nevertheless Mr. Pitt was not a great man. "The fiscal financier and the blue-bag tactician is not fortunate in offensive operations," he would often laughingly but justly remark. Mr. Pitt's death left England in a state of great anxiety, and Europe in an uncertainty which the Emperor made more fearful. And I think it may be affirmed without fear of contradiction, even from his countrymen, that it was not the continuation of his political maxims which caused the fall of France and the momentary salvation of England, but the faults of his adversaries, of which men of such moderate abilities as the Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh knew how to take advantage. They had at least the talent to make the most of the good cards chance had dealt them.

Mr Pitt's death created a great sensation in Spain. The state of hostility existing between England and that unfortunate kingdom was too violent and too terrible in its effects, for the British minister to escape his full share of popular animosity. Mr. Pitt had expressed in parliament his opinion on the alliance of Spain with the French Republic in such unmeasured terms, that he was blamed even in England. His death, then, was a kind of sacrifice to the manes of the sailors at Trafalgar. The house in which I lodged at Vittoria, belonging to the most considerable inhabitant of the town, had been completely illuminated, "in celebration," said my host, "of an event so fortunate for Spain." At Bordeaux and Bayonne also the death of Mr. Pitt had an important effect upon the public mind; it was hoped that a new order of things would result from it, and that the

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Emperor would be less inflexible in his demands upon another minister. At the hotel at which I lodged at Bordeaux I met a lady who had been formerly acquainted with my mother, coming from her estate, the *Château de Pierre-Fonds*, to embrace her son, who had miraculously escaped from an English prison. He was an ensign and had been taken at Trafalgar. At first he had been well treated, I believe, because he was a free-mason, and whatever the fraternity could offer he had in abundance. Then came the most rigorous orders, and the poor prisoner was closely confined; but as he had not given his *parole*, he escaped under three different disguises. Here, at length, he was in France, joyfully treading his native soil, embracing his mother and swearing eternal hatred to England, of which, however, he spoke as formidable and deserving of respect. "The number of vessels in commission," said he, (it was in 1806,) "amount to seven hundred and forty; of which one hundred and thirty are of the line, twenty from fifty to sixty guns, and above one hundred and forty frigates. And all these thoroughly rigged, fitted for sea and manned with the full complement of able and well-disciplined seamen." When I repeated to the Emperor, who for many days after my return put numerous questions to me relative to the minutest particulars of my journey, this history of the young heir *de Pierre-Fonds* and the remarks he made, the Emperor inquired his name and address, and two months afterwards I learnt, by a letter from his mother, that her son had been promoted. "Probably," she added, "to indemnify him for the evils of his captivity, I cannot otherwise understand to what he owes his good fortune." I mention this fact because it proves the Emperor's attention to the smallest circumstances.

I returned to Paris on Shrove-Tuesday, which was the anniversary of my departure; and oh, how joyfully, France, my country—how proud was I then of thy name! How did my heart beat, when I found that name sufficient to bring honour, veneration to a feeble woman; but I was a French woman—I was the wife of one of my country's bravest soldiers! The next day I wrote to Madame de Fontanges, lady of honour to Madame Mère, to inquire when I should have the honour of presenting myself to her Imperial Highness, to pay my respects and take possession of my office as lady in waiting. The same evening Madame de Fontanges replied, that her Imperial Highness would receive me after mass on the following Sunday. On Friday morning I received a visit from a lady in no elevated situation in the Empress's household, who asked, amongst other things, whether I intended to wait till I had seen Madame before I paid my

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duty at the Tuileries. To this I replied, that my notions of court etiquette compelled me to do so. But after my visitor's departure, I began to surmise that the interview was not wholly of her own proposition; and knowing the terms of mother and daughter-in-law upon which these ladies lived, I determined that the minutiæ of etiquette, of which, excepting the Empress herself, not one female of the Imperial family had the most distant notion, should not act as a cause of offence, and immediately wrote to Madame de la Rochefoucauld to know when I might offer my duty to her Majesty. She replied at once, that by the Empress's command she was directed to invite me to breakfast the following morning, and to desire that I would bring with me her god-daughter, my little Josephine. My maternal pride was delighted with this goodness, for Josephine was a charming child, with large curls as soft as silk falling upon her rosy cheek, and all the graces and delicacy of infancy in her figure and manners. I took much more pains with her toilet than my own, and at half-past ten repaired with my child to the Tuileries.

The breakfasts of the Empress Josephine were a very interesting portion of the domestic arrangements of the Tuileries. They were in a wholly peculiar style, of which no other court offered any similar example, and the Empress knew how to invest them with fascination. Four or five persons usually composed these parties; the Empress seldom invited any but females, and her invitations were usually verbal. Something beyond the mere intention of obliging her certainly urged the Emperor to permit these familiar meetings in the very interior of the palace, and even as it were under his presidence. Already the unlucky system of fusion was in operation, and these breakfasts were extremely serviceable in forwarding it. Many ladies were invited to them who as yet did not make their appearance in the great circles at court, nor even at the theatres, but who at a later period flourished in the "*Almanach Impérial*;" wholly at their own desire, and in consequence of repeated letters written to the great chamberlain. At the time, however, of which I am writing, they would only appear to associate with Madame de Beauharnais as with one of their own class. A particular circumstance has impressed upon my mind the recollection of the breakfast I am now speaking of. On entering the great yellow saloon which follows that of Francis I., I met a young person whose grace, freshness and charming countenance struck me with surprise. She advanced to me with a smile, though she did not know me, and stooping down to put herself on a level with Josephine, exclaimed, "Oh, what a charming little creature! will you come to me, my

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angel?" Then, taking her in her arms, she ran with her to the other end of the saloon. Josephine, who was by no means unsociable, was very well pleased with this sort of reception, and replying to it in kind, a perfect intimacy was established between them in a very few minutes. I had not time to ask Madame d'Arberg who this very pleasing young person was, when the Empress entered the room from her private apartment. She received me in her kindest and most amiable manner, and every one knows how much she excelled in the art of captivation when so disposed. She embraced me, and in the most gracious tone assured me of the satisfaction she felt at my return. "And where," said she, "is my god-daughter; have you not brought her to see me?" Josephine, my daughter, encouraged by her godmother's condescension, and quite unconscious of any restraints of etiquette, ran forward at the first word. "Ah," said she, "I perceive Stephanie has already undertaken to entertain Josephine;" and then added, in a lower tone, "you do not know my niece; look at her, and tell me if she is not charming?" Without fear of being suspected of court flattery, I replied, that the Empress had good reason to think so; for in fact I have met with very few women to be compared for grace and beauty with what Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais was at that period. No woman could wish for greater advantages of person and manners than she possessed; at once pretty and engaging, she attracted the admiration of the men, and by her gracious attentions silenced the envy of the women. She was daughter to the Senator M. de Beauharnais, cousin to the Empress's first husband, and was affianced to the hereditary Prince of Baden. Her intended, whom I saw a few days afterwards, did not appear to me deserving of her—at least in personal attraction.

The Empress spoke at some length upon the subject of my journey to Portugal, and asked me a multitude of questions concerning the Queen of Spain and the Princess of Brazil. I could not help thinking, as I answered her, of the curiosity these Princesses had expressed respecting the Empress, and repeating only the agreeable remarks the Queen of Spain had made about her. I was impenetrable upon the rest of her Majesty's conversation, which had been, in fact, more curious than amiable, and prided myself on the skilful commencement I was making in diplomacy. The Empress then spoke of Madame. "I am very sorry that the Emperor did not place you in my household, instead of that of my mother-in-law," said she. "You will certainly find that house very disagreeable; every one about it is as old as if they had been determined to supply it from the Court of Louis XV. So young and gay as you are, how will you be able

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to accommodate yourself to such a species of mausoleum?" Flattering as were these words, and gracious as was the Empress's manner, I knew very well that it was perfectly indifferent to her whether I belonged to Madame's household or not; and I made no reply to her remarks on the style of Madame's establishment, which it was too much the custom to ridicule at court, and as it always appeared to me without any sufficient cause; but merely answered the Empress that Madame had been kind to me from my infancy, and that I was assured she would extend to my youth that indulgence of which no doubt I should stand in need, though I trusted my conduct would always be irreproachable. I felt what I said, for I looked upon Madame as a second mother. I can never forget that when mine was dying, she and the Queen of Spain, then Madame Joseph Bonaparte, came to me in the belief that I was an orphan, and a tribute of gratitude is due to those from whom I received so much kindness.

On Sunday the 25th of February, I proceeded to the hotel of Madame in the Rue St. Dominique, now the hotel of the minister of war. Madame Mère had not been elevated to the dignity of a Princess of the Imperial family so early as her daughters and her daughters-in-law, as I have previously observed, on account of her attachment to her proscribed son Lucien. Happily for himself, the Emperor resumed sentiments more worthy of his greatness, and Madame was recalled from Rome and placed in the rank which belonged to her as mother of the Emperor. At the period of my return from Portugal, she had been some time in possession of her title and fortune, and it is but justice to say that she sustained the one as a worthy and noble matron; and honorably employed the other in the mode for which it was destined. Her income then amounted to 500,000 francs, one-fifth of which was swallowed up by the appointments of her Court of Honour.*

* Certain journalists have liberally assigned millions to Madame Mère. The only period when her income amounted to a million francs per annum, was when the King of Westphalia was at Cassel in 1807. All she afterwards possessed was perhaps only what she had saved out of that million, and that during five years. During the subsequent misfortunes of the Bonaparte family, if she denied herself those indulgences which are so essential in old age, it was to secure the means of assisting her children, for whom she had made the greatest sacrifices. The conduct of Madame Mère entitled her to honour and respect, and should at least have screened her from false and unjust calumnies. It is natural that journals of a certain class should assign illusory wealth to the Bonaparte family, to excuse the Bourbons for not having fulfilled any of the treaties they entered into with that family; for having detained their pro-

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On my arrival I was presented to her by name, by Madame de Fontanges. Madame Mère, advancing from the fireside where she had been standing, approached me, saying, "You need not introduce Madame Junot to me; she is a child of mine, and I love her as much as my own daughter; I hope everything will be done to render her situation in the household of an old woman agreeable to her, for it is a serious affair for so young a person." It was agreed that I should come into waiting the following Sunday. Upon this I took leave, and Madame proceeded to dine with the Emperor, the regular arrangement for every Sunday, unless superseded by some very important hindrance.

The next morning at ten o'clock, M. Rollier, steward of the house hold to Madame, was announced. On receiving my appointment, it had never occurred to me to enquire whether any income was attached to my place, and when M. Rollier informed me that he was come to bring me an entire year's salary, I would have positively refused it, had he not assured me that my doing so would offend Madame; upon this, though the sum was pretty large, I accepted it. I relate this trait, insignificant as it may seem, because it is directly opposed to the character ascribed to Madame. If she had been the miser—the word must be spoken out—which some persons have been pleased to represent her, she would have found here a very convenient opportunity of saving 6000 francs, to which I should certainly never have thought myself entitled.

perty, the crown diamonds, which were purchased with the Emperor's money· and for having turned on the wide world as exiles, those whom they have reduced to beggary.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Portrait of Madame Lætitia Bonaparte—Her retired life—Coolness between her and Napoleon—Her household—The Maréchale Davoust—Mad. de Fontanges—Mad. de Fleurien—Mad. de Bressieux—Mad. de St. Porn—Mad. Dupuis—Mlle. Delaunay—Count de la Ville—M. de Beaumont—Mons. and Mad. de Brissac—Deafness of the latter—Absurd scene with the Emperor—M. de Cazes—Prince of Baden—The court quadrille—Festive scenes encouraged by Napoleon—Naples occupied by the French—Death of Tronchet—Naval disasters—Capitulation of Rochambeau and massacre of the French at St. Domingo—General Lallemand and his wife—My interview with Napoleon—Junot writes to me to join him at Parma.

Of all the biographies which have been written of the Emperor's family, none are so ridiculously false as those which concern Madame Mère.* I not only knew her during the period I belonged to her family, but long before, and may therefore be permitted to offer a correct portrait of her; among the important figures who surrounded the Emperor, his mother ought to be known as she truly was.

At the time Madame was named *Madame Mère* she might be about fifty-three or fifty-four years of age; she had been perfectly beautiful in her youth; all her daughters (except Madame Bacciochi) resembled her, and gave a good idea of what her beauty had been. Her stature was that most agreeable in women, about five feet one inch; but as she grew older, her shoulders increased in breadth, which diminished her apparent height, though her carriage always continued firm and dignified. Her feet were the most remarkably small and beautifully formed I had ever seen. A defect in her right hand was conspicuous in one otherwise so pretty,—the fore-finger did not bend; in consequence of an ill-performed operation the nerve had been cut; and this stiffness had a singular effect when she played at cards. At this period her teeth were still perfect, and like all the Bonapartes her smile was charming, her countenance lively, piercing, and very intelligent. Her eyes were small and very black, but their

* I know not whether before his death, Walter Scott was undeceived upon his self-delusion of having written a history of Napoleon; but if he died in that opinion, it only proves that the most sensible minds may have strange aberrations.

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expression was never ill-natured, which is more than can be said for some of her children. Madame was very nice in her person, and paid especial attention to dressing always conformably to her age and situation. She made, in short, a more respectable appearance than some Princes and Princesses I have seen, who stood sadly in need of their royal titles to distinguish them from the commonalty. The great inconvenience to which Madame's situation exposed her, arose from her timidity and her want of fluency in the French language; she felt really timid in presence of persons who were presented to her, and whose sarcastic observations she apprehended. She possessed great tact and acuteness of judgment; she saw with a glance the disposition of the persons who approached her. This was observable on the day that Madame de Chevreuse was presented to her in quality of lady of the palace; an office, by the way, which she had been persuaded to accept against her inclination. Without knowing her connections and the sentiments professed by them, Madame detected, in a moment, the lurking dislike, if not even hatred that this lady bore to all the Bonaparte family. The subsequent conduct of Madame de Chevreuse, which was punished, perhaps too severely, by her exile, proved the accurate penetration of Madame Lætitia, Madame led a very retired life: if it was wrong, the fault was not her own. The Emperor, though he loved her, did not surround her with the consideration which was due to the mother of Napoleon. She felt this; but too proud to hint it to her son, she preferred remaining in solitude to putting herself in contact either with the Empress, or with any of the persons who surrounded the Emperor. The ministers sometimes paid their respects to her on New-year's Day; sometimes at distant intervals, but never with the forms of ceremony and etiquette which were suited to her station, except the Duke de Gaëta. But she possessed no influence, and the frequenters of a court possess a marvellous acuteness in deciphering the actual position of individuals within that magic circle. I was affectionately attached to Madame, and my feelings revolted against such treatment. I spoke of it sometimes to Duroc and Junot, and told them I was convinced that Madame suffered much from the neglected situation in which her son permitted her to remain. Duroc defended the Emperor, and referred to the circumstance of the quarrel between Napoleon and Lucien, in which Madame took the part of the latter. Junot was of my opinion, and always treated Madame with the utmost respect.

Madame, on receiving the title of Imperial Highness, quitted the hotel she had shared with her brother Cardinal Fesch, in the *Rue du*

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Mont-Blanc, to take possession of the Hotel de Brienne in the *Rue St. Dominique*. This hotel had belonged to Lucien, who had furnished it sumptuously: so that Madame had at once a mansion suitable to her new dignity.*

The Maréchale Davoust formed a member of the court of Madame Mère. But her pretensions were more elevated, and she was disappointed in not having been named a lady of honour to the Empress. She professed ill health, and gave in her resignation before my arrival at Paris. As this little court will naturally often appear in connexion with these memoirs, I shall give the names, with a slight sketch, of the individuals composing it. We were four ladies companions, one lady of honour, and a reader; two chamberlains, two equerries, one chief equerry, a chief almoner, and a secretary. Madame de Fontanges, whom the Emperor had created a baroness, because it was his will that all persons attached to the different households should be titled, was the lady of honour. She was handsome and inoffensive, young, but without fortune: a Creole I believe, and carrying in her person and in her actions that listlessness of the other hemisphere, which is never entirely without its charm. She had not been presented at court before the Revolution, and was utterly ignorant of its etiquette. The nomination of this lady was the result of a mistake on the part of the Emperor: he intended to appoint the Marchioness de Fontanges, a most amiable person.

The four ladies companions, after the retirement of the Maréchale Davoust, were Madame Soult, Madame de Fleurieu, wife of the minister of marine under Louis XVI., Madame de Saint-Pern, and myself. There was but one among us all who might be said to be completely in her place. Madame de Fleurieu seemed born to be the companion of an elderly princess, for she seemed never to have been young herself. She had never been handsome, nor even pretty, and she possessed all the characteristics of a plain virtuous woman. I have seldom seen any person so directly the reverse of pleasing as Madame de Fleurieu; dancing with as melancholy an air as if she was begging at St. Roch, and holding her petticoat to the extent of her two arms, offering a good representation of an espalier tree. Having no pretension to grace, she aspired to be considered a *bel-esprit*. She had, however, two serious faults: the one was the mania, or rather the monomania of etiquette; a pretension which had dazzled the Emperor,

* It is still the same; and I sometimes think that Madame la Maréchale Soult cannot totally abjure all recollections of the Empire, in this very house, where she has so often attended to take her turn in the service of Madame Mère.

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who never imagined that any one could persist in talking for ever upon a particular subject, without being perfectly well versed in it. Her second great fault was that of being an eternal talker; a spout of lukewarm water, always open and always running; the recollection of it is terrible even at this distance of time. To sum up, however, I should say with Brantôme: *she was a very respectable and very virtuous lady.*

Madame de Bressieux, the successor of Madame Saint-Pern, is the Mademoiselle Colombier of whom Napoleon speaks in the Memorial of St. Helena: I had heard from Napoleon himself that in his very early youth, while he was at Valence, there had existed a project of marrying him to Mademoiselle Colombier; I had in consequence a strong desire to see her. I found her witty, agreeable, mild and amiable. Without being decidedly pretty, she was very pleasing, extremely well formed, and her address remarkably engaging. I easily understood that the Emperor might have gathered cherries with her at six o'clock in the morning, without any improper thought, and confining himself entirely to harmless chat. One peculiarity which struck me the first time I saw her, was the interest with which she watched the Emperor's smallest movement, her eye following him with an attention which seemed to emanate from the soul. To know Madame St. Pern was to love her. She was not pretty, but her figure and address were striking. Her character was charming. A Corsican by birth, as unhappy as exile and domestic grievances could make any human being, she supported her misfortunes with affecting resignation. Madame Dupuis, our supernumerary, as we were in the habit of calling her, was singular without being amusing. Her countenance suited her mind; her figure might have been good, and she had beautiful black hair; yet with these advantages, even with a pretty hand and foot, two requisites even more indispensable in my opinion to a pretty woman than fine eyes, with all these it never came into any one's head to maintain that Madame Dupuis was handsome. She was as good natured as a Creole indolence would permit her to be, and we know about how far that good nature extends; but she was wearisome to excess. Mademoiselle Delaunay, the reader, was an amiable and charming person, remarkable for her highly cultivated talents. She was an excellent musician, vocal and instrumental, and painted in miniature so well, that Madame employed her to paint all the portraits of herself which she gave as presents.

It will be seen by these sketches that something might be made of the ladies of Madame's household; but for the gentlemen, a more extraordinary choice of attendants upon a person of her taste and

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habits could scarcely have been made, with the exception of my excellent friend the Count de la Ville, formerly belonging to the household of the King of Sardinia; he alone suited Madame. He united a thorough goodness of feeling with the most finished politeness of the courtier; he knew precisely the rank to allot to each individual, and the consistent arrangements of etiquette; points of which our lady of honour was as ignorant as the rest of the household, who, excepting M. de Beaumont, knew as much of these matters as if they had fallen asleep in the days of the Patriarch Jacob, and awoke again under the dynasty of Clovis. M. de Brissac, M. d'Esterno, General d'Estrées, and M. de Beaumont, found their duties in Madame's household of a most wearisome nature, and threw back upon the circle their own *ennui*. I should not, however, class M. de Beaumont with the rest; if he was *ennuyé*, certainly he did not contribute to weary others, for he was very witty, and beyond measure amusing and full of mimickry. But for all that, I was always delighted to meet him, because we enjoyed those hearty laughs together which are so exhilarating. He was brother to M. de Beaumont, chamberlain to the Empress Josephine, but no relation to General Beaumont, aide-de-camp to Murat. M. de Brissac, though old, ugly, and a little crooked, was the best of men, polite, amiable, and inoffensive. Although Madame de Brissac did not belong to the household, it is impossible to pass her over, as she was more about Madame than any one of us. She came every evening to join the party, with M. Clement de Ris, M. Casabianca, M. Chollet, and two or three more old senators, whose portraits, under the semblance of animated tapestry, haunted my dreams, after sitting a whole evening in Madame's saloon, looking at and listening to them, from six o'clock till eleven or even midnight. Madame de Brissac, with all her wit, for she had much, played with these old-fashioned perukes, with as natural a smile as if she had been really amused. She was a very singular woman; she had never been pretty, her height being about four feet and a half, and her figure not quite straight; notwithstanding which she was as coquettish in her dress as I could be at twenty years of age; and for this very good reason, she was as much in love with her husband as a woman is supposed to be in the spring-tide of life. He had however been false to her. While still a child he had fallen in love with Mademoiselle de Rothelin; another beauty fell in his way, and he abandoned her. "Then how did you become his wife?" said I to her one day when she was relating to me the history of her love for M. de Brissac. "Only because I waited patiently and the other died," she replied, with an air of

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triumphant simplicity and a truly comic expression of countenance which I shall never forget.

She was extremely deaf; and on the occasion of her presentation to the Emperor was most anxious to be informed what questions he would ask her, and what she ought to answer. She was told that the Emperor almost always inquired what department a person came from; how old they were; and how many children they might have Doubting her ear, which the agitation of the moment might render even unusually treacherous, she determined to be prepared beforehand for each of these questions, in the order in which they had been stated to her. The day of presentation arrived, Madame de Brissac made her three courtesies to the Emperor, who having laid down no law to himself to ask precisely the same questions of all the extraordinary faces which appeared before him, said rapidly to her, "Is your husband brother to the Duke of Brissac who was killed on the 2d of Septem ber? and did he not inherit his estates?"

"Seine and Oise, Sire," was the answer, and though an odd one not very wide of the mark, for M. de Brissac really inherited property in that department. The Emperor, however, struck by its incoherence, looked at her with some surprise as he continued, "I believe you have no children?" "Fifty-two, sire," said she with the same amiable and benevolent smile as before, never doubting but the Emperor had inquired her age. Napoleon, by this time, was satisfied that Madame de Brissac was hard of hearing, and without farther observation continued his tour of the circle. With all her eccentricities she was a kind friend, a good mother, and an excellent woman.

Besides the gentlemen I have already mentioned as belonging to the household, there were M. de Quelen, brother to the archbishop of Paris, equerry; the Bishop of ———, chief almoner; M. de Guien, secretary; the latter died soon after and was replaced by M. Decazes, afterwards the minister of Louis XVIII.—he was then called the sweet-pea of the court. He had married Mademoiselle Muraire, but had become a widower.

Nothing surprised me so much on my return to Paris, as the increase of that fever for place and favour, which had begun to manifest itself before my departure, but which was now in its highest paroxysm. The tablets of the great chamberlain, of the master of the ceremonies, and Marshal Duroc, were daily filled with requisitions, nay pressing petitions for appointments, from persons who at a later period, found it convenient to deny all connexion with this imperial court.

The hereditary Prince of Baden had arrived at Paris. He was

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the most disagreeable personage I had ever seen; he had the pouting air of a child in disgrace, but his humours were not followed by the clear sunshine of childhood. The first time I saw him, I could not forbear casting my eyes upon the charming young person* who was about to become his property: she seemed to me more than usually lovely. She appeared in smiles at the fêtes given in celebration of her sacrifice —but her smile was melancholic—how could it have been otherwise! Among the fêtes which this first royal marriage in the Emperor's family produced, was one distinguished from the rest by the introduction of a perfect novelty: this was a quadrille; the first which had been seen at Paris since the Revolution. The idea of this truly royal amusement originated in the Princess Caroline, who had lately received the title of Grand-Duchess of Cleves and Berg. The costume was a long time under consideration; and as generally happens when twenty different advisers are consulted, an intolerably ugly one was adopted. The Emperor did not like Louis XIV., but he was determined that his new court should be constructed after the model of that monarch's. After my return from Portugal, I gathered from the conversation of the Emperor, his determination to render his court the most brilliant in Europe. He questioned me concerning the courts of Spain and Portugal, and seemed to take pleasure in dwelling upon the miserable condition of those Sovereigns in the midst of their jewels and etiquette.

The performers in this memorable quadrille were to be distinguished by four different colours—white, green, red, and blue. The white ladies were to be adorned with diamonds; the red, with rubies; the green, with emeralds; the blue, with sapphires and turquoises. The costume was to be Spanish. The robe of white crape slashed with satin, of the colour of the quadrille, and the slashings trimmed with silver lama. The head-dress was to be a toque of black velvet with two white plumes. The equipment of the gentlemen was perfectly absurd. A coat of white velvet, made in what fashion I cannot describe, surmounted by a scarf the colour of the quadrille, tied in a bow at the side; and for head-dress, a toque of black velvet similar to ours. It was a long time before I could look with a serious face upon any one of the gentlemen of our set. Then the style in which this quadrille was danced was itself worth remembering: it was directed by Despréaux, my former dancing master, and took place in the gallery of Diana, in the Tuileries.

Dancing was the order of the day in the spring of 1806; it was the Emperor's will that his court should be brilliant, and he knew

* Mademoiselle Stephanie de Beauharnais, niece of the Empress.

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that it could only be so through the medium of entertainments and pleasure. These pleasures did not, it is true, accord with his taste; he would have preferred a gallop of ten leagues to a fête; in taking violent exercise he could give the reins to important thoughts; whilst at a ball he was obliged to converse with men and women in set phrases, to prove that their Sovereign interested himself in their affairs. But Napoleon, while he disliked this noisy kind of life, saw the necessity of it, and he was not the man to sacrifice a powerful interest to his personal convenience or inclination.

Europe was now about to become the theatre of the most important political events. The kingdom of Naples had been just taken possession of by one of our armies, commanded by Joseph Bonaparte, having Massena with him, whose two lieutenants were Gouvion Saint-Cyr, and Reignier. Much has been said about this occupation of the kingdom of Naples. But this event is not one of those arbitrary acts for which Napoleon can fairly be blamed. By the treaty of the 21st of September, 1805, the King of Naples engaged to remain neuter in the war with Austria. But what happened? Ferdinand IV. forgot his pledged word, or rather remembered only to betray it. We are very patient, at present, but, in the time I am writing of, matters stood differently: if insult or injury raised its daring head, the cannon was our answer. "The house of Naples has ceased to reign," said the Emperor, in opening the legislative body in the year 1806; "she has irreparably lost her crown. The peninsula of Italy is re-united to the Great Empire. As supreme chief I have guaranteed the Sovereigns and the constitutions which govern its different divisions. It is pleasing to me to declare, here, that my people have done their duty. In the heart of Moravia, I have never ceased to receive testimonies of their love and enthusiasm. Frenchmen! this love is much more glorious than the extent of your power and riches." This discourse was pronounced by Napoleon on the 2d of March, 1806, at the opening of the legislative body. About this period died that distinguished advocate, Tronchet, who so nobly undertook the defence of Louis XVI. The King, when on his trial, demanded the assistance of Target and Tronchet; the former declined, probably from conscientious scruples. Tronchet, though infirm, and almost a septuagenary, accepted the noble commission. He was a man of great talent and probity. Napoleon, an acute judge of merit, sought his assistance, notwithstanding his great age (eighty-seven), in the compilation of the civic code.

This year, 1806, seemed to be as fatal to our navy as it had been favourable to our continental successes. A new defeat was announced

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to the Emperor. I had been witness of the satisfaction with which he received the news of the victory of Algesiras; and accident made me also the witness of his grief, on learning the capture of Admiral Linois, by the English, on his return from India. He commanded a single ship of the line, and one frigate: the enemy had not only a superior force, but an entire squadron. The Emperor's agitation in the first moment of hearing the news must have been terrible; his countenance was greatly changed when he came soon after into the Empress's apartment where we then were, and his emotion was even then violent; a frightful oath escaped him—the Empress Josephine said a few words to him in a low voice; he answered, still passionately, and I heard the words—"And then poor Magon!" He recovered himself soon, and spoke of Admiral Linois in the most flattering terms, and such as this distinguished sailor merits. Alas! the battle, which took place some weeks previously to this latter affair, between the English Admiral Duckworth, and the French Rear-admiral Leissègues, in the bay of St. Domingo, was the death-blow to our navy. It is true that it was our constant misfortune to encounter forces numerically superior: thus, in the instance of the battle of St. Domingo, we were as usual in the minority.* The English had seven ships of the line, two frigates, and two sloops, and their whole squadron mounted five hundred and eighteen guns; our force consisted only of five ships of the line, two frigates, and one corvette, mounting in the aggregate four hundred and twenty-six guns. The engagement lasted two hours and a half, with a fury exceeding all conception. A cousin of mine then in the imperial navy, and serving in the corvette, assured me that all the knowledge we had of the disasters of Trafalgar could give no idea of the horror of this battle. At length, notwithstanding the heroic resistance of our seamen, three French vessels were taken, and two others burnt after being wrecked.

Some time after these disastrous tidings, others arrived from St. Domingo of a character suited to their author, Dessalines. This blood-thirsty tiger had long since announced his atrocious projects, in the proclamation † which he issued, on taking possession of the island

* The English reader will make some allowance for Madame Junot's nationality, in thus attempting to palliate the naval disasters of the French; in making the above assertion, she forgets that in the battle of Trafalgar she has herself admitted the combined French and Spanish fleet to consist of five ships more than the British.—*Eng. Ed.*

† This sanguinary appeal to the revengeful feelings of the Haytians was couched in very subtle terms. It was translated into the Creole dialect and extensively circulated. Under the pretext of upholding *Liberty* and *Independence*,

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after the unfortunate capitulation of General Rochambeau—a capitulation to which the general was necessitated by the yellow fever which mowed down his troops, a burning climate, and the most sanguinary of wars; but above all, by the total want of confidence which had resulted from the inexcusable artifices of General Leclerc, who had rendered the whites most obnoxious to the natives of the island.

I have already spoken of General Lallemand as a valued friend of my husband and myself. He went to America in 1802, where he honourably distinguished himself; but he displeased the general-in-chief, who did not like such men as Lallemand, and he returned to Europe almost in disgrace. One day he entered my drawing-room, accompanied by an exceedingly beautiful young lady. She was tall and slender, and possessed that graceful pliancy of form for which the Creoles are remarkable. She had light-brown hair and soft blue eyes, a set of teeth as white as pearls, and an expression of countenance, the charms of which every one will acknowledge who has seen Madame Lallemand. Even on my first acquaintance with her, I formed a high opinion of her understanding; but subsequent circumstances proved her to possess a mind of a most elevated order. She had come to France accompanied by her mother, the beautiful Madame de Lartigues, whose vast fortune enabled her to rival the splendour of the most wealthy Parisians. Her property in St. Domingo produced five hundred thousand livres per annum. All this property was lost in one day. She vainly endeavoured to recover some wrecks of it when the French army was at the Cape; but nothing was restored to her.

Junot was still at Parma, and I was continually receiving letters from him, in which he desired me to inquire of the Emperor whether I should not join him. It was an innocent *ruse*, which I very well understood, to learn whether he was likely to remain there long. But Napoleon was not a man to give an answer if it did not suit him. I advised with the Princess Caroline, who recommended me to speak to the Emperor upon the subject the first time I should chance to meet him. "But take care," added she, "not to ask an audience for this purpose." She was right. At the first word I said to the Emperor upon the subject of my journey, he asked with a sort of pique whether Junot had appointed me his ambassador to him, and whether my letters of credence were perfectly regular. I took special care not to answer that I had Junot's instructions to ask an audience; but I said, that of my own desire I took the liberty of asking him if I might not

it advocated, too successfully, a war of extermination. How could England permit the massacre of Cape François? Surely it had the power to prevent it.

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join my husband, and carry him his children, whom he had not seen for above six months.

I must here again remark how much Napoleon valued whatever tended to promote the internal repose and concord of families. To touch this chord was the sure means of securing his attention. He turned towards me, and slowly taking a pinch of snuff, as he always did when an idea was not disagreeable to him, he said with a half smile, "It is you then who wish to join Junot! This is well, and would be better still if you had boys to take him, but you give him nothing but girls." He made me a gracious nod, and withdrew smiling. He wrote this little conversation to Junot, and his answer was a pressing desire for me to commence my journey forthwith. He wrote to me that the palace of the Dukes of Parma was admirably prepared for my reception; and indeed I might well be tempted to act the petty sovereign, from all he told me, not only of the palace, but of his own situation there.

Junot wrote to me again to expedite my journey. He was getting weary of Parma, and was impatient to see me and the children once more. But just then I could not set out. My two daughters were both ill. The excellent M. Desgenettes, who attended them, cured them speedily, but not so effectually as to enable them, young as they were, to undertake a journey of four hundred leagues. I therefore wrote to Junot that I should set out about the end of May.

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CHAPTER XVII.

Junot's success as Governor of Parma—Machinations of the Jesuits—Their suppression in Italy—Junot's kind offices to the Princess of Parma—Treaty with Prussia—Creation of sovereigns in Napoleon's family—The Emperor's conversation on the subject of my journey to Parma—The Empress's jealousy—Person and character of the Princess Caroline—The chamberlain M. d'Aligre—His firmness in refusing the Emperor's wish to marry his daughter to Caulaincourt—Character of the Princess Pauline—Her great beauty—The Emperor's brothers—Louis created King of Holland—Reception of the Dutch deputation—Character of Joseph and his wife—Talleyrand created Prince of Benevento—My journey countermanded—Conversation with the Emperor on the subject—Junot's arrival at Paris.

Junot had done wonders in his expedition to Parma, or rather to the Apennines. The insurgents were severely punished; it was necessary, though they were not perhaps the most guilty parties. But the people were, in that instance as usual, the instruments employed by others, often against their own interests. Austerlitz was recent, and the court of Rome also bore in mind the small result of its ultramontane journey. On Junot's arrival at Parma, he found there a college of Jesuits directing the education of several students from various parts of Italy. Among them was a young man from Bastia, in Corsica, who was recommended to Junot's notice by Generals Casabianca and Sebastiani. Junot, in consequence, visited him at the college, spoke to the superior, and requested him to send the young man to dine with him every Sunday. The superior observed that it was against the rules for a scholar to go out alone; upon which Junot politely invited him to accompany his pupil. The following Sunday the young Corsican came, according to appointment, attended by his confessor—a man of an austere countenance and manner, who seemed to be held in great awe by his companion. The student was thoughtful and melancholy; he scarcely answered to the questions put to him, and ate little. He was pale and thin, and seemed to pay no attention to what was passing around him. In vain the aides-de-camp endeavoured to lure him out of his silence; he persevered during the whole time of dinner and broke it only when Junot addressed him. This moody reserve was increased in his subsequent visit. At length

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Junot was informed that he was taken ill; he sent his physician to see the youth, but the reserved fathers politely declined the offer. It soon became evident that some foul play was going on: whenever Junot called to see the young Corsican, the superior of the college contrived to find some obstacle. These subterfuges were at length unavailing, Junot peremptorily demanded to see the youth. A horrible spectacle presented itself—the poor fellow, reduced to a skeleton, and in a high state of fever and delirium, was confined in a dark chamber, scarcely provided with common necessaries. At the sight of Junot he burst into a fit of frenzy, uttering incoherently words of a threatening import to the Emperor. These expressions were accompanied by gestures indicating an attempt to commit assassination. Junot immediately caused him to be moved from the college by the soldiers who accompanied him. It appeared from undoubted evidence, that the superior of the college was disposed to revenge the affront, which many of the clergy conceived the holy father to have suffered from the Emperor in not having obtained the restitution to the tiara of the three legations ceded at Tolentino, and in his journey beyond the Alps. This man had cast his eyes upon the young Corsican, who had been recommended to Junot as an agent for his purpose. The witnesses deposed that he had been deprived of sleep, forced to watch whole nights at the foot of the cross, in the church, alone, and with no other light than that of the tabernacle; and to pass whole days without food. It was thus they were treating him at the time of Junot's arrival at Parma. It was proved that the unhappy youth, whom the fanaticism of these monks had designed to become the messenger of death, had been tortured by them, to put him in a condition to commit a crime which they represented to him as a virtue, which would procure him a crown of glory, and that his fragile nature could not resist all the means which had been employed.

The result of this investigation was that Junot received orders from the Emperor to banish the Jesuits from the states of Parma and Placencia in particular, and to forbid their being received in any part of the kingdom of Italy:—which was executed. Their unfortunate victim died some weeks after, without recovering his reason. The two physicians to whose skill Junot had committed him, declared that the springs of life had been exhausted in the terrible trials his young imagination had been called upon to sustain. While Junot was at Parma, he was not only employed in punishment, but in performing acts of mercy and justice, on behalf of the Emperor. His predecessor, Moreau de St. Méry, thought it did not become a son of the Revolution to give any consideration to the fate of the Princess

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of Parma, daughter of the last Duke, and nothing suitable to her rank and name had been assigned to her. Junot wrote immediately to the Emperor, that the Princess of Parma was entitled to a certain establishment which she did not enjoy; and asked his orders upon the subject. The establishment was instantly granted.

Meanwhile the King of Prussia had signed a treaty, ratifying with some trifling modifications the provisional convention of Vienna; and had issued a proclamation, thanking France for having abandoned to him the electorate of Hanover, as an indemnity for Anspach, Cleves, Bareuth, and Neufchatel: this latter was afterwards raised to a principality, and given to Berthier. But all this Napoleon knew to be forced demonstration; he understood the real feelings of those kings, who afterwards owed their crowns to him, and whose connexion with him, beginning in perfidy, ended in ingratitude.

Alas! at this moment a mania for royalty possessed his great mind. His brothers and sisters became Kings and Queens. Madame Murat was called Grand Duchess of Berg, and Joseph Bonaparte was taken from his peaceful and domestic pursuits to reign over the ancient Parthenope. "Leave me to be king of Mortefontaine," said he to his brother, "I am much happier in that domain, the boundary of which it is true I can see, but where I know myself to be diffusing happiness." His wife experienced the same regret on quitting her home; but Napoleon had spoken, and it was necessary to obey. He had said, "The house of Naples has ceased to reign, and a new king is given to the two Sicilies."

The Princess Eliza was the first of his family whom Napoleon preferred to the sovereign dignity. He gave her the Republic of Lucca, which he erected into a principality. When the Princess Caroline saw her eldest sister wearing a sovereign crown, she also must have her ivory forehead similarly decorated. She was made Grand Duchess of Berg. Whether it was that there was no Duke of Nemours in her duchy, or whether it was that one of her subjects, daughter of a shoemaker at Dusseldorf, but a very great lady notwithstanding at the imperial court, had spoken to her on terms or too much equality, she did not much like the lot that had fallen to her, and pleaded hard for a little kingdom. Then came the turn of the Princess Pauline. The Emperor had actual warfare to sustain on her account. At length she was created Duchess of Guastalla. It was no great thing, to be sure, but even a mole-hill seemed too much for her to govern. If there had been kingdoms in the air, as in the time of the sylphs, she might have been enveloped in a pink and blue cloud, nicely perfumed, and sent to reign in those fortunate regions.

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where the sceptre of government is a sprig of flowers. This, however, did not suit her; her tears and her pretty airs amused her brother for some time; but as it was not in his nature to be patient, he became angry at last. The Princess Eliza discovered that Lucca and Piombino were miserable principalities. She complained; the Princess Caroline complained; the Princess Pauline complained; it was a chorus of grievances. "Ah ça!" said the Emperor, "what does all this mean? Will these ladies never be content? One would think we were really sharing the inheritance of the late king our father!"

One day I had accompanied Madame to St. Cloud, whither she went to dine with the Princess Borghèse, who then occupied the ground floor of the palace; the Emperor came there in the evening, and on seeing me, said laughingly, "Well! Madame Junot, so you are not gone yet?"—"Sire, I am waiting till my daughters are perfectly recovered, and shall then immediately commence my journey."—"Do you know," said Madame, "that you ought to leave me my ladies; here is Madame Junot, who has been absent from her duties for a twelvemonth, and you are going to send her to Italy."—"It is not I who send her, it is her own pleasure to go; ask her yourself!" and looking at me with a smile, he made me a very significant sign; in such moments as these his countenance was charming. "Well! why do you not say that it is yourself who are positively determined to go to Parma?"—"But, Sire, I cannot say what is not true. I have not the smallest inclination to go thither."

He burst into a fit of laughter; a very rare thing with him; for though his smile was becoming, he scarcely ever laughed aloud, if at all. "And why is it not your pleasure to go, Madame Laurette?" and my poor nose was pinched until it almost bled. "A good wife should always follow her husband; it is the gospel law."—"Sire, your Majesty will permit me to say that the gospel has nothing to do with this case; that I am not a good wife in this particular; and—that perhaps I might be a supernumerary at Parma." "Ah! ah! these gossips have been putting mischief into your head! Why do you listen to them? Besides, the hen should be silent in the presence of the cock: if Junot amuses himself at Parma, what is that to you? Wives must not torment their husbands, or they may make them worse." This he said, not looking at me, but with his eyes turned covertly towards the Empress, who, like a woman of sense, seemed not to understand him. Scenes of jealousy were becoming frequent; and, to say the truth, not without some cause.

I had opened not only my eyes, but my ears to what the Emperor

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had said. I then knew nothing but what I afterwards learnt; but the expression of my countenance as I looked at the Emperor had probably something in it extremely comic, for he again did me the honour of laughing at me. "Well! there you are quite stupified about a trifle! A trifle which you wives make a great concern when you know it, and which is of no consequence whatever when you do not. Now, shall I tell you all what you ought to say on such occasions? Do you wish to know?"—"I listen, Sire."—"Just nothing! but if like the rest of your sex you cannot be silent, if you must speak, let it be to approve."—"Indeed!" cried Madame.—"Shocking!" said the Princess Borghèse. "I should like to see Prince Camille expecting me to approve such proceedings." And she turned round upon her sofa arranging the folds of her shawl.

The Empress said nothing, but she had tears in her eyes; and I am sure that a single word would have made her weep, which the Emperor did not like. The tears of a woman made a profound impression upon him, and this was why he dreaded them so much. The man who could not, without emotion, hear the sound of the evening bells, and it is well known that he would frequently stop in his walk in the park of Malmaison, to listen to the church bells of Reuil or Bougival; the man who often avowed the particular charm he found in seeing a delicate female dressed in white and wandering among the trees, must needs have naturally possessed a susceptible heart; and no doubt he concealed its feelings under a rude and dry exterior, till this rind became a part of his character.

The court was now very attentive to all the Emperor's proceedings. At the time of the coronation he was in love, as I then stated, and the love was real. During my absence, some trouble had arisen about it. The Empress had been annoyed by the conduct of the favourite lady, who in consequence had received a recommendation to retire to a watering-place. The Emperor in making this concession was out of humour about it, as the Empress had occasion to feel, when any new cause of jealousy arose, which, as report said, was pretty frequently during the journey on account of the Italian coronation; for the Emperor, though his heart had been really touched in one instance, never denied himself any gratification of the kind, and his wanderings were somewhat various.

Already the departure of the Princess Louis was whispered, and although she was about to occupy a throne, her absence could not but be regretted in a court of which she was the life. She reminded me of Henrietta of England. Not so the Princess Caroline. Of all the family she was perhaps the only one who had not learnt to become a

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Princess; she could not leave off the satirical giggle and sneering of the school girl, while her manners were undignified, and her walk the most ungraceful possible. But in self-sufficiency she was perfectly the sovereign lady; she spoke of herself and of her person with the highest consideration, and with a contemptuous ridicule of others which imposed upon unthinking people. Her decisions upon all points were as inexhaustible as they were injudicious. With an incomparable freshness and that profusion of lilies and roses which were enchanting when she shaded them with a fringe of embroidered tulle lined with pink satin, half enveloped in English point and tied with ribbons of the same colour as fresh and charming as her own complexion, with all this her beauty did not please. Her eyes were small, her hair, which in her infancy had been almost white, was now neither light nor dark; and her unfortunate sneer showed her teeth too much, because though white, they had not the regularity of a string of pearls like those of the Emperor and the Princess Pauline. Her mind remained in its natural state, without any cultivation or instruction, and she never employed herself except in scrawling at random some pencil strokes upon white paper, which her flatterers called drawing; as a child she had vivacity and an engaging manner; and as she began to grow into youth just as her brother, as general-in-chief of the army, was drawing worshippers to the star of his family, she had her full share of flatterers; and as some philosophy is required to weed out from the minds of children the seeds of vice and evil habits, hers flourished at their leisure, in spite of the good will of Madame Campan, with whom she was boarded for two years. Madame Campan though a woman of very superior merits had the great fault of never contradicting the daughters of rich and powerful families who were confided to her.

At this period the court became materially diminished by the departure of the Princesses and the two brothers of the Emperor, and the Princess Borghèse being always an invalid, and occupied solely with the care of her health, though not a very elegant amusement, it was on the Princess Caroline alone, or the Grand Duchess of Berg as she chose to be called, that all the hopes of court gaiety rested. She then occupied the beautiful palace of the Elysée, where she began to receive the court *en Princesse* notwithstanding her sneering vein to which people were becoming accustomed.

M. d'Aligre was chamberlain to the Princess. I have remarked that the Emperor had a sort of preference for, without however liking the Faubourg St. Germain; and whoever was of consideration there, he was desirous of attaching to the new court. The project of

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fusion of which he was incessantly talking, was not to be accomplished by such means. How could he suppose that persons whose opinions, as he well knew, differed in all points from his system, should become attached to him by such insignificant bribery. M. d'Aligre, for example, possessor of a rental of 400,000 livres, was not likely to be much enchanted with the office of carrying the Princess Caroline's white slippers in his pocket, while he was in a condition to act the petty Sovereign in his own domain. The Emperor had another object in calling M. d'Aligre to court; he proposed to marry his daughter to General Caulaincourt, and M. d'Aligre's noble conduct in this affair, amply redeemed the white slippers. The Emperor first had his desire or rather his will notified to him, and finding that the business did not advance, summoned him to his cabinet. Napoleon, at this particular period, was not only absolute master of all that surrounded him, but exercised a sort of fascination which made every eye drop under the eagle glance of his. But M. d'Aligre was a father, and justly looked upon the paternal authority as the highest of the two then in contact. He refused his daughter to M. de Caulaincourt. The motive was a terrible one, but he had courage enough to speak it out, and the marriage did not take place. The Emperor was very much dissatisfied with this resistance, and if Duroc had not opposed the plan, he would have taken the young lady out of her father's hands, and commanded the nomination of a family council, conjointly with the imperial attorney-general, to dispose of the hand of Mademoiselle d'Aligre, since her father, for reasons which reflected on the honour of the government, refused a match in all respects suitable. The Emperor, sometimes, in his first impressions, gave way to terrible explosions of passion; and so eccentric and unjust would his actions be under their influence, that his most faithful servants could not more beneficially display their attachment than in taking upom themselves to supersede proceedings commanded thus *ab irato*. The most curious part of the business is that Caulaincourt was at this moment passionately in love with a beautiful woman, whose love was vastly more precious to him than Mademoiselle d'Aligre. Although the Emperor was angry that his authority was compromised between M. d'Aligre and him, M. de Caulaincourt was perfectly determined not to accept the hand which the Emperor was desirous of covering with the bridal glove. How many times during the years which the Empire lasted have I seen unions, formed under such auspices, become the fruitful sources of misfortune and discord!

The Princess Pauline was a complete mimic, which however was

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not at all becoming to her. She would rally a brown complexion, though it was neither generous nor in good taste, because her own was very fair. Another raillery to which she often condescended and which had not common sense, particularly in an imperial Princess, was mimicking the style of walking of all her female acquaintances. Thus at the rehearsals of the quadrille, she had a full view of every new-comer from her station at the upper end of the gallery, and made her satirical remarks upon each. The great difference in the figures of the sons and daughters of the Bonaparte family, while their countenances are so similar, is very extraordinary. Their heads are in the same type; the same features, the same eyes, the same expression, (always excepting the Emperor), beyond this nothing can be more unlike. The Princess Borghèse is an elegant nymph. Her statue, by Canova, *moulded from herself*, is that of an enchanting being. It has been asserted that the artist corrected defects in the leg and bust. I have seen the legs of the Princess, as I believe all have who were moderately intimate with her, and I have observed no such defects; indeed the perfection of their make may be inferred from her walk; it was slow, because she was indisposed; but the grace of her movement showed that the members were happily formed. How finely her head was inclined, and how beautifully it turned upon her shoulders! The only imperfection of her person was that the ear wanted its curl. The Grand Duchess of Tuscany was ill-made; her bones were square and prominent, and her arms and legs seemed tacked to her body just as it happened. The Princess Caroline required a body at least two inches taller to be in proportion to her head. Her shoulders were certainly fat and fair, but so round and high that her throat was lost in them; and the motion of her head, that motion so graceful in a woman, and above all so important in a Princess, became altogether disagreeable and almost vulgar. Her hands were white and mottled and of that transparent fairness which has something ideal in it, and reminds one of what we may have dreamt of the inhabitants of the air. Nevertheless, I prefer the hand of the Queen Hortense.

The brothers were equally dissimilar. The Emperor, the King of Spain, and the King of Holland, were all three perfectly well made, though small; while the persons of the Prince of Canino, and the King of Westphalia, were as much in contrast with them and with each other as their sisters. The King of Westphalia's head and shoulders resembled the Princess Caroline's; and the Prince of Canino, much taller and larger than his brothers, exhibits the same want of harmony in his form as the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. There is one point of general resemblance, one countenance, that of Madame Mère,

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in which all her eight children might be recognised, not only in the features, but in the peculiar expression of each.

Prince Louis Bonaparte was recognised King of Holland on the 5th of June this year. Holland sent her ambassadors on the occasion; the court was at St. Cloud, where the Emperor received the deputation with great delight.* I believe he was more fond of Prince Louis than any of his brothers, except Joseph; and his affection for the Princess Louisa and her children was paternal. So fine a kingdom as that of Holland was a noble proof of attachment to offer to his brother and sister-in-law. He did not very well understand a system of resistance to his will; he expected implicit obedience, and considered that his family should find their happiness in it. But he found in his brothers an obstinate resistance to his authority, founded upon honour and their consciences. The conduct of Louis in Holland is worthy of the highest eulogium; Holland still remembers it with gratitude.

I have not yet delineated the domestic circle of Joseph, now King of Naples; him who, as senior, would have been the chief of the Bonaparte family, if the great man had not displaced him. Joseph Bonaparte, like all his brothers, was born in Corsica, but speaks French with less of a foreign accent than any Corsican I ever knew. You would seldom see a better countenance; it is that of the Princess Borghèse, with the masculine strength and expression, and possessing a mild and intelligent smile. Entering upon life at a period when disorder was triumphant, and servility and impudence were alike the road to power, his first actions gave hopes of a disposition of humanity and beneficence, which the subsequent course of his life has fully confirmed. He is well read, not only in our literature, but in that of Italy and England. His studies, always seriously pursued, were continued much beyond the term prescribed by custom. He loves poetry and the belles-lettres, and takes pleasure in surrounding himself with learned and scientific men. It has been said that his character is weak and false. He has goodness of heart, gentleness, clemency, and accuracy of judgment. These qualities, except the latter, could but be

* Napoleon presented his nephew, the young Prince Louis, to the deputation, and desired the child to show his regard to his future subjects. A Prince of five years of age would naturally suppose that he could offer no better proof of his respect for his visitors than the recitation of his last task; he accordingly repeated for their edification the fable of *the frogs asking Jupiter for a king*. So, at least, it was believed at the time. Napoleon was greatly incensed at the jest he did not like this sort of trifling with power.

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mischievous to him in a revolted country, over which he was called to govern by the aid of force and constraint. His conduct, during his unfortunate reign in Spain, was nevertheless admirable. The situation of Napoleon's brothers has always been painful as soon as they have been placed upon a throne: he wished to make them sovereigns, but expected from them the submission of prefects. He met with a resistance from them which did them honour. King Joseph left France with great regret; he entreated his brother not to force a crown upon him; he preferred "to reign at Mortefontaine." He was a good father; even a good husband, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary; and a constant friend.

Among the indigent inhabitants of Paris, the name of the Princess Joseph, Queen of Spain, was held in great respect; all such as were existing when she lived at Paris, and who reside there still, will not fail to remember the virtues of this angel of benevolence. Without being handsome she was charming; she amply made amends for the want of beauty by being virtuous, charitable, and perfectly indulgent. Queen Julia, as she was called to distinguish her from the Queen of Charles IV., was conscious of the importance of the art of commanding, but rejecting all adventitious aids, she based it upon genuine modesty and dignity of sentiment. She disliked show, whether in her actions or her dress. Always simply attired, she wore jewels only when necessary to the due illustration of her rank. The Emperor held her in high esteem, and was affectionately attached to her. Her husband venerated and loved her dearly. He has had a somewhat stormy life, it is true, as a man of pleasure; but his natural goodness of heart always preserved him from exposures which might have given pain to his wife. He loved her as a friend, and as the mother of his daughters. The Queen Julia's departure for Naples was a great grief to Madame Mère, who, since the death of Madame Lucien, loved her more than any of her other daughters-in-law. Madame did not love the Empress Josephine; though, to say the truth, the conduct of the Empress towards her had since the coronation been every thing she could desire. Whether her own good fortune made her more affectionate towards her relatives, or whether the Emperor had commanded it, it is certain that a great improvement was perceptible in the Empress's attentions to Madame.

Some time before Junot's return, we had a foretaste of the Emperor's projects of nobility, not only by the creation of some orders of chivalry, but also by the almost feudal investiture of M. de Talleyrand. It was in the month of June, 1806, that this man, whom

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Napoleon then believed devoted to himself and his dynasty,* was named by him Prince of Benevento.

I was one evening employed in giving orders for my departure, and about to commence my journey in two days, when General Bertrand, the aide-de-camp to the Emperor, was announced. As he did not visit me I was rather surprised to see him. This surprise was increased when he informed me that it was the Emperor's command that I should abandon my journey to Parma; at the same time he expressed his own opinion that this measure boded no harm.

As my daughter Josephine, though recovered, was still but convalescent, I was rejoiced not to be obliged to expose her to the fatigue of so long a journey. It was the 7th of July, and the heat was oppressive.

My departure being indefinitely delayed, I resumed my duties, and took my turn the following week in waiting upon Madame. I accompanied her on Sunday to the family dinner at the Tuileries. We dined at a table at which the Empress's lady of honour presided; and afterwards repaired to the Emperor's saloon in waiting. On this day, the Emperor sent for me into the cabinet where the Princesses were. He was standing before the chimney, though there was no fire, and was observing my courtesies of ceremony with an air of mockery, almost provoking. "Well! Madame Junot, people always improve by travelling; how gracefully you courtesy now! Does she not, Josephine?" and he turned towards the Empress. "Is she not elegant? No longer a little girl, but Madame l'Ambassadrice!—Madame ———," and he looked at me with an expression so sly, and almost subtle, that I blushed without knowing why. "Well! what would you like to be called? I suppose you know, that there are not many names worthy to supersede that of Madame l'Ambassadrice?"

In pronouncing these words, he raised his voice; but he was evidently in high good humour. Never, perhaps, had I seen him so disposed to chat gaily. He still looked at me, and I smiled. He no doubt understood me, for he immediately said: "Oh! I know very well that you wish to learn why you are not upon your travels; is it not so?" "It is true, Sire, and I even wish to ask your Majesty, whether we poor women are also subject to military discipline? because otherwise ———." I cannot describe the suddenness of his interruption. His look and his words were like lightning; all his gaiety of humour seemed to have disappeared in a second. "Well!

* *All* our governments have had good cause to be well pleased with him.

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what would you do then?" "I should set out, Sire," I replied, very tranquilly, for he never intimidated me to the extent of being unable to answer him. His good humour returned immediately. "Faith, I have great inclination to let you," said he, laughing: "but no: stay at home, and take care of your children; they are ill, says the *Signora Letizia;* the Empress avers that my god-daughter is the prettiest little girl in Paris; now I deny that she is prettier than my niece Lætitia."

"You have not told me whether you are satisfied with Madame Junot, *Signora Letizia?* And are you very glad to be placed about my mother?" added he, addressing me. For answer, I took the hand of Madame, and kissed it with as much tenderness and respect as if she had been my mother. The excellent woman drew me towards her and embraced me. "She is a good child," said she, "and I shall take pains to prevent her being wearied in my service." "Yes, yes," said the Emperor, pinching my ear, "but be careful in particular that she does not go to sleep in overlooking your *eternal reversis and in gazing till she is blind upon that picture of David's, which, however, is a speaking lesson to those who shed their blood in battles; it reminds us that all sovereigns are ungrateful.*"*

I was thunderstruck! I had said these very words only two evenings before, in a party of four persons only, whom I will not name. But I have always remarked that the Emperor never took offence unless he had the leisure, inclination, and opportunity to punish. At that time my words had no ill effect upon him; he only said, with a serious and very affectionate expression of manner, "They are not all so." Madame, who was not always quite mistress of what was passing, owing to her difficulty in following the conversation in the French tongue, understood from the expressive countenance of her son, that something remarkable had been said, and she took up the conversation: "Ah!" said she, "Junot has no reason to fear being forgotten by us! I shall remember to the end of my life the day when he came weeping and kissing my hands to tell me that you were in prison. He wished to deliver you or to die with you. Oh, from that day I took him to my heart as a sixth son." "Yes," said the Emperor, "Junot is a faithful and loyal friend, and a brave fellow! Adieu, Madame Junot, adieu;" and making a sign with his hand, he smiled affectionately on me as he withdrew to his private cabinet. In opening the door, he stopped again, and looking at me as I courtesied to him, he added: "But this court of Lisbon has

* Belisarius, purchased by Lucien, and left by him in the saloon of the Hotel de Brienne.

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made you quite a court lady, do you know that, Madame Junot?"

This scene made me reflect upon what several of my friends had been saying for some days past. It was whispered that Junot was appointed governor of Paris: reports of war were also heard; but at this time all political news was so doubtful and so cautiously hinted, that nothing could be received as authentic till it was no longer a secret from any one. It was also said that the movements in Paris would have made no noise during the campaign, if Junot had been at the head of its military government. The Emperor's confidence in his courage was equal to that he reposed in his fidelity, and in fact such a choice would accord well with a probable military absence of the Emperor, when it was important that the place should be filled, not only by a person devoted to the Emperor, but by one whose character, being well known to the Parisians, would form a mutual guarantee to them and to Napoleon. A few days after this conversation, I had gone to spend the evening with a friend, when a message was brought me, announcing Junot's arrival. As it was very fine, and I had sent away my carriage, I immediately set out on foot to return home. In the Rue de Choiseul I met my husband, who, impatient to see me, had put himself into the carriage which was coming to fetch me. He asked me if I had any notions which could lead him to guess the track he ought to take, as he was totally ignorant of the cause of his recall. I told him a few words that General Bertrand had said upon the subject, and we agreed that there could be nothing alarming in it. The next day Junot went to the Tuileries, and the Emperor received him with the most cordial kindness.

"Ah!" said he, on his return home, as he had already said at Arras, "gladly would I give my life for that man." The Emperor, however, had said nothing; he had merely given him a gracious and affectionate welcome, and had infused into the interview the character of that amicable confidence which marked the happy days of the army of Italy. Many reports were afloat at the time, and every one had his own conjectures. Prince Louis had been recognised King of Holland; he was therefore no longer governor of Paris; a sort of overture on this subject was made to Junot by the Princess Caroline, upon which he remarked to me: "Of all the favours the Emperor could grant me, to be governor of Paris would be the highest point of my ambition." But still the Emperor said nothing. He treated Junot with the greatest kindness, but not one word escaped as to the reason of his being recalled from Parma, where he was still wanted. The Emperor, however, never saw him without closely questioning him about this insignificant corner of Italy.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Junot appointed Governor of Paris—Battle of Maida, and General Reignier—Madame Mère at Pont-sur-Seine—Gianni, the Improvisatore—An excursion on donkeys—Journey with Madame de Brissac—Russian correspondence indiscreetly avowed—M. Millin—Death of Mr. Fox—Napoleon's protection of the Jews—Marmont's victory in Illyria—The Emperor leaves Paris—Napoleon and Henry IV.—Double character of Bonaparte—Cambacérès.

At length the mystery of Junot's arrival was explained, in a manner most triumphant to himself, gratifying to his friends, and heaping confusion on his enemies and detractors. He was appointed governor of Paris on the 19th of July, 1806; the Emperor, on announcing this preferment to him, took him kindly by the hand, and addressed him in these remarkable words: "Junot, you are governor of Paris, which I wish to make the first city in the world; I have nominated you to this important post because I know you, and I know that under your administration my good Parisians will be treated as your children. They love and esteem you, and will, I am sure, be pleased to see the man to whom, on parting with him, they presented a sword bearing so striking an inscription as that which is engraved on its blade. My friend, you must deserve another such mark of their esteem."

The day after this appointment, it was announced that Russia had signed the preliminaries of peace with France. The news made a great impression upon Change, and naturally, because it was manifest that, unsustained by Russia, Prussia could not take up arms; and notwithstanding the great affair of the Confederation of the Rhine, I heard it repeated on all sides, that it was still very important that Europe should remain some time in peace. The case was different in the south; for the insurrection which the agents of King Ferdinand had been long preparing in Calabria, had been the forerunner of the battle of St. Euphemia, (Maida,) one of the most painful strokes the Emperor had experienced. We lost five thousand men in the combat, and the English did not lose one thousand. General Reignier commanded our forces. "Reignier is always unfortunate," said the Emperor. Happily Massena took Gaëta ten or twelve days afterwards.

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I received, in the month of August, a letter from Madame de Fontanges, desiring me to join Madame Mère at Pont-sur-Seine, where she was passing the summer. It was not my turn to be in waiting, but Madame de St. Pern had been taken extremely ill at Pont, and according to appearance, it would be long before she would be able to resume her attendance. I left Junot to be, in his turn, nurse to his daughters, for I would not take them with me, though Madame had offered me an apartment large enough to accommodate them; but I had heard observations upon this subject, and I knew that children are very troublesome to strangers. Besides, Junot had given himself a sprain, which would confine him to the sofa for the greater part of the time I should be with Madame, and I left him without fears either for him or for them. Madame Campan had procured me a young governess, an English Catholic, uniting, said Madame Campan, all the qualities desirable in an instructress, but I was not to see her, or to take her into my house till the month of October. I therefore left my daughters under the care of Junot and of Fanchette the nurse, and took with me only a *femme de chambre* and a valet.

I cannot tell how such a *chateau* as that of Pont-sur-Seine came to be purchased for the mother of the sovereign of France. The building is handsome undoubtedly; but a fine heap of free-stones does not of itself constitute an agreeable residence. It is near Brienne, that Brienne where the Emperor passed the first years of his youth. Was it for the purpose of enabling her to return the attentions which Madame de Brienne had lavished upon the young Napoleon that Madame was placed there? I know not; but if so, the purpose was ill answered. Madame de Brienne was a petty sovereign in her demesne, the beauty of which was truly royal. Her harsh and disagreeable countenance was in accordance with her demi-royal air and uncourteous manners. Madame visited her the first and second years of her residence at Pont, and was received with great magnificence; but however well pleased she might appear to be while there, Madame always returned discontented from these visits. I thought I could guess the cause: the remembrance of former times, when Napoleon obtained an exhibition at Brienne, and when M. Bonaparte, the father, wrote to the minister of war to request a continuation of that exhibition for one of his younger sons, probably rose as a barrier against any familiarity between Madame and Madame de Brienne.

The days were passed at Pont in a monotonous and dull routine, which might have been thought wearisome to a person of my age.

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But I may be allowed to observe here, that I have never in my life been subject to the inroads of *ennui*. We rose when it suited us, and breakfasted at half-past eleven o'clock, that is to say at noon, when all the society of the chateau assembled. These personages were M. and Madame de Brissac, M. Guien the secretary, the Count de la Ville, General Casabianca, and M. Campi; the latter a man of capacity and honesty, a republican of the old stock, and of almost Spartan austerity of manners; he drank nothing but water, and ate no animal food. Besides these were the Baroness de Fontanges and Mademoiselle Delaunay the reader, an agreeable inmate, whose talents were invaluable in this retreat where we were almost lost to the world.

A piece of good fortune, which I was very far from expecting, befell us in the arrival of Gianni. I had heard of him as the cleverest improvisatore of Italy, and was very desirous of meeting him. "Take care of yourself, Madame Junot," said Madame, bending towards my ear, on the day of his arrival; "are you in the family-way?" I made a sign that I was not. "That is lucky," she continued, "for you are about to see a sort of monster." And in fact the poet was prodigiously ugly. He was four feet high, with an enormous bust, swelling into a hump behind and a hump before; arms that would have enabled him to tie his shoes without stooping; and a face that was no disparagement to all this deformity. Another person, who came at the same time, contributed much to the pleasure of our society by his extreme kindness and politeness; this was Cardinal Fesch. I have seldom met with a more amiable and inoffensive man, or one more desirous of doing good. The Emperor was unjust in not acknowledging the validity of his motives in his defence of his rights. But whatever fell out at a later period, at Pont he was a charming auxiliary in finding agreeable occupation for hours that might have proved tedious.

After breakfast needle-work was introduced, and sometimes, in very hot weather, Madame played at cards. Then we separated to our own apartments, or went to make visits. Then came the toilet and dinner-time; and afterwards, in long summer evenings, a ride in open carriages on the banks of the Seine, or in the woods towards the Paraclete. This ancient abbey, which the names of Heloise and Abelard have rendered so celebrated, was at this time the property of a man whose manner of thinking, speaking, and acting, had not much in common with his predecessors; this was the author and actor, Monvel.

Gianni, inspired by the memory of Heloise, proposed an excur-

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sion to the Paraclete. The assent was general; but as the distance was rather considerable, it was necessary to contrive how it should be traversed. "On donkeys," said Gianni. It was agreed; and, "Yes, on donkeys," was repeated in chorus. All the cabbage-carriers of the neighbourhood were put in requisition, and on the appointed day twenty donkeys, in most miserable plight, were assembled in the court of the chateau. I do not remember whether Madame de Brissac was of the party, but I shall never forget Gianni's hunch protruding between the ears of his ass. Madame was in an open carriage. It was a lovely day, and we set out on our peregrination in high spirits: my donkey, however, was not in the same case; he had been accustomed, I suppose, to carry manure to the kitchen-garden, for no other road could he be persuaded to take, and made a most desperate resistance to all attempts at putting him in motion in the highway. At last the quarrel became so vehement that we parted company, the glory of the day being all on his side. Gianni was twenty paces from me; and the provoking man, instead of dismounting to my assistance, kept his seat upon his ass, looking at me a few seconds as I lay upon the ground, and exclaimed—

Laura d' un asino in giù caddè
Perchè per gli asini Lauro non è.

We know that Plutarch often used the name of Laura for *alloro*, or *lauro*.

Ho perduto il verde Lauro
Ch' er' al mio fianco alta colonna.

Though almost stunned by the fall, I could not forbear laughing at this grotesque personage versifying from his ass, which, much better behaved than mine, did not stir a foot during the improvisation. I was, however, dreadfully shaken, and the traitor beast had bruised me all over. Madame, on reaching the theatre of my discomfiture, would not permit me to mount again, and I was bled, for my head had fallen upon a stone. She was all maternal kindness to me in this instance as in every other, or at least if, which very rarely happened, she was otherwise, it was always my own fault.

At the expiration of my month's service, I requested permission to return to Junot: my house required my presence. Since my husband had been Governor of Paris, he had but once received company, and then without the proper ceremonial: it was necessary that I should preside. Madame understood all this admirably; and I set out the next day, taking with me Madame de Brissac, who, for the first time

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in her life, resolved upon a separation for a few days from her husband.

"Well! *Madame la Gouverneuse*," the appellation by which he almost always addressed me, "so you let yourself be thrown by an ass?" said the Emperor, the first time I went to the Tuileries. As he would not have taken the trouble of making particular inquiries into what concerned me personally, it was evident, from this remark, that he knew all the daily occurrences within his mother's family. On arriving at Paris I heard an important piece of news: Madame made a rule that politics should never be spoken at Pont: it was, that Russia had refused to ratify the preliminaries of peace, signed at Paris on the 20th of July. I was at that time in the habit of receiving frequent letters from Russia. The Emperor, who knew ALL that was passing to an extent that I can scarcely conceive, even now that I am acquainted with the wires which moved all his machines, sometimes asked me, jestingly, whether I had news from Petersburgh or Moscow. "Will your Majesty permit me to tell you the very expressions of a letter received from Moscow only the day before yesterday?" "Certainly." "The Russians profess, Sire, that if the Emperor Alexander would only lead them to the Vistula, they would be in Paris in two months." The Emperor, looking at me with an expression to which it is impossible to do justice, said slowly, "Have you really received a letter from Russia in which they write any thing so absurd? You must be in correspondence with fools." "By no means, Sire. The writer of the sentence I have had the honour to repeat to your Majesty is the Count Novosilzoff, correspondent of the Institute of France, and one of the most scientific men in Europe."

The next day General Duroc called, and asked me why I had made such a report to the Emperor. "Because such a letter has really arrived from Russia." "I suppose so, but certainly not to you; for I am quite sure you are not troubling yourself with politics, which would be tiresome to you, and very displeasing to the Emperor." "Political letters would be certainly tiresome to me; though if I liked politics, I really do not see why my Russian correspondents should not write on that subject as well as about balls and fêtes. But to comfort you, I will tell you that this alarming letter, though it did really come from Moscow, was not addressed to me, but to my friend Millin. You know I have often spoken of this correspondence, partly scientific and partly political; I have read the letter, however, and the words are such as I have described." The result of my indiscretion was an inquiry extremely disagreeable to my poor friend

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Millin. A multitude of explanations were required of him, which distressed him exceedingly, for he was one of the most discreet and peaceable of men.

Many changes took place soon after my return to Paris from ont. A great event had just changed the face of affairs in Europe, Mr. Fox was dead.

As prime minister after the death of his rival (Mr. Pitt), he opened negotiations which proved his honest desire to re-establish amicable relations between France and England. His death broke them off, and the spirit of Mr. Pitt returned to the guidance of the British cabinet. This was a great crisis for Europe.

It was at this moment that a fact of little importance in itself showed the extent of Napoleon's views, and of the measures by which he was likely to promote them. The principal rabbins of the Jewish people had held a meeting in the preceding July, for the purpose of deciding upon the demands they should address to the Emperor; and they determined to request the admission of their whole nation to a free participation of civil and religious rights with certain modifications. A great sanhedrim was convoked, and Napoleon took under his especial protection this people, who, rejected by all other nations, were thus receiving from generation to generation the punishment of their crimes. The Emperor displayed his skilful policy in thus granting them his support: he knew that in Poland, Russia, Hungary, and Bohemia, troops of this race were congregated, whose hearts, oppressed by persecution and misfortune, would open with ecstasy to an honourable futurity, and would salute with the name of Messiah the man who should offer it them. And these expectations were fulfilled. All the numerous disciples of the Law of Moses in Russia, Germany, and in Poland especially, became devoted to him body and soul; and he thus possessed auxiliaries in quarters of which the most interested parties had no suspicion.

The horizon became daily more cloudy. One evening Junot returned from St. Cloud with an extraordinary expression of countenance. He had been invited to hunt with the Emperor; but the time they might have been killing rabbits had been spent in discussion upon the most effectual method of destroying men. Illyria was at the moment the theatre of combat. General Marmont had gained a victory near Ragusa, over a corps of revolted Montenegrins, who had been joined, it was said, by some Russians. War was inevitable, and honourable as was his charge at Paris, Junot was inconsolable, because it would prevent his accompanying the Emperor in the approaching campaign.

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The Emperor's departure was so sudden, particularly to persons who were not in the secrets of government, that a general surprise was manifest, and in the south some discontent. The Emperor insisted on the strictest discipline being observed by the army on its march through the northern departments, which consequently were gainers by this prodigious passage of troops; but depopulation and increased taxation were the effects through which the war was felt in the south. All the letters which I received from Languedoc and Gascony complained loudly. Bordeaux especially, which had so lately hoped for a happy termination of the negotiations with England, saw itself thrown back into a state of stagnation which was destructive to its interests.

On the 25th of September Junot was invited to dine at St. Cloud with the Emperor and Empress. The Emperor was to set out in the night; he had observed the deep grief which Junot experienced in not being permitted to accompany him; and, to do him justice, he was all kindness to his old friend; the sovereign resumed the manners which had formerly so much charmed Junot in the companion of his walks in the Garden of Plants. Junot was affected, for it always seemed to inspire him with new life when the Emperor spoke to his heart. He told me his feelings on the following morning, saying, "It was Sully and Henry IV." "Except," replied I, laughing, "that you are not quite so reasonable as the minister of the good king, and . . . ." "And what?" "And though the Emperor is a greater man than Henry IV., it is by no means certain that he is as good." "It is very extraordinary," said Junot, angrily, "that you, my wife, should advance so absurd an opinion, and that to me."

Two separate and very distinct natures were always visible in Napoleon, to the eye of intimacy. He possessed instinctively the desire of domination and conquest, and from his childhood felt himself destined to be master of the world. His thoughts were too expansive to permit access to those soft emotions, which, though they may easily be associated with great and powerful inspirations, belong only to minds devoted to the worship of their household gods; yet Napoleon, though master of the world, and in a condition to gratify the vindictive passions, never displayed the sanguinary disposition of a Nero. I have spoken largely of the young Bonaparte; I have followed the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy in his brilliant campaigns beyond the Alps and the Pyramids; I have endeavoured to exhibit him as I then saw him, great and immortal as his glory. I afterwards studied him as head of the state, First Consul, Chief of that Republic which he would perhaps have acted with more policy

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as well as more magnanimity in preserving pure and spotless as it arose in 1791, as it expired in 1793, as it might have revived in 1800. At the present moment I find him the same as a warrior, as a hero, but no longer the same as a Frenchman: he is a sovereign, he is crowned; he now says, not *my fellow citizens*, but *my people*. Circumstances have changed, not he.

In the absence of the Emperor, his orders were to be transmitted to the governor of Paris, through the arch-chancellor.

Cambacérès was now the second person in the Empire, excepting the Princes of the imperial family. Much has been said of him, because in France we must always laugh at the possessors of power, if we dare. The Emperor was moulded in too vast dimensions for ridicule; never even was a jest hazarded upon the preposterous points of his shoes; his look had the fascination of terror, and sometimes, when he deigned to smile, of enchantment, which banished all disposition to laughter. But with Cambacérès we were more on a level, and our satirical spirit took its revenge. But we were wrong: Cambacérès was not only a man of remarkable talent, a fact which will not be disputed, but he was perfectly and graciously agreeable, and most formally polite.

The Emperor did not like certain easy habits in which he indulged, notwithstanding his solemn bows; and undoubtedly the contrast between his promenades in the Palais-Royal, his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, his intercourse with Mademoiselle Cuizot, and his magisterial demeanour at his levees in the hotel d'Elbœuf, and afterwards in the Rue St. Dominique, were enough to make the Emperor angry, and every one merry at his expense. But the arch-chancellor was equally deaf to remonstrance and ridicule; he walked not less gravely in the Palais-Royal, and indulged no less frequently in his saturnine laugh behind the wire net work of his box at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, which he hired by the year. Still he was invariably kind and scrupulously obliging to every one.

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CHAPTER XIX.

The chateau of Raincy—A surprise—Prussian irresolution—Prince Louis of Prussia—Magical influence of Napoleon over his officers—Battle of Jena—Flight of the Prussians—Letters from head-quarters—Fall of Lubeck and Magdeburg—The Emperor Alexander—Re-organization of the National Guard—The Berlin decree of blockade—Murat enters Warsaw.

I HAD always passionately wished for a country residence; Junot, it is true, had given me Bièvre, but this house had become of very little use since his appointment as governor of Paris. It was too far distant, and much too small for our family, numerous not only by the increasing number of our children, but by the colony of relations it was Junot's pleasure to lodge. He said to me one morning, "You must dine at Raincy to-day; Ouvrard has given me leave to kill some deer there, and I wish you to hunt with me in a calash."

It was in the beginning of October, the weather was charming and the chase fortunate. I looked with delight upon the beautiful groves of Raincy. This chateau, notwithstanding the vandalism which had destroyed three quarters of it, was still a noble piece of architecture, seated in the midst of fresh verdure, and surrounded by its pretty Russian cottage, its house of *rendezvous*, its clock-house, and its dog-kennel; I admired the pretty village at the extremity of its fine alley of poplars, the orangery, and all the other appendages which beautify the park. But within the house I found still greater cause for admiration. M. Ouvrard had made it an enchanted palace. The bath room was charming. It contained two basins of vast dimensions, each formed of a single block of gray and black granite. Four pillars of the same granite, and three curtains of white satin, enclosed each basin as in a cabinet. The floor was in large squares of black, white, and yellow marble; the chimney was of verd-antique, and the walls of stucco perfectly finished; round them stood an immense circular sofa of green velvet. The ceiling represented mythological subjects admirably executed. A valuable lamp was suspended from the centre. On entering this superb room, I could not forbear exclaiming: "What happiness it must be to possess such a place as this!"

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Junot looked at me with a smile, and taking my hand, led me to the saloon: an immense apartment, divided into three by pillars, between which stand statues holding candelabras. One extremity is the billiard, the other the music-room; the centre is the reception-room. This was formerly the bed-room of the Duke of Orleans, and forms one of the advancing wings; its three sides looking upon the home park, reserved for the use of the family, and from which the deer are excluded. The design of this portion of the park is simple and beautiful; a large lawn is terminated by the river, bordered by an orangery and the house of *rendezvous;* on each side of this lawn a grove diverges from the house as far as the eye can reach, that on the right of lilacs, that on the left of acacias. The view from the window is enchanting.

"How do you like this chateau and park?" said Junot.—"Oh! it is a fairy land."—"And if by a stroke of the wand, you were to become mistress of it, what would you say?"—"I cannot tell, for that is sure not to happen."—"Do you wish that it should?"

I coloured at the mere thought that it might be; and looked at him with an expression which probably pleased him, for he took me in his arms and said, "It is yours."

There are certainly hours of bitterness in life, and no one has had more experience of them than myself; but there are also moments, fugitive in duration, but indelibly engraven on the mind, which are equal to an eternity of happiness.

The fourth continental coalition, in which this time Austria dared not join, was now avowed. For nine years the cabinet of Berlin had been professing a neutrality, submission and loyalty, in perpetual contrast with its warlike preparations; but the rapid advance of a power at once martial, fortunate, and victorious, increased the terrors of King Frederick William to such a degree, that he determined to take refuge under the protection of Russia. Nothing could be more burlesque than the alternations of hopes and deception which agitated poor Prussia during Napoleon's first war with Russia. "Attention!" she cried; then "present!" and she was on the point of giving the word "fire!" but suddenly came the victories of Ulm and Austerlitz, and M. de Haugwitz is sent to Napoleon's bivouac with the King of Prussia's congratulations. Then followed the treaty of Presburg and the confederation of the Rhine; and Prussia contrived a counter-confederation of the north of Germany, or rather the north of Europe, in which Russia and Prussia were to form an embankment against the approaching torrent. A beautiful queen put on armour; and a young man, who, but for the most insensate profligacy and the debasing

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influence of ardent liquors, would have been a striking character, promised the Prussian army victory and conquest;* for with defence only in their mouths, the four powers of the north, to which Sweden had united herself, since a Frenchman directed her arms, have always dreamt of carrying the sword into France, to consummate the division of our fine provinces.

How powerful was the magic which Napoleon then exercised over those officers who had been long about his person! Amongst them I reckon Duroc, Junot, Bessières, Rapp, Lannes, Lemarois, Arrighi, Lacuée, Rovigo, Eugène, Caffarelli, and I may add Berthier and Marmont, one of whom, notwithstanding all that is said, I believe to be innocent, the other only erring; but whatever may be thought of their ulterior conduct, they were at the time now under review, amongst the faithful followers of the Emperor. The almost fantastic empire which Napoleon held over some of these men, dates from a period far anterior to that of his splendour. Junot loved him to the

* Prince Louis of Prussia, who exercised so great an influence over the events of 1806, and by their consequences over those of 1807, was not only finely formed and very handsome, a qualification always much esteemed in a royal personage, but he was the most agreeable prince in Europe. His education was excellent, but unfortunately it had fallen upon a period which rendered it nearly useless; maxims and precepts slid over the mind of a man of Prince Louis's age amongst the confusion occasioned by the overthrow of all established principles of morality, religion, and virtue; and the only good notion which he saved from the wreck, was the resolution of becoming a well-informed man; to be a man of virtue did not seem absolutely necessary, and, as he was a prince, his governors and instructors took care not to compel him to any thing against his inclinations. It was his pleasure however to learn, and of all that a man can be reasonably expected to know, the most abstract sciences, the most varied accomplishments, he chose to become master, and succeeded. I have seen letters of his, written in French, which would have been no discredit to a Hamilton or a Sévigné. The Prince was not a republican; that would have been a proof of sound reasoning and acute anticipation; but a furious demagogue. He was not naturally evil disposed, but he was imprudent, and imprudence leads to injustice and all kinds of excess. His capacity however was indisputable, and his talents so varied and great, that the first artists in Europe were not willing to compete with him. Dussek himself assured me, that the Prince surpassed him in improvisation; and that only a few days before the fatal battle of Saalfeld, at a country house in company with the Baroness de Lichtenau, to whom the Prince was greatly attached, and it is even believed married, he heard him play in a style superior to any other performer he had ever heard. It was to the division of Suchet that the Prince was opposed at Saalfeld, the result of which engagement, so glorious to us, so fatal to the Prussians, was the premature death of the unfortunate Prince, and the capture of one thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of cannon.

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extent of giving over to him, as I have before stated, the means sent by his family for his subsistence, and would willingly have given him his blood.

The campaign of 1806 is among those which have immortalized the Emperor's genius. His successes of later years were more disputed, and his forces were in greater number, but the battle of Jena was one of his most glorious days. It is singular that the Prussians have always called this battle after the village of Auerstadt, on the right of the Saale, between Naumberg and Dornberg. It was held by Marshal Davoust with thirty thousand men, opposed by fifty thousand men of King Frederick William, with his beautiful Amazon Queen. The victory, long disputed by Kalkreuth and Blucher, who, animated by the presence of the King, fought with admirable courage, was decided by the immoveable firmness and resolution of Davoust in this perilous position. What I saw upon the maps and plans, on which Junot traced the march of the army, not according to the bulletins, but by the letters of his friends, many of which I still possess, proves beyond all doubt that the real glory of this day belongs to Marshal Davoust. The Emperor's head is encircled by laurels enough to enable him to spare some leaves to his lieutenants. These letters also speak in singular terms of the tardy march of the corps of General Bernadotte, which arrived very late on the Emperor's left at Jena. In recalling this fact I referred to the notes I possess in Junot's handwriting, and there find the same opinions expressed. From this period all who surrounded the Emperor felt convinced that Bernadotte did not like the Sovereign whom the 18th of Brumaire had imposed upon him. It was long thought that his antipathy was to the crown; but he has since proved that it was to the man he objected. He was the cause of infinite mischief to the Emperor.

We daily received news from head-quarters; and I have before me at this moment many letters speaking of the extraordinary race of the two armies. The King of Prussia fled with such rapidity that Marshal Kalkreuth, who escorted him, was obliged to stop; thus giving time to Soult to come up with and pursue him to Magdeburg. A cousin of mine, who was young, well mounted, and desirous of distinguishing himself, was on the point of taking the King, who escaped at a gallop. We had scarcely had time to read the details of this astonishing battle and pursuit, when the news of the capitulation of Erfurth arrived. "You cannot figure to yourself," says a letter of Berthier, "the extent of this defeat; it is like magic, or, to speak in the words of Scripture, *the hand of the Lord overthrew*

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them." Berthier was very regular in his letters to Junot; and two days seldom elapsed without bringing us news of the Emperor, and of the seven divisions* he was leading to Berlin with the same facility as he would have marched them to the Bois de Boulogne. Every day was marked by new victories, and every courier brought us details which will appear fabulous to our grandchildren.

But of all these details that of the affair of Lubeck seemed the most interesting. In this town, dismantled as it was, Blucher, who might have stopped at Magdeburg, or even after passing that strong fortress, might have chosen either Custrin or Stettin, determined to make a last stand. Overtaken by Marshal Soult, Bernadotte, and the cavalry of Murat, Blucher and his pursuers almost entered the town together. An obstinate and sanguinary conflict took place in the streets. But we were victorious, and the ultimate result of this combat threw into our hands the commander-in-chief Blucher, the Duke of Brunswick Oels, twelve generals, about twelve thousand men and four thousand horses, with their baggage, artillery, and ammunition. It is singular, but it is a positive fact, that Bernadotte owes the crown of Sweden to this affair. Amongst the prisoners he took at Lubeck were some Swedes, whom he treated with so much kindness and courtesy, that, on their return home, they loudly extolled his generosity. At a future time this was remembered, and the Swedes, about to elect a successor to their King, demanded Bernadotte.

This extraordinary campaign was closed in twenty-eight days, by Marshal Ney's capture of Magdeburg; in which an almost impregnable fortress, twenty-two thousand men, seven hundred cannons, and immense magazines of all kinds, fell into our hands: while Ney had but eleven thousand men to surround and take the town! It seems to be a dream. I find upon this subject a note in Junot's hand.

"Davoust commenced the victory at Auerstadt; Ney has consummated it at Magdeburg; this campaign must be looked upon as a single battle, in unity of time; unity of place only is wanting to make it so. But it seems to me that this affair is also of infinite importance in the effect it will have upon the Allies of Prussia, and upon the remains of her army. Ney, in taking Magdeburg with eleven thousand men, has performed the finest feat of arms which has illustrated this campaign."

* These were commanded by Lefèvre, Bernadotte, Ney, Lannes, Davoust, Augereau, and Soult. Murat was at the head of the cavalry.

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This note was written at the time on the margin of a letter of Berthier's upon this event. It shows that Junot foresaw the great moral advantage which our rapid victory would give us over the Russians, who with the utmost haste could not arrive in the field in time to assist their Prussian friends; and on the 9th of November our troops entered Posen, exactly one month after the opening of the campaign. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and Napoleon imposed a contribution of 150,000,000 francs on Prussia and her Allies. I know that we have repaid this with cent-per-cent interest; but whatever advantage Prussia might take of subsequent events, she cannot destroy our glory of this campaign.

The Emperor Alexander is a remarkable personage in the history of Napoleon. Was he deceived? Did he deceive? This is an important question, and one upon which the eyes of future generations will be fixed. Some assert that he always was a deceiver, others that he was always cheated; and many that he was neither the one nor the other; because he knew and was known.

Junot had, about this time, a great labour in hand, namely, to carry into effect the Imperial decree given at Berlin, for the re-organization of the National Guard—those battalions of volunteers originally created by enthusiasm, and from whose ranks have sprang so many names renowned in history. The National Guard of 1806 was organized upon the following plan:

"All Frenchmen from twenty to sixty years of age, of good health and sound robust constitutions, are liable to be called into service. They shall be formed into legions composed of several battalions, to be called cohorts. The public servants shall not be admitted. The National Guards are destined either to the service of the interior, or to active military service. The officers, subalterns, and privates of the National Guard, whether employed in the service of the interior or in active military service, are subject to the military discipline of the army."

The famous decree dated Berlin, 21st November, 1806, for putting Great Britain into a state of blockade, was also brought to us at this time. It was the continental system springing into life; the condemnation of England. Napoleon had discovered her vulnerable point, and his lance of fire had penetrated to her heart.

"The British Isles are declared in a state of blockade by France, all commerce and communication with them are prohibited. All subjects of Great Britain, found in any country whatsoever, under the authority of France, shall be made prisoners of war: all trade in

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articles of English merchandise is forbidden, and all English merchandise, of whatever species, is declared good prize."

Notwithstanding my admiration for the Emperor, this is a fact I cannot approve. Such terms are inexcusable. In the result of these dispositions the Hanseatic Towns, which contained depots of British merchandise tripled in value by the war, are designated as already in our power. Marshal Mortier took Hanover, and no sooner entered the town than he gave orders to the inhabitants to declare under the most rigorous penalties what merchandise they might have in their custody belonging to Englishmen, and even what balance sums. Bremen and Lubeck submitted to the same law.

Murat entered Warsaw. Brave, even to that chivalrous valour which is the distinctive character of the Poles, he pleased this bold and susceptible people, ever ready to follow with ardour a young prince who would throw himself upon the enemy's batteries with the same ease and unconcern that he would enter a ball-room. It was upon the entrance of our troops into Warsaw that Russia declared herself.

CHAPTER XX.

Letter from the Emperor—English manufactures prohibited—Prosperity of France—Pleasures of Paris—The Princess of Hatzfeld—Napoleon's magnanimity—Arrest of Dupuy—Junot's devotion to his friend—Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely—Napoleon's rudeness to her.

In speaking of time past, in returning to this period of extraordinary glory, I cannot restrain the sigh of grief; it is bitter to recall the past, however pleasing its images, when hope is no more. But I have undertaken the task and I am bound to accomplish it. My husband wrote the following letter to me from Paris when I was at Raincy.

"I have this morning received a letter from the Emperor's own hand dated Berlin. I wept in reading it, and I still weep in writing to you. The friendship of such a man is sufficient of itself to give a heart to a man devoid of feeling. I have often opened mine to you in expressing the pain I have experienced from a word, a reproach sometimes a little hard, sometimes unjust; but the letter I have just received is enough to efface for ever the remembrance of any pain he may have caused me. He speaks to me with the degree of con-

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fidence which I feel to be justly my due. To die for such a man is no more than my duty; it is the duty my sons will learn from me."

The letter which the Emperor wrote to Junot, with his own hand throughout, was dated Berlin, 23d November, 1806. It speaks to Junot of the importance which the Emperor attached to the entire establishment of the continental system, and at Paris especially.

"Let your wives," he writes, "drink Swiss tea, it is as good as that from the East, and chicoree coffee is as wholesome as the coffee of Arabia. Let them set this example in their drawing-rooms instead of amusing themselves, like Madame de Staël, with political disquisitions. Let them take care that I do not find them wearing dresses of English manufacture; tell this to Madame Junot; if the wives of my principal officers fail in setting an example, where am I to look for it? This is a question of life or death to France and England; and I expect assistance in carrying it through from those who are nearest to me. I rely, Junot, upon your zeal and attachment. The arch-chancellor will communicate my orders to you."

This letter, which is very long, is perhaps the only one the Emperor wrote in that style, which those who did not know him intimately would think eccentric enough, but which was perfectly in keeping with the character of a mind occupied at once with ideas of the most contrasted littleness and greatness. The cutting short the consumption of sugar and coffee, together with that of all colonial produce, must not however be reckoned amongst his petty ideas. They were brought to us from England; and the existence of England is altogether factitious; like her island, it is exposed to the winds and storms of an adverse ocean; her life, her blood is in India. The projected invasions of England were absurd, her heart is in India; nor is it very probable that Napoleon ever meditated a serious attack upon the British territory except in India. To cut off her exportations and importations then was the sure way to cause her death. Her commerce with South America and Southern Europe had been already reduced by our alliances, voluntary on the part of Spain, though almost forcible on that of Portugal; but the willingness or unwillingness of these kingdoms was little to the purpose; the object was the same and it was equally obtained. Meanwhile our manufactures of silk, cloth, linen, cambric, woad, madder, and red-beet for sugar, our industry in all its branches prospered notwithstanding the war. We had money and content. From 1805 to 1812 the lowest peasants of France and the first officer of the Emperor were equally at their ease.

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equally happy in their respective stations. Then came the moment when no doubt we should have stopped.

The state of happiness which France then enjoyed is not to be described. The departure of some thousand conscripts inflamed by the desire of conquest and of seeing their names in a bulletin of the great army can only be described as a grievance to the state by men of very perverse minds. I am not defending a later period, but at that of which we are now speaking, France was happy, calm, proud and full of hope.

While our eagles flapped their wings over foreign capitals, the pleasures of winter were resuming their sway in that of France. The Empress Josephine, after having accompanied the Emperor to Mayence, had returned to Paris and held her court at the Tuileries; the Grand Duchess of Berg opened her Palace, the Elysée; the arch-chancellor received company in state at his hotel, and all the ministers opened their houses. Junot as governor of Paris was also called upon to give fêtes and to receive the Empress.

The affair of the Princess of Hatzfeld just then attracted the attention of all Europe. The Empress had received from Duroc some curious particulars respecting it. She had also received a letter from the Emperor which she brought to show Junot. Since the Emperor's departure, Josephine's kindness for Junot had prodigiously increased, with what motive I shall soon explain. Duroc's letter had been written to the Empress by the Emperor's order, as the first lines announced; the Emperor had also written himself, but it was only a few words and they were very remarkable.

Duroc had played the second part in the drama of the Princess of Hatzfeld, and his conduct had been admirable. The Prince of Hatzfeld it was known had remained at Berlin after the departure of the King and Queen of Prussia, and it was quite natural that a man of his importance, if he chose to reside under such circumstances at Berlin, should be strictly watched. It was therefore rather simple of him to put into the post a letter for the King, in which he gave an account of all that was passing at Berlin, and also of the movements, number, and sentiments of the French troops. I do not wish to exculpate the Prince's accusers, but certainly he had committed himself very unwisely, and I would not aver that in our own France, in the year of grace 1814, we were not in the same measure subjected to the rigorous examination of General Sacken. The fact is that the Emperor, on reading this letter of the Prince of Hatzfeld, flew into one of those fits of rage which acquired for him the reputation of being the most passionate man under the sky. He instantly gave orders that a military

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commission should be assembled, that the Prince of Hatzfeld should be brought before it, and that it should make its report before it separated. On hearing this dreadful news, his poor wife, almost out of her wits, remembered suddenly that Marshal Duroc on his different journeys to Berlin had always been hospitably received and entertained by the Prince and herself. She quitted her house, in a state bordering on distraction, sought in vain for Duroc, but learnt that the Emperor was at Charlottenberg and Duroc not with him. She continued her pursuit, and at length found Duroc, who was affected by her distress. He was convinced that the Prince of Hatzfeld was lost if the Princess could not see the Emperor that very day. He soothed her as well as he was able, knowing the danger her husband stood in; but he also knew the Emperor, he knew that in similar circumstances his heart was capable of great and magnanimous sentiments, and he believed that in the present state of affairs an action of clemency would be of as much value as the addition of a hundred thousand men to his army. "You shall see the Emperor," said he to the Princess, "rely upon me."

The Emperor had been to a grand review of his guards; they were out of humour because they had had no share in the victory of Jena, and the Emperor, unwilling to give them the least pain, had been to visit them; this caused his absence from Berlin. On his return he was surprised to find Duroc waiting for him with an air of great impatience. Duroc had been much interested by the despair of the Princess of Hatzfeld; since his interview with her, he had seen two of her husband's judges, and had learnt that there was no hope for him. He requested an immediate audience of the Emperor, and followed him into his closet.

"You are come to tell me that the town of Berlin is in revolt, is it not so? I am not surprised, but they will have a terrible example to-morrow to cure them of the mania of revolting."

Duroc saw that the Prince of Hatzfeld was in the worst case possible. He was convinced that the only successful advocate in his behalf would be the Princess herself; he obtained permission to introduce her, and went to fetch her. The unfortunate wife, on being brought into the presence of the man who could kill or spare her husband, had only power to throw herself at Napoleon's feet. He raised her immediately, and spoke to her with the utmost kindness. Madame de Hatzfeld sobbed convulsively, and could only repeat as it were mechanically, "Ah, Sire, my husband is innocent!"

The Emperor made no answer, but went to his scrutoire, and taking from it the Prince's letter held it towards his wife in silence. She

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looked at the unfortunate paper, then burst into tears, and striking her forehead with her clasped hands, exclaimed in consternation, "Oh, yes, it is his writing!"

The Emperor was affected it appears by the frankness which in the hour of peril acknowledged the whole truth to him; thus leaving him all the merit of the affair. He would not refuse it, but advancing to the Princess put the fatal letter into her hand, saying with a graciousness which doubled the value of the favour, "Make what use you please of this paper, which is the only evidence against your husband: when it no longer exists, I shall have no power to condemn him;" and he pointed to the fire which was blazing in the chimney.

The letter was burnt, and its flame was a bonfire of rejoicing for the deliverance of the Prince. I know not whether he continued grateful, but I hope so for the sake of humanity.

I have since learnt from Duroc how much the Emperor was affected by the candour of the Princess of Hatzfeld. Her profound grief, entrusting entirely to his mercy, had penetrated to his heart. He had feelings of humanity and affection, whatever may be said to the contrary, and stronger perhaps than may be believed.

This affair of the burnt papers reminds me of another which took place in Egypt, and in which Junot was concerned. I have before spoken of the mutual attachment which subsisted between Junot and Dupuy, the Colonel of that famous thirty-second of which Bonaparte said, "I was very easy, for the thirty-second was there." On his arrival in Egypt, Dupuy received a commission the nature of which I cannot specify, but which obliged him to employ measures that had been forbidden by the commander-in-chief. His expedition not only failed, but was attended with fatal consequences. Informations were laid against him, minutes of examination were drawn up and submitted to the commander-in-chief, and a court martial was appointed. Dupuy was a man of romantic honour: on hearing the orders of the commander-in-chief, he said to Junot, "I love nobody here but you—I might lose you by a stroke of one of these mamelukes' sabres. My resolution is taken—I shall send two balls of lead through my brain. I prefer this much to a trial before a court martial."

Junot listened without answering; but he knit his brow and proceeded to ask an audience of the commander-in-chief. "General," said he, in a voice of great emotion, "you believe me on my word of honour, do you not?" General Bonaparte looked at him with amazement, but immediately replied, "I believe in your honour as in my own—but why do you ask me?"—"Why, I not only give you my word of honour, but I will answer with my head that Dupuy is inno

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cent."—"Affairs of this nature do not concern you," said Bonaparte angrily.—"Ah! this affair does not concern me," exclaimed Junot loudly, "when my brother in arms says to me, 'Brother, I shall kill myself, if they bring me before a court martial!'" The commander-in-chief fixed his eyes upon him on hearing these strange words. Junot repeated his request, but with no better success. He said nothing to Dupuy about his failure, and the next day returned to the commander-in-chief. But whether Bonaparte was thoroughly convinced of the culpability of Dupuy, or whether he was under the influence of one of those fits of ill-humour, which would not admit contradiction, did not appear, but he refused Junot's request for permission to bring poor Dupuy to him, that he might have an opportunity of explaining to himself the motives and cause of his conduct. "Let him explain himself to his judges," said Bonaparte, "the affair is not in my hands."

Junot was wounded to the heart by this persevering refusal. He shut himself up with Dupuy, again inquired into the particulars of the affair, and made himself master of them. When this was done, and he was thoroughly convinced of Dupuy's innocence, he again went to the commander-in-chief, and again introduced the obnoxious subject. Bonaparte bent his brow and murmured his displeasure. It was already the rising wrath of Jupiter. "I have forbidden your meddling in this affair of General Dupuy; it is altogether a bad business; but he will be tried to-morrow." "No, General, he will not be tried to-morrow." "Not be tried! why not? I ask," replied Bonaparte. "For the very simple reason, that the reporting captain will want documents to support his charge, and I defy him to produce a single one."

Bonaparte went to his scrutoire and sought for the papers connected with Dupuy's case; but they had disappeared. He turned towards Junot, his eyes sparkling with indignation. It required all the courage of attachment to face him in such a mood. Junot was calm, for it was now his own fate that was in question. "It is I, General," said he, "who have taken the papers relating to my friend's affair—I have burnt them. If you choose to take my head in exchange, here it is! I value it less than the honour of a friend, of an innocent friend." The commander-in-chief stood silently looking at Junot, who, without braving him, did not cast down his eyes. "You will remain for a week under arrest," said Bonaparte at length —"you must be treated like a sub-lieutenant."

Junot bowed and retired to his quarters. The next day Eugène came to him from the commander-in-chief on an affair of little con

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sequence connected with the service. He was surprised at finding him under arrest, and inquired the cause, which Junot treated as a matter of such very small consequence as to have escaped his memory. Eugène replied he should request his father-in-law to release him; because having a breakfast party the next day, Junot's absence would be very unpleasant to him: but Junot refused to ask pardon, as he called it. In the evening, however, Eugène came again to inform him that he was released, and Junot has ever since been persuaded that General Bonaparte sent his son-in-law to him, purposely to take advantage of his mediation.

Amongst the persons now figuring in the imperial court, was one who is deserving of notice here, and with whom I was very intimately acquainted, Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, of whose husband I have spoken in a former volume. Madame Regnault was well-born and beautiful; she was a perfect model of a fine Grecian head, with its exquisite outline and correct proportions. Her glossy black and naturally waving hair, never required the aid of the curling irons. Her teeth were white and regular. Her figure was symmetrical, and she never had recourse to the corset, even when she wore a court-dress; her hand and arm, foot and leg, were small and perfectly formed; in short, she was in all respects at the time I am speaking, a beautiful woman. She was also extremely well informed, had read much, and was very witty, but so modest, that you must have known her long to become acquainted with these qualities.

In the last moments of her unfortunate husband's life her conduct was above praise. Regnault's muscular strength was prodigious when in a state of health; but under the influence of that malady of the brain which brought him to the grave it was terrible, and made it very dangerous to approach him. His wife without any fear, or rather without showing any, watched him as the most attentive nurse. In this miserable state she wandered with him through Brussels, Mons, Antwerp, wherever the unfortunate exile could obtain the slight favour of some hours' rest for her dying husband. A mutual friend, alas! also proscribed, met her in this painful pilgrimage, and has related to me traits of Madame Regnault which must have obtained for her the friendship of any one who had not felt it for her already.

The Emperor, who, notwithstanding his immense genius, had always a weak side which chained him to humanity, was liable to imbibe prejudices against particular women: Madame Regnault was one of those who had the misfortune, and it really was one, not to please him. Every one knows the manner in which his court circle

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was formed; the triple row of ladies, behind whom were ranged also a triple row of gentlemen, all listening with as much curiosity as the females to hear the speeches, polite or impolite, which the Emperor should address to them. It is easy now to speak as we please upon this subject, and to affect courage when the battle is over; but I will affirm that when on a court-day the Emperor appeared at the door which is in the angle of the throne room, with a cloudy brow, every one was afraid; first the ladies, then the gentlemen; and last but not least, that group assembled in the deep window to the left; that group, generally complete with the single exception of England, covered with jewels and chivalrous orders, and trembling before the little man who entered with a quick step, dressed simply in the uniform of a colonel of chasseurs. I have known women, and I have a right to place myself among the number, who preserved in his presence a dignity of manner, which pleased him better than silly fear or base flattery. When he made an unpleasant speech to a lady, and it was received with respect and spirit, he never returned to the charge. For myself, when I have offended him, he has often passed me at two or three successive court circles without speaking, but he never said a word which could wound my feelings. I have heard him do so by others, and once in particular to Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely.

It was at a ball given by the Grand-Duchess of Berg at Neuilly. The Emperor was out of humour, and was going the tour of the circle somewhat rudely: I believe he did not even trouble himself to know to what lady he was speaking, till he stopped opposite Madame Regnault, examining her dress, which was charming. A petticoat of white crape trimmed with alternate tufts of pink and white roses: and not a head-dress worn that night, had so beautiful an effect as the lovely roses which Madame Regnault had embedded in the soft velvet of her glossy black hair. If to this elegant attire, the recollection of her regularly fine features and exquisite figure is added, and to that the age of twenty-eight years, it must be conceded that no idea but of beauty and interest would be likely to arise from the contemplation of her person. But all this graceful simplicity seemed to increase Napoleon's ill-humour, and a bitter smile played on his lips, as he said to her in his clear and sonorous, though solemn bass voice: "Do you know, Madame Regnault, that you are looking much older?" The first effect of this speech was painful to Madame Regnault's feelings. To be thus pointed out to the attention of a thousand persons, of whom at least a hundred females were delighted to catch the mortifying words, was a heavy tax upon a lady's phi-

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losophy; but a moment's reflection enabled her to give proof of her good sense and spirit; looking upon the Emperor with an amiable smile, she replied in a voice firm enough to be heard by all persons around: "What your Majesty has done me the honour to observe, might have been painful to hear, had I reached an age when youth is regretted."

The respect and fear which the Emperor inspired, could not restrain the low murmur of approbation which ran round the circle. Napoleon possessed tact to an extent which can hardly be conceived by those who did not know him personally. He looked at Madame Regnault and said nothing; but soon afterwards, passing us again, I was standing close beside her, he addressed himself to me with a sort of malicious smile, but with an inflection of voice almost gracious, and said, "Well, Madame Junot, do you not dance? Are you *too old* to dance?" Notwithstanding this prejudice of the Emperor against her, Madame Regnault was always faithful in her attachment to him, which became worship when misfortune reached him.

CHAPTER XXI.

Fêtes given by the ministers in the winter of 1807—The Grand Duchess of Berg—Danger of loving Princesses—Death of Junot's mother—Letter to Junot from the Emperor—The army in cantonments—Murat and his plumes—Intrigues respecting the succession to the Imperial throne—Josephine and the Grand Duchess—The battle of Eylau—Lannes *versus* Murat—Bitter altercation—An unwilling conspirator—Murat and the empire—M. de Flahault.

The winter of 1807 was very brilliant. All the ministers gave fêtes. The Grand Duchess was the queen of them all, because the absence of the Queen Hortense, and the age of the Empress, who no longer danced, left the field open to her. She did not appear in the character of a complaining Princess, but as a Sovereign sure of pleasing. She was at this time very fresh, and indeed very pretty. She dressed very elegantly, opened all the balls with the governor of Paris, played whist with the governor of Paris, rode on horseback with the governor of Paris, received the governor of Paris alone in preference to all other persons, till the poor governor of Paris, who certainly was not an angel, and whose head and even heart, though always attached to me and his children, was not insensible to the impressions

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of the moment, could no more resist these seductions perpetually attacking him, than the Christian knights could resist the temptations of the palace of Armida. He fell in love—passionately in love—with the Grand Duchess of Berg, not that she returned his love, she has assured me that she did not, and I am bound to believe her. The results, however, of this mischievous affair, were the misfortunes and death of Junot. How dangerous it is to love Princesses! witness M. de Canouville, to whom it cost his head; M. de F . . . who was exiled; M. the Duke d'Abrantes, exiled also; for the vice-royalty of Portugal, as it was called, was but a gilded exile. It is true the predicament was sufficiently embarrassing, for M. de Septeuil lost one of his legs, because he could not love the Princess Borghèse Truly the love of such great ladies is not all ease and delight.

A great misfortune now fell upon our family, in the loss of my mother-in-law. To understand all Junot's distress upon this occasion, it would be necessary to know how much he loved her. To save him many painful hours I had concealed her danger from him, and the stroke consequently came upon him with the shock of an unexpected calamity. Junot loved his mother with so much tenderness, that nothing could relieve the weight of grief with which her death oppressed him. During the days which followed he was ill; but determined to attend the funeral. My mother-in-law was buried at Livry, a small village of which M. Arthur Dillon was mayor, and the curate was a particular friend of ours. I knew Junot's excessive sensibility, and I dreaded some accident. In fact, at the moment when the holy water was thrown upon the corpse, he fell down in a swoon from which he was very slowly restored. For a long time he refused to receive company, and it was only the necessity of fulfilling his duties that induced him to go out. He never afterwards spoke of his mother without tears in his eyes.

The Emperor wrote to him upon the occasion a very friendly letter, full of such words as are sure to go direct to the aching heart, when they are said by such a man as Napoleon; and then this letter was written wholly by his own hand, although seventeen lines long. It is remarkable that in this letter the Emperor *tutoyait* Junot, and spoke to him as in the days of Toulon or Italy. It concluded with a curious sentence. My father-in-law was keeper of the forests and waters in the department of the Côte-d'Or. The grief he felt at the separation from the companion of his life unfitted him for business; he felt a distaste for every thing and would not retain his employment; he wrote to his son to this effect, and at the same time requested him to solicit from the Emperor the permission to resign

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it in favour of his son-in-law M. Maldan. Junot in writing to the Emperor submitted to him his father's petition, saying that he was so overwhelmed with grief by the death of his wife as to be unable to fulfil the duties of his situation. The Emperor's answer as I have said was in a strain of friendship and of the truest kindness; but on the subject of M. Junot's petition he wrote:—"I do not see why your father should wish to resign his employment; when I have seen him I have always supposed him a man of energy and strength of mind. What is there in common between his office and his wife? If he is at a loss for a wife to receive company according to its duties, let him marry again." I own that this peremptorily leads to the conclusion that Napoleon was not sentimental; and it was natural. The objects that engrossed his thoughts were too vast to leave room in them for the multiplicity of ideas of ordinary life. He refused the transfer of the place at that time, but granted it some months afterwards. The Emperor's letter was dated from Warsaw.

It often happens that we commit blunders ourselves which we should think it impossible for another person to fall into. On the evening after Junot had received this letter, he went to the Tuileries to pay his court to the Empress. She had already learnt from the arch-chancellor, who told her all the news that would bear telling, that Junot had received a letter from the Emperor. Junot thinking to interest the Empress in his father's wishes, spoke of his grief and his desire to retire; he then repeated the Emperor's answer, and gave it word for word, not in jest, for he was much hurt by it, but in perfect innocence of saying anything that could at all affect the Empress. Nor was it till she made him repeat the whole sentence, that he began to discover that this indifference to women and wives was likely to prove painful to the Empress, and that in fact she was deeply wounded by it. She was not, however, the less kind and gracious to him, but spoke with great interest of the situation of his father.

The severity of the season had determined the Emperor to allow his troops some rest. After the battles of Pultusk and Golymin, he closed the active campaign, and, as Berthier said, put his army into cantonments. This army, increased by the contingents of Holland and the Rhine, was now immense, our confidence in it was unbounded, and the women of France proved it by a tranquil security which certainly did not arise from indifference to the fate of their sons, their brothers, and their friends, but from their trust in the man who led them to the enemy. With him it was impossible not to conquer.

The repose of the army was not long. The Emperor left Warsaw on the 1st of February. I have now a letter before me, which states

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that the snow lay two feet deep upon the ground, and that the thermometer had fallen six or seven degrees below zero. The passage of the Vistula had become, in consequence, more difficult, the ice having broken up the bridges. Murat, with his ever-brilliant valour, led the van, and pushed his outposts very near to the Russian army. At Hoff he came up with them, and his cavalry made the finest charge that had ever been made by an army in actual battle. This boiling courage united to coolness of forethought in action, and a real military talent, might well procure pardon for the absurdity of his toilet. All the world knows his little riding-cloak, *à la polonaise*, his *schapskis*, his *schakos*, his *colbaks*, and whole collection of the most ridiculous military head-dresses that it was possible to find or invent. But what is less known is the value of the plumage that ornamented all these fine caps. The Princess Caroline told me herself, that perfectly astonished at the multitude of feathers sent for by the Grand Duke, she had made inquiries as to their price, and had learnt that plumes to the amount of 27,000 francs had been delivered in the space of four months. Henry IV.'s white plume is a proof that the French may be led to victory at less expense than this.

A mysterious circumstance occurred at this period, but was unknown to the Emperor (if, indeed, he was ever fully informed of it, which I doubt), till after his return from Tilsit.

Although a faint rumour began to be heard about this time of the Emperor's chagrin at not having children—a chagrin which he certainly felt, and which was sometimes manifest to his private friends, the power of the Empress over him was solidly established; it was not only the power of habit, but of an essentially gentle and pleasing influence, which, to a man like the Emperor, always agitated by the immensity of his thoughts, was an Eden to which he retired for repose. Nothing, then, at this time, appeared to trouble the conjugal peace of the Empress Josephine; but there were other causes of anxiety which would intrude, when the Emperor was exposed to the dangers of war. Prince Eugène, her son, was beloved by all who surrounded Napoleon, and very justly; for he was brave, affable, a friend to the soldier, and possessed of all the qualities which could be desired in a son of the Emperor. The Empress knew this, and was often on the point of sounding the Emperor on the grand subject of adoption.

But it was necessary that one person should be seduced, and this was Junot. The Empress, without further delay, determined to enter directly upon the business, when the Emperor opened the new campaign; accordingly, two days before the battle of Eylau, Junot was

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invited to breakfast with the Empress, and the strangest conversation imaginable passed between them. They were not on bad terms, but a marked coldness and distance had always existed between them. Junot was respectful, as it was his duty to be, towards the Empress, but I believe she would always have done him mischief with the Emperor. The Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne have explained to me the cause of her malice against Junot. I know that the coldness of Josephine was painful to Junot. It was therefore with surprise and pleasure that he received her overtures of unbounded confidence; a change which he owed to his command over so great a number of troops, that had any unfortunate news arrived, he was in a situation which would enable him to decide any irresolution on the part of the people, and to impose whom he pleased upon them, with more facility than could the Prætorian guards or the Janissaries.

The Empress began by assuring Junot that she had been greatly instrumental in his appointment to the government of Paris. It has been asserted to me, that she had strongly requested this favour for a man who had not a single requisite for a general or even a soldier. Junot also knew how much of this to believe, but he said nothing. He could sometimes be prudent. This profession of the Empress set him at ease, however; an agreeable intimacy was thrown over their present relations, and he was all gratitude. The Empress entered upon the delicate subject she had so much at heart, and, to do her justice, she managed it very cleverly. She represented that the Emperor was as liable as the meanest soldier of his army to the stroke of a cannon-ball or other mortal wound. What, then, would become of France? Was it to fall back into the anarchy of the Directory? This was no longer admissible.

"But, Madame," said Junot, "it seems to me the case foreseen by your Majesty, has been foreseen also by the Emperor and the Senate. King Joseph would supply the Emperor's place, King Louis would succeed, and in his default the two sons of King Louis, and even in the last resort, Prince Jerome." "Ah!" said Josephine, "do not hold the French nation so unjustly cheap as to suppose they would accept such a prince as Jerome Bonaparte for their sovereign." "But, Madame, without defending Prince Jerome, who is little more than a child, I would remind your Majesty of your grandson, who, in the order of succession, would occupy the throne of France." "And do you believe that France, still bleeding from her intestine wounds, would run the risk of incurring new ones under a regency? I believe, on the contrary, that my grandsons would meet with great opposition, but that my son Eugène would find none." Speaking afterwards of

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this demi-political and intriguing adventure, Junot told me that at the name of Prince Eugène, who was really much beloved in the army and who was entitled to call himself Eugène Napoleon, he hesitated a moment before he answered. At length, considering that this was but an ordinary conversation, he replied with becoming reserve in such a manner as not to compromise himself, even by an indiscreet word. The conversation was long; it was three o'clock before it closed, and it had commenced at one.

But there was in Paris an ambition much more active, because the Imperial crown, with which it sought to encircle the brow of a husband, would also adorn that of the wife. Murat had a great name in the army. Undoubtedly Lannes, Macdonald, Oudinot, and numerous other generals, deserved as well of the country; but Murat, as the Emperor's brother-in-law, came before the army and the people under peculiar advantages. His wife, the most dexterous person in the creation, was sensible of the value of their position, and did not hesitate an instant to take its inconveniences for the sake of the prospects it offered. But as she could not go direct to the governor of Paris and say, "If the Emperor should fall in battle, would you make my husband king?" she said such things as were intended to provide that when the decisive moment should arrive, he could refuse her nothing. It was one of the most detestable combinations I have ever known.

About the middle of January the minister of marine gave a ball. An immense crowd was assembled at it. I have been told that fourteen hundred persons were invited. This ball was distinguished by having taken place on the very day of the battle of Eylau. Alas, how many young women who quitted it fatigued and satiated with pleasure, learnt eight days afterwards that it had been to them a day of mourning and woe. The Russians were in great force in this battle, which was one of the most murderous that ever took place. I have heard accounts of it that make one shudder. The victory was long in dispute, and a glorious charge of the cavalry of the guard finally decided it.

It is difficult to judge of the events of this memorable battle as they actually occurred; but the application of a real intention to discover the truth, to the contradictory evidence which is offered, will throw good light upon facts. We have to find our way between rocks, and I confess the most painful result of the investigation is the conviction that the Emperor's statement is false. The bulletin relates the affair so greatly to our advantage, that it makes us to have lost only nineteen hundred killed and five thousand wounded. The Prussians, according to Ruschel, raise our loss to thirty thousand

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killed and twelve thousand wounded, and state their own at seven thousand nine hundred killed and twelve thousand wounded. Here, then, according to this account, has a single day witnessed the last agonies of thirty-eight thousand human beings, violently forced before the tribunal of their Creator! and the groans of twenty-four thousand more struggling upon the same field of blood.

But a war arose between Murat on one part, and Lannes and Augereau, each claiming the merit of this victory. The Emperor's bulletin represents Murat's courage as having been the cause of fortune's decision in favour of the French arms; while the reports of a thousand officers, who had no friendship to flatter, and no revenge to gratify, assert that the Grand Duke of Berg was not engaged with his cavalry till the concluding act of this bloody tragedy. Augereau was coarse, absolutely vulgar; I am distressed to be obliged to connect this word with the name of a marshal of the empire, nevertheless it is a melancholy fact. But Marshal Lannes was so different a character, that to see these two names conjoined is a still greater source of regret. Lannes asserted and maintained that Murat was engaged only at the close of the action. The crown of laurel that encircled Lannes's head might easily spare a few of its leaves without missing them; but he declared that he would not permit a single one to be torn from it. Some time afterwards, during the repose of the troops, a scene occurred between Lannes and the Emperor, so extremely disagreeable to Napoleon, that the brave and loyal soldier at length discovered that he had gone too far. The words were strong, as was the emotion which dictated them.

"That brother-in-law of yours is a pretending knave, with his pantomime dress and his plumes like a dancing dog. You are making game of me I think. He is brave, you say—and what Frenchman is not brave? In France we point our finger at any one who is not. Augereau and I have done our duty, and we refuse the honour of this day to your brother-in-law—to his Imperial and Royal Highness the Prince Murat. Oh! how this makes one shrug one's shoulders! he too must catch this mania for royalty, forsooth!—Is it to stitch his mantle to yours, that you steal our glory from Augereau and me? You have but to speak, and we are to submit; but we have enough, and to spare—I can afford to be generous."

This conversation was reported to me by an ear-witness, who was then and always about the Emperor. The scene was so much the more violent as the Emperor replied in the dry tone of command, and with all the displeasure of an offended Sovereign; while Lannes, alive only to his anger, and the injustice that had been done him,

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perpetually repeated with a disdainful smile, which was itself sufficient to complete the exasperation of the Emperor, "So you would give him our glory—well, take it; we shall still have enough."—"Yes," exclaimed Napoleon, unable any longer to contain himself; "yes, I shall distribute the glory as it suits me; for understand, it is I, and I only, who give you your glory and your success."

Lannes became pale, almost faint with anger, and, leaning upon the shoulder of Duroc, who had just come in alarmed by the increasing noise of this quarrel, said in a voice trembling with emotion, "And so because you have marched through blood over this field of execution, you think yourself a great man for your battle of Eylau! —and your plumed cock of a brother-in-law, comes to crow over us. This cannot be; I will have my share. Then this boasted victory—hum—what is it?—Is it those twelve thousand dead bodies still shrouded in the snow, and fallen there for you, to preserve to you that field of battle the ensanguined object of your wishes, now a field of infernal horrors, because the French uniform is the insignia of its mutilated corpses—and you deny me, me Lannes, the justice which is due to me!!"

This dialogue was overheard by several persons, but not so distinctly as I have transcribed it. It was after the return of the army, that a mutual friend of Lannes and ourselves, related to me the whole scene. The Emperor was calm in appearance while it lasted, but it produced a terrible effect upon him, notwithstanding his attachment to Lannes.

We frequently visited the Empress in the course of this winter, in which the Emperor was braving the frosts of Poland. She suffered much uneasiness, and was very desirous that Junot should more openly pronounce in favour of Prince Eugène. She told him so one day, in so undisguised a manner, that on his return from the Tuileries Junot could not forbear communicating his feelings to me. "They will certainly give me," said he, "against my will, the appearance of being a conspirator. What can I do under such circumstances? I see no possibility of coming to any resolution, except in the case of a catastrophe I cannot so much as think of. And even in the event of such a calamity befalling France, we have the King of Naples; then Prince Louis and his children. I shall never depart from the line of succession traced out by the Emperor himself." "And Murat?" said I, looking attentively at him; for my own observations had already unfolded to me the projects of the Grand Duchess of Berg. But Junot was not then so far involved in them as he afterwards became. "Murat!" said he, "Murat, Em-

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peror of the French! what can you be thinking of? Why not as well give the crown to Massena, Lannes, or Oudinot? If bravery is what we want, the generals of the army are all as brave as the blades of their swords; and Murat, though as valiant as those I have mentioned and many others, is in no respect superior to them. On the contrary, his pride and boasting make him disliked in the army. His last folly of the uniform for his staff has given the finishing stroke to his popularity." Junot was right; Murat was much less popular in the ranks than Prince Eugène, whose simplicity of manners and goodness of disposition were appreciated by all, from the marshal to the private soldier. In the affair of the uniform, Murat had exhibited great want of judgment. He wished to compel his aides-de-camp to wear an uniform, which was in fact his livery: amaranth, white and gold. At a subsequent period, at Naples, he had the advantage, for he was King; but in Poland several officers of his staff, at the head of whom was M. de Flahault, revolted against a measure extremely disagreeable and repulsive to them. M. de Flahault, a handsome youth, notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary of the Emperor, could not endure him; M. de Flahault, who sang like a troubadour of good King Réné's time, was willing enough to be a troubadour altogether, and wear the colours of the Grand Duchess of Berg: but he would not wear these same colours in the fashion his general would impose them; and the affair gave rise to a sort of insurrectionary movement in the Grand Ducal staff, the result of which was that M. de Flahault ceased to wear the colours, either of the Grand Duke or Grand Duchess of Berg, and was transferred to the handsome staff of the Prince of Neufchatel.

CHAPTER XXII.

Success in Russia—The great Sanhedrim—The Empress and patience—Napoleon's illegible letter—Extraordinary visit of the Princess Borghèse—Her chamberlain—Household of the Princess—Madame de Champagny—Madame de Barra—Marchioness de Brehan—Mademoiselle Millot—Representation of "The Barber of Seville"—M. de Longchamps—Mademoiselle Mars—Royal actresses—Court scandal—Inconstancy of fortune.

During the discussion of these weighty matters, affairs of quite a different nature arose; Suchet and Oudinot gave battle to General Essen at Ostrolenka. An officer wounded in this engagement writes,

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that the day was one of the most sanguinary of the whole campaign. Its success is attributed solely to the skilful manœuvres of Suchet, and the intrepidity of Oudinot. I was shown the position of the two armies on the table of Junot's cabinet, by the little black and red marks, placed to represent the Russians and French, for as to the Prussians they had been scattered before the winds, and were no longer in question.

The present was a remarkable crisis in the political history of the Jews. The great sanhedrim, which had assembled in February, terminated its sittings on the 8th or 9th of March; and the result of its conferences was sufficiently important to occupy some portion of our attention. This ancient nation, whose strange destiny it has been to wander for fifteen centuries under the weight of the divine anathema, was now offered an habitation, and in acknowledgment of the asylum and protection afforded them, voluntarily submitted to the laws of the land which received them. Polygamy was abolished, with a clause the wisdom of which I could not but admire. The sanhedrim declared that the obligations of their law were twofold, religious and political; and while the former were absolute, the latter, intended for the internal regulation of the Hebrew nation in Palestine, could no longer be applicable to a people destitute alike of country and of civil policy.

The Empress, it is well known, was fond of the game of patience. Every evening the packs of cards were placed upon the table, and patience proceeded, while that of the spectators was sorely tried. As her love for the Emperor was sincere, and her solicitude, I am persuaded, was as great for the individual as for the sovereign whose crown she shared, she had recourse to every means of tranquillizing her anxiety; and as cards proved amongst the readiest, they were continually resorted to. One evening when I was with her, having exhausted her favourite game in every variety of form, the Empress wondered whether a courier would arrive that night: it was nine o'clock. "I cannot make up my mind," said she, "to retire to rest till I am satisfied whether there will be any tidings for me to-night."

She recommenced the great patience, and before it was half accomplished was certain she would succeed, which accordingly she did; and scarcely was the last card placed on the last pack, when the Arch-chancellor entered, with his usual solemn pace, and delivered to her Majesty a letter from the Emperor; a letter the more agreeable to her as it announced that the army would repose, during the month of March, in cantonments between the Vistula and the Pas

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sargue. This last particular is impressed on my mind by the circumstance of an entire line of the Emperor's letter containing the names of the two rivers being utterly unintelligible to the Empress. It was handed to us to decipher if we could, but with equal ill success; for my own part I could as easily have read the inscription on Cleopatra's needle. At length Junot arrived, and as he was even more accustomed to Napoleon's handwriting than the Empress herself, the incomprehensible line was made over to him, and he read it.

"Really," said the Empress, "it is very fortunate for me that you took it into your head to fetch Madame Junot, otherwise we should have seen nothing of you, and I should have remained in ignorance that the army was stationed between the Vistula and the Passargue."

This was mildly spoken, but Josephine was visibly hurt that Junot paid her no other attention than was due to the Empress. She laughingly whispered a few words in his ear; upon which Junot coloured and looked round to see whether I was listening or observing, and replied in a tone which made it apparent that he was piqued in his turn.

I was poorly at this time, without positively knowing the cause of my malady; I guessed it with indescribable joy, for it seemed to give hopes of a boy after my five girls. In consequence, however, of this slight indisposition, I kept my bed somewhat later of a morning, and had not risen from it on the day following the incident of the letter when I heard several voices in my saloon, and suddenly my bedroom-door was thrown wide open and the Princess Borghèse was announced. "Well! my little Laurette, so you are ill? I can easily believe it. You are vexed: hey? Come tell me all about it." And jumping on my bed she established herself on my feet quite to her satisfaction, and regardless of any inconvenience she might cause me. I rang for some pillows, that I might sit up and offer my duty as a lady of the court, instead of thus remaining in my nightcap in presence of so august a personage; but she would not suffer it, and we had the strangest conversation possible. "So, so, Laurette, tell me why you have not given me a fête at your country-house of Raincy?"—"Because, as your Imperial Highness can scarcely bear the motion of a carriage, I did not imagine you could hunt, which is the only fête we can offer you at Raincy."—"And why should not I hunt as well as Caroline? Your fêtes are all for her."—"But, Madame, you do not ride on horseback."—What does that signify? I could follow in my palanquin. Have

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you seen my palanquin?"—"No, Madame, ... but that is no consequence, you cannot hunt in a palanquin." And the idea struck my fancy as so perfectly ludicrous that I could not avoid laughing.

"Very well; they all laugh when I tell them I can follow the chase with my bearers. M. de Montbreton tells me I have not common sense. But we shall see; I want to consult Junot about it, where is he?" I rang and inquired for Junot: he was gone out. "Ah! ah! gone out already! Really he is very early in his visits. Perhaps it is for the Empress's fête; he is director in chief of every thing that is done at the Elysée. You ought not to allow it," added she, with an air of seriousness quite amusing. "I have no control in such matters," I answered with a heart a little swelled, for I understood her allusion. "But what fête do you mean, Madame?"—"Why the 19th of March, to be sure, St. Joseph's day. We are to fête the Empress, our sister. We are to perform a comedy at Malmaison; you are one of the principal actresses. What, do you know nothing about it, my little Laurette?"

A message was that moment brought me from the Grand Duchess of Berg, desiring to see me; to which I answered that I would hasten to attend her commands: but it was not easy to get rid of such a personage as the Princess Borghèse. I was obliged to listen to the full detail of her projected costume and singing; then to complaints against such of her ladies as had been wanting in respect. Then she talked of the Emperor's victories, of my night-gown, and then again of her dress for Rosina; it was the most discursive *tête-à-tête* imaginable. She was determined to perform Rosina on the occasion; a complimentary song was to be added to the music lesson, and that affair would be settled. Then followed lamentations sufficiently comic, addressed as they were to me, on Junot's *having forgotten* how beautiful she was.... Oh, the strange being! Suddenly she exclaimed in an ecstasy, "My little Laurette, do you know my new chamberlain?"—"No, Madame; who is he?"—"M. de Forbin." My brother was well acquainted with him, but I had seldom seen him; though I knew that he was both sensible and agreeable, and that his elegance of manners and distinguished merit naturally fitted him for the situation to which he was appointed. "What, my little Laurette, do you not know my new chamberlain!" She leant over me and pulled at once all the three bell-ropes at the head of my bed. My valet-de-chambre and women came running in all together. "Send in the gentleman who is in the saloon," said she to the valet-de-chambre; and in walked M. de Forbin.

I do not know whether I am infected with the prejudices of

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persons who are growing old, but I must say that in my opinion the present day does not produce men so attractive for talents, manners, and personal appearance, as numbers who figured at the period of which I am writing, and amongst whom M. de Forbin was eminently distinguished. He was well formed and handsome; his language was remarkable for grace and elegance, and his abilities in painting, poetry, and literature, made him the most delightful drawing-room companion in the world. Such was the M. de Forbin, whom the Princess Borghèse brought into my chamber while I lay in bed, to show me *her chamberlain;* for her state household was as yet a splendid novelty, the establishment being composed of persons no better suited to each other than that of Madame Mère.

Madame de Champagny (Duchess de Cadore), wife of the minister for foreign affairs, was lady of honour. I have met with few women so indifferent to their person as was Madame de Champagny. She was the most worthy but wearisome, the most tender yet least feminine, woman I have ever known. Her tenderness indeed was all reserved for her husband, who might fairly be cited as a model of excellence in every respect, but seemed to have been gifted by a wicked fairy, who neutralized all his good qualities by a most disagreeable exterior united with towering pretensions. He spared no pains to please, flatter, and oblige, in pursuit of susceptible women who might make him happy; but he unfortunately carried in his own person an antidote to all his efforts.

Madame de Barral, now Madame de Septeuil, was a tall, handsome, and graceful woman, with too small a head for her formidable stature, but she was sprightly and altogether agreeable. The newly-married Marchioness de Brehan, daughter of M. de Cressy, was handsome, well made, with an air of fashion, and a most fascinating address; pretty light hair, feet eminently French, that is to say peculiarly small; a skin of satin, and beautiful teeth; and combined with all this a keen and lively wit, which never gave offence. Mademoiselle Millot, since become Countess of Salucca, was indisputably the most remarkable personage of the Princess's household. The grand-daughter, or at least the pupil of Pougens, her education was perfect, if I may use the expression, especially for the age, and sown in a soil which nature had provided with every requisite for fertility. Her acquirements were masculine, but her talents feminine, and of the most pleasing kind. She could talk of trifles, of dress and public sights; and then would join a conversation on the highest subjects, which she knew how to direct with peculiar address. She was not pretty; her eyes were small and Chinese; the turn of her ideas was however, unfortunately,

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far too original for a woman, whose thoughts should all be subjected to inviolable rules of propriety, and to this she owed misfortunes much to be pitied, and a premature death. She was the author of an historical romance, entitled Forcarini, or the Practitioner of Venice comprising all the imagination which the age demands, together with all the valuable instruction that knowledge such as hers could furnish.

The household of the Princess Borghèse was doubled, when subsequently Prince Camille was appointed Governor-General of Piedmont. Mesdames De la Turbie, De Cavour, and De Mathis, were the Italian ladies then added to it. Of the latter the Emperor Napoleon was so enamoured as to write her several letters a day; and this (notwithstanding the contempt with which he affected to speak of the inhabitants of the south) nearly about the same time that he gave proofs of attachment to Madame Grassini and Madame Gazani.

The whole establishment had been summoned to deliberate upon the piece that should be selected for the Empress's fête. Let it be understood, that the two sisters-in-law thought no more of the Empress than if her name had been St. Lucia. They were determined on a fête, and a fête in which they should play the principal parts and attract universal applause. Could the party have been transported to Madame de Genlis's Palace of Truth, this would have appeared as the really actuating impulse. The Princess Pauline therefore insisted on the representation of the Barber of Seville, "Because," said she, "I shall play Rosina to admiration." "But, Madame, it is an opera." "I do not mean the opera, but the French piece translated; I have it, and very well translated." "But, Madame, it is very long, and, besides, it is for the Empress's fête. Nothing could be so suitable to the occasion as" .... "Really," said she, quite irritated, "she must be very hard to please; what can she wish for but that we should be amused. Well, it will well suit me to perform the comedy, and take the part of Rosina. How pretty I should look in the black and pink hat, and the little pink satin dress, with an apron of black blond!"

The Princess Caroline, who had far more sense than her sister (although I cannot subscribe to the extraordinary pleasantry of M. de Talleyrand in saying she had the head of Cromwell placed on the shoulders of a pretty woman), had set her mind on a part contrived expressly and exclusively to show her off. The two sisters could not, therefore, be brought to agree, and the great sanhedrim which had just closed its sittings could not betray more irresolution than the present council. A lucky motion was at length made to consult Junot, whose opinion was fortified by former credit with one sister and present credit with the other. I will not say whether this was

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wholly attributable to the strength which friendship acquires from the recollections of infancy; but, however derived, he had sufficient influence with both to induce them to abandon the project of performing a great drama, and to play two small pieces composed expressly in honour of the day, telling each that her part might be made as prominent as suited her own inclination. M. de Chazet was to compose one of these pieces; the witty, agreeable M. de Longchamps, at the command of the Princess Caroline, the other; and he never failed to charm, whether giving parties of pleasure, sketching after the most caustic manner of Teniers the pilgrimage of an old maid, warbling the despairing strains of a patriot on the eve of exile, or simply in the chimney-corner relating some old legend with that grave spirit and interest which is the exclusive gift of nature, and cannot be acquired by study. He produced the affecting ballad of *We must depart! Adieu, my Laura* (so beautifully set to music by Boieldieu), at the moment he was himself embarking for his exile in America; and was also the author of *My Aunt Aurora*. Spontini, known to the musical world by *La Vestale*, was to contribute the music.

No sooner were the pieces prepared than the parts were distributed; and now the eagerness to be *Prima Donna* appeared in its full force. The male characters were fairly assigned; but as to the female, it mattered not whether they were or were not suited to the talents of their several representatives, provided those of the two Princesses were carefully worked up and comprised all the interest of the pieces. Our only resource was in playing something less badly than our imperial coadjutors, and in that respect we had full latitude. The actresses, besides the two Princesses, were la Maréchale Ney, Madame de la Valette, and myself. The gentlemen, Messieurs de Brigode, d'Angosse, de Montbreton, and Junot; besides another who acted a subordinate character, and whose name I have forgotten. La Maréchale Ney acted an old grandmother with the talent she uniformly displayed, for I never knew her to do anything otherwise than well, but her part was not very formidable.

The pleasure of this comedy was certainly not so great to its ultimate audience as to ourselves during our three weeks' rehearsals; not that the matter was uniformly laughable to us all; to me, for example, when, on entering one of the palaces at which we were to rehearse, an equipage struck my vision with amaranth liveries, turned up with yellow, and laced with silver—that is to say, my own; but where was the person the landau had conveyed? Not in the gallery! I found, in short, that a council was holding; but not in the fashion of the *Comédie Française*, to which the dramatic corps

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were admitted, and each allowed to give an opinion. In our company we had not even the liberty of remonstrance.

The Princess Pauline, as an actress, acquitted herself tolerably well, but her singing was so outrageously out of tune that it was scarcely endurable. It was, besides, sufficiently ridiculous to see her carried into the middle of the theatre (for the state of her health prevented her walking), and there, in her arm-chair, rehearsing the part of a young affianced bride. Who was her lover? I do not remember, unless it was M. de Brigode, who in the second piece performed Lolo Dubourg admirably. Madame Ney and Madame de La Valette also performed in the first piece, the former extremely well. As for Madame de La Valette, M. de Chazet, who was her instructor, exclaimed, rather angrily, "Cannot you, dear madam, express a little more emotion? rather more tenderness, I conjure you! Really one would suppose you were asleep."

His reproach was just. It would be impossible to speak or move with more monotony or cold indifference; she was perfectly provoking; an animated statue, but not animated like Galatea with the sacred fire of the heart. And yet this woman, who appeared so cold, has proved that her soul is warmed by the noblest passions.

In the second piece Junot was a lover, a character not at all adapted to his comic talent. It was love in its utmost passion, in all the vigour of first impressions. I think M. de Longchamps must have been bent on placing his Charles in *recollected situations*, and putting into his mouth words he must pronounce with pleasure; I cannot otherwise account for the parts of Junot and the future Queen of Naples in this piece.

Its plot is simple. The scene is laid at the house of the Mayor of Ruelle; Caroline and Charles, mutually in love, and born the same day, are engaged in marriage. An insufferable coxcomb is desirous of crossing their hopes, but the good genius of the weeping lovers has recourse to Malmaison. The wedding is to be celebrated, and the Empress designs to honour it with her presence. Meanwhile Charles and Caroline sing together, to the air of *O ma tendre musette.*

Junot was much affected: those who knew his heart could have no difficulty in divining the nature of his emotions. Not so the lady. She tried to appear affected, but could not succeed. Her feigned agitation was revealed only by the increased *alto* of the tones that came fretfully from her lips, which, however pretty, were never intended for the passage of harmonious sounds.

The Princess Pauline was enchanting in her costume of a peasant bride. The timidity which she really felt, and which a first public

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appearance cannot fail to excite even in persons of first-rate talent, was most becoming, and enhanced her beauty in an extraordinary degree. The performance was certainly very amusing, both to see and hear. My education in good society was never more essential to prevent a burst of laughter in the midst of a reply, for though the Princesses might be the two prettiest women in the world, they were certainly two of the worst actresses that ever trod the boards of a theatre.

My part was in the piece of M. de Longchamps, which was by far the prettiest. My dramatic skill was, at best, but indifferent, and this character was quite unsuited to it. I had never aspired beyond the part of waiting-maid, or one of distrust and malice, such as Madame Dervil in the *Self-Rivals*. On this occasion I was to be a very silly, puerile young girl, god-daughter of the great lady who was expected at Ruelle; and I came to request a compliment for my godmother from the mayor, whom M. de Montbreton personated to perfection, with an ease and truth seldom to be found in an amateur.

I was quite certain of failing in my performance—a circumstance probably very desirable to others, but quite the reverse to myself. I therefore requested Mademoiselle Mars, if she had a few minutes to spare, would have the goodness to hear me rehearse; and by the more than urbanity with which she complied, rehearsing with me unweariedly every morning during the fortnight that elapsed before the appointed fête, I had an opportunity (of which I perhaps stupidly availed myself far more effectually than of her lessons) of admiring the muscular play of her pliant and charming features; her expressive smile conveying some idea while it disclosed her pearly teeth, and those beaming eyes, which, in accordance with the smile, revealed the coming sentiment before it could find utterance. Hearing her thus in a private room, divested of all that delusive attraction which the lights, the public plaudits, the whole witchery of the scene cast around an actress on the stage, I mentally exclaimed, "This is the greatest actress in the world! She is pursuing her natural vocation. Here is no appearance of acting, it must therefore be the perfection of the art." From that moment I became a declared and enthusiastic admirer of Mlle. Mars, and considered it a real public misfortune that she refused to receive pupils.

In these interviews I had equal reason to appreciate the tone of her conversation, her excellent judgment and her good taste. I found in Mademoiselle Mars everything that could constitute a woman formed to shine and please in the very best society.

The performances at Malmaison, even under the Consulate, ex-

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cited apprehension; how great, then, must be our anxiety, now that the Empire, with its luxurious wonders, rendered Paris the fantastic abode of magnificent grandeur! This reflection crossed my mind during our breakfast on this important day with the Empress, in the stuccoed dining-room on the ground-floor at Malmaison, leading to the Emperor's closet.

We were five-and-twenty seated at a table, over which the Empress presided with her accustomed grace, and all the simplicity of a hostess in ordinary society. She had desired me to bring my two eldest daughters, Josephine and Constance. Josephine, her god daughter, was placed beside her. Their English governess accom panied them, and the dear creatures were assuredly, of all the impe rial guests, the least disturbed by anticipations of the day's occur rences.

I was pregnant with my eldest son, Napoleon, and in addition to the suffering this circumstance occasioned, and which afterwards be came serious, was already attacked with a derangement of the nerves, and had the occasion been any other than the Empress's fête, I should certainly have excused myself from appearing amongst the *dramatis personæ*.

The representation, terminating with a humorous madrigal of birth-day congratulation to the Empress, passed off tolerably. The Princess Pauline performed far better than her sister, notwithstanding the eternal pretensions of the latter, who is perfectly persuaded that in every word, step, and action, she excels all other women.

It was late before we left Malmaison, and our return was rather painful to me, for the Grand Duchess of Berg took it into her head that we should accompany her in her carriage, though I had my own in waiting, and should have much preferred travelling at my ease in it. We had not proceeded far before the Princess was taken ill: it was at Ruelle. I ordered the coachman to stop; the carriage-door was opened and she alighted, which I would willingly have been ex cused doing, for the night air, though not absolutely cold, was far from agreeable. The Princess had had a nervous attack in the course of the day, and had even fainted; when the Empress Josephine, finding a letter entangled in her gown, put it into her hand, which she held closed with her own during her swoon—a trait which deserves pub licity. When the Princess recovered and perceived this delicate attention, she said, with ill-concealed ill-humour, in reply to a question which no one asked, for the Empress took no notice of the circum stance,

"It is a letter from Murat."

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"I very well knew the writer," said the Empress afterwards to me, "for I recognised the hand."

We reached Paris at three in the morning. I set the Princess down, and Junot handed her out of the carriage and conducted her to her apartments; her carriage conveyed me home, but alone.

This little comedy of the 19th of March, 1807, had occupied the whole imperial court through the preceding winter, filling it with intrigues, petty hatred, vengeance, and scandal; for, alas! all these existed amongst us, and other bickerings still more despicable. But is not this the secret history of all courts?

In these two years, 1807 and 1808, Fortune, for the last time, lavished her favours with profusion on France and her Emperor. He was afterwards victorious; his thunders still rolled over the heads of kings; still carried mourning into foreign families; and occasionally flung us a few stray laurels as compensation for our losses; but those losses were thenceforth more immense, those laurels more stained with our blood. And in what can this change have originated? Why did Victory, hitherto always faithful to his call, now desert his eagles? Because she is a woman; because she grew weary of continual demands upon her; and moreover she is capricious, and chose to favour our enemies in their turn!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Visit of the Arch-chancellor—The new Duke—The siege of Dantzick—The new Duchess—The Empress's usher reprimanded—Proclamation of the Prince of the Peace—Death of the young Prince Louis—Queen Hortense in the Pyrenees—Her return to Paris—Her albums and musical compositions—Napoleon less of a Corsican than he is thought—His economy and liberality—Cause of the aspersions upon Junot by Las Cases—Campaign of 1807 continued—The Emperor's ear grazed by a ball—Napoleon's observation to Marshal Lannes—Resolution of the Russian soldiers—Battle of Friedland—The Emperor in high spirits—Victor—Marshal Ney—Prodigious slaughter—Capture of Königsberg—Interview of the two Emperors at Tilsit—Humiliation of the King of Prussia—The Emperor Alexander fascinated—The Queen of Prussia's intercourse with Napoleon at Tilsit—Napoleon's error in not re-establishing the kingdom of Poland—The Queen of Prussia's beauty—Effects on Prussia of the treaty of Tilsit—Violation of locks and seals.

One evening the Arch-chancellor paid me a visit. He appeared thoughtful, and seating himself beside my sofa, which I could no

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longer quit, accosted me with, "I bring you strange news; the Emperor is not only re-establishing the ancient noblesse, but is restoring new titles of rank; and who do you think is the first military duke? Guess." "Marshal Lannes?" "Very natural, but not correct." "Marshal Massena?" The Arch-chancellor smiled, and shook his head. "Well, then, unless it is Bernadotte, who in spite of his violent republicanism seems to wear harness as a courtier with perfect docility, I can guess no further." "It is Lefebvre; I have just seen his wife." "And not ill chosen. Madame la Maréchale's manner may not be in perfect harmony with her dignity of Duchess, but she is a good wife; besides, you know the Emperor makes no account of us, one difficulty in his choice was therefore obviated; and Lefebvre is one of the most estimable members of our military family. I am sure the Emperor has well weighed his choice." The Arch-chancellor, with all his caution, smiled at me, and we understood each other without speaking. It was evident that Napoleon, willing to revive the high nobility and re-create the twelve peers of Charlemagne, intended to give additional lustre to his twenty-four grand dignitaries of the Empire, which, however, should be the just reward of their services; but it was necessary to feel his way, and to proceed warily with a people who held the very name of King in abhorrence, and had only accepted an Emperor in consideration of the ancient relation of that dignity with a republic.

Napoleon, surrounded by a thousand perils, never relaxed his precautions; and though apparently regardless of obstacles, was careful not to shock the men of the Revolution; they were to be gained, but this was no longer a work of difficulty. The temptation was spread before them, and nature achieved the rest. No sooner was the bait offered than all, far from repelling it, were eager for a bite; and that which Napoleon presented in the Duchy of Dantzick was of the most attractive kind. Aware of this, he would not confer it where it might in any case be liable to abuse, and Marshal Lefebvre, esteemed by the army and all true Frenchmen, and deserving of the highest reward of valour, was the person best adapted to the Emperor's purpose.

The siege of Dantzick was one of the most brilliant military successes of a campaign rich in triumph. Somewhat of Frederick's spirit was at length roused in General Kalkreuth: he was once more the soldier: we had not indeed spared the spur, but the steed at length began to feel it. During the two months' siege, the trenches were open fifty-two days; and when Kalkreuth capitulated, and engaged for himself and his men not to bear arms for twelve months,

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only eight thousand and some hundred men defiled before the French general, though he had shut himself up there at the head of eighteen thousand. Eight hundred cannon and immense magazines were captured in this fortress, the fall of which secured our left flank and rear, and left to Prussia only the post of Pillau along the whole coast of the Baltic.

The important question which at this time agitated the imperial court was, how the new Duchess would carry her dignity? and she speedily resolved it. She went to the Tuileries to thank the Empress Josephine for the favour the Emperor had just conferred. The Empress was in the great yellow saloon; and as Madame la Maréchale had not demanded an audience, the usher, accustomed to call her by that name, entered to take the orders of the chamberlain in waiting, returned, and addressed her—"Madame la Maréchale may enter." The lady looked askance at him; but suppressing all audible tokens of indignation, she entered the saloon: and the Empress, rising from the sofa she usually occupied beside the fireplace, advanced a few steps to meet her, saying, with that engaging graciousness she could always assume when it pleased her, "How is the Duchess of Dantzick?" La Maréchale, instead of answering, winked intelligently, and then turning towards the usher who was in the act of shutting the door, "*Hey, my boy!*" said she, "*what do you think of that?*" How was it possible for the most determined gravity to resist such an attack? Towards the end of the empire the Duchess of Dantzick became tiresome, and almost as irrational in her speech as Madame Fabre de l'Aude, who once answered the Emperor's query when she would lie in of her twenty-fifth child—"When your Majesty pleases." But La Maréchale Lefebvre, or the Duchess of Dantzick, as you may please to call her, was very amusing at the time her husband was made a Duke (a year before the other generals), and for a long time maintained her eccentric position under the ducal dignity.

While we in Paris were celebrating our conquests at five hundred leagues' distance, with dancing and various diversions, all Europe was marching under shelter of a camp at the Emperor's bidding; and already new plans were succeeding to those of which a few weeks had witnessed the accomplishment. Spain, in her treason, imagined she had deceived him, and already did his finger point to the Peninsula, which he devoted to ruin. I have recently met with the famous proclamation of the Prince of the Peace—famous it ought to be if it is not, as a monument of unparalleled political stupidity. The following passage may serve as a specimen of the style of this singular document: "All the magistrates of Spain must display extraordinary and

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peculiar zeal in exciting the national enthusiasm, that we may enter with glory the lists about to open. A great number of soldiers must be procured, and the courage of the nobility stimulated, for their privileges, as well as those of the crown, are at stake."

This seems to have been the sentence which particularly struck the Emperor. He saw that Spain, hitherto the faithful ally of France, was like a man becoming tired of an old love. But it would have been wise to become better acquainted with the mistress who was to be cast off. The Emperor's word was soon to become a terror throughout the whole extent of the Peninsula. It is evident that the Prince of the Peace, weak and fearful, put out the proclamation, because he believed that France would be beaten by Prussia: but when the Prussian armies had disappeared—when, in the course of a triumphal march of a few weeks, the Emperor had overthrown one empire and menaced another, then came submissions, at which the Emperor laughed, as he had before laughed at the intended revolt.

A great misfortune befell the family of the Empress Josephine, in the death of the eldest son of Queen Hortense, who died in Holland, of the croup. The letters of Madame de Brock described the grief of the Queen to be so violent as to threaten irreparable injury to her health. Whatever might be the projects of the Empress, her heart was deeply smitten by this event. She seemed to apprehend the menace of divorce in every tear that was shed over the tomb of the young prince. "Oh! how severe a misfortune!" she continually repeated with sobs of distress. It is impossible to speak too highly of the young prince Louis, who, had he lived to fulfil the promise of his childhood, must have become a distinguished character. He bore a striking resemblance to his father, and consequently to the Emperor; from which likeness the malice which pursued the Emperor even into his holiest affections, has invented a calumny so infamous that I should degrade myself by refuting it.

The Queen of Holland left her marshes and aquatic plains to come and seek, not consolation, (for what mother consoles herself for the loss of her child?) but an alleviation of the despair which was undermining her health. She went to the Pyrenees, to Cauterets, and from thence made the famous tour of the Vignemale. From her gracious manners and benevolence, she was actually adored by the inhabitants of this district.

The Queen Hortense came to Paris after the season for visiting the watering-places in this same year, 1807, and brought back to us the charming parties where the most distinguished artists of France came to bring their tributes to a Princess whose proficiency in the

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arts enabled her so perfectly to appreciate them. How delightfully did the hours pass in such gifted society! There at a round table sat Gérard with his immortal pencil; Isabey, whose productions may be imitated, but never equalled; Garnery, who, after working long upon a pretty design for an album, ended by sketching the room we were in, with such fidelity that its most trifling articles of furniture might be recognised, and yet with such excellent effect that no minuteness of detail was observable. But the talents of the mistress of the mansion were worthy to compete with those of her distinguished guests, and were in no line more remarkable than in the extraordinary resemblance and beautiful effect of her portrait sketches. Thus the Queen possesses an unique collection of drawings, if in her adventurous peregrinations she has not lost them. I have seen in her albums, faces which no doubt would have been surprised to find themselves in company together. It was at this time that she composed *Partant pour la Syrie!—Reposez-vous, bon chevaliers—Le beau Dunois—Le bon Chevalier—En soupirant j'ai vu naître l'Aurore*, and many other romances which we still know and sing, and which I always sing with renewed pleasure. Queen Hortense is no longer here to demand flattery; and truly her productions may be praised with a very clear conscience.

Amongst other talents, she possessed, in a remarkable degree, that of attracting and fixing friendship. I have always thought that had she reigned, her reign would have been fortunate, because many of the good actions which, in other Princes, result only from good policy, would have originated in the principle of love of her duties and of the public weal. She would have perfectly understood that her peace of mind depended upon the well-being of her people. She would often have pardoned when she had the power of punishing, looking upon vengeance as the attribute of a base mind.

This reminds me of an anecdote related to me not a week ago by a person high in the Emperor's confidence. This person was at the head of a certain department in the state, and brought to the Emperor, when he was about to set out for the army, just before the battle of Wagram, a list of seventeen names, borne by men whose fortune and situation in the state were calculated to alarm Napoleon, at a period when he could not be perfectly at ease concerning the interior peace of the country, though all was apparently calm. These men were conspiring, but in so unskilful a manner that all their manœuvres were known as soon as contrived. "What does your Majesty command, with respect to this affair?" said the minister. "Nothing."

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The other looked at him with astonishment, and again offered his list; but the Emperor smiled and repeated, "Nothing at all, my dear Count, I punish my enemies only when their machinations interfere with my projects for the good of my people: it is for that, not because they oppose *me*, that I punish them. I am less of a Corsican than I am thought."

These words appear to me sublime. The person who heard them, and who repeated them to me, spoke also much upon the degree of consideration in which Napoleon held the persons who surrounded him. He made a great difference between his friends and the men of talent whom he recompensed. He was less affectionate, less familiar with these latter, but he was often prodigal in his gifts to them. Favouritism was not in favour during his reign, and very seldom superseded positive merit. He did acts of kindness by those he loved; as by Junot, for example, or Duroc, or Lannes, and many others; and when by their services to the state of which they were the pillars, whether by their pens or by their swords, they had merited rewards, he bestowed them munificently.

The Emperor was a great economist: every month M. Estève submitted to him an account of his privy purse, and of the general expenses of his household. It generally showed a saving, and this was always divided amongst his generals. Many of them were young and fond of pleasure, perhaps of luxury. And why not? A life of splendour became naturally one of indulgence; it appeared to them doubly delightful after entire years passed in tents, amidst the barren sands of the tropics, the bogs of Poland, the snows of Siberia, or the rocks of Spain. In looking upon those fine velvet curtains fringed with gold, which canopied a head of scars, and arms lacerated in deep cicatrices, and a bosom seamed by the enemy's sword, it was delightful to the brave soldier who enjoyed this pleasurable mode of existence, to be able to say, "I owe it all to my own courage, to my exertions for my country." And this many of Napoleon's captains might say with justifiable pride. Junot, Lannes, Rapp, Marmont, Bessières, Duroc, and a long list of names too numerous to cite.

I have learnt only very recently, that in this monthly division of surplus revenue, General Oudinot, who belonged to the army of the Rhine, and who had not the same claims upon the Emperor as his old friends, received, nevertheless, a monthly gratification of eight or ten thousand francs, and that this munificence was long continued. Gratitude was soon obliterated in the bosom of the Marshal: I have positive reasons for saying so.

No doubt the Emperor made reflections upon Marshal Oudinot,

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quite as bitter as those M. Las Cases has transmitted to us relative to Junot. Why then have they not been communicated to us? It would be odd if I could solve this problem. I was a few months ago working tapestry in my closet with the Countess d'Hautpoul, a name of some note in our literature; a lady advanced in years, but full of life and satire, and whose stories were most entertaining to listen to. A long pause had taken place in our conversation; it had been a very laughable one, and I was turning over in my mind a multitude of ridiculous anecdotes, every one more amusing than its predecessor, which she had been relating. My needle passed and repassed, while Madame d'Hautpoul sat upon a well-cushioned sofa, looking at me, and swinging to and fro a neatly-dressed foot, about the size of that of a child six years old. Suddenly, winking at me she exclaimed, "Will you not answer him?"—"Who?"—"Why, Las Cases, to be sure." We had not pronounced his name the whole evening; but we had spoken of him often enough for me perfectly to understand her. "Yes, undoubtedly, I shall answer him," said I; "but do you understand this violent antipathy to my husband? Do you comprehend why he has sacrificed every truth relating to us, my husband and myself, rather than consecrate to us an entire chapter bearing our name? What sort of man is he? Do you know him?"—"Yes, certainly; but how is it that you do not?"—"Consider, my dear, there were a hundred chamberlains; surely it was the most natural thing in the world that one of these planets of so inferior an order, a person who, by his own confession, notwithstanding his excessive vanity, was unknown to any one at the palace, should be personally unknown to me; but this only makes me wonder the more at his animosity against Junot."—"But, my dear child, he was a long time your neighbour in the country."—"He! Monsieur de Las Cases! and where?"—"At Bièvre. Was not Madame de Montesson your neighbour at the great chateau of Bièvre?" "Yes, but she is not M. de Las Cases."—"Patience, we shall come to him by and by."

And accordingly my friend opened her budget of anecdotes once more; and in so doing, let me into all the mystery of the animosity of Las Cases towards Junot, to whom it would appear he had been the rival in the good graces of a certain English lady,* who had hired the chateau of Bièvre, after Madame de Montesson. "So then," said I, "here is the explanation of our revelations from St. Helena;"

* Lady C. and M. Las Cases were very intimate while the latter was in England: they returned together to France. It was at this period that Las Cases entertained a violent jealousy towards Junot, which feeling seems to have accompanied him even to St. Helena.

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and we relapsed into our respective contemplations, for which the last few words had furnished me with ample matter.

We were now in the month of May, 1807, and the campaign proceeded brilliantly. The Emperor, supported by Marshals Lannes and Ney, had attacked Guttstadt, and entered the town after a terrible resistance. In this affair a ball, which just missed Napoleon's ear, passed so close that he felt its concussion: I trembled when Duroc related the circumstance, and he assured me that it was not an uncommon thing, for the Emperor was frequently exposed to great personal danger, and he gave me instances of his courage in battle, which would have inspired me with admiration if I had not already felt it. Junot had always spoken of his conduct in the army of Italy in the same terms; but I considered the Emperor under a different character from that of the commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. I was mistaken; he was still the same individual; he knew mankind, and how to lead them; and he knew that the influence of valour was the first essential in mastering the affections of the French people.

Battle succeeded to battle in Poland. That of Deppen followed the combat of Guttstadt, and was succeeded by that of Heilsberg, in which we lost a frightful number of troops, officers and generals in particular, a fact which usually indicates that the soldiers do not engage willingly. This murderous day gave us only the barren honour of conquering foot by foot the spot upon which we fought. Marshal Lannes, being near the Emperor in one of the most anxious moments of this day, remarked to Napoleon how great a change had taken place in the formation of the Russian order of battle, and how much use they made of their artillery; for in this engagement their batteries did great execution, and they maintained their position within their intrenchments. The Emperor replied in these remarkable words: "Yes, we are giving them lessons which will soon make them our masters."

The famous battle of Friedland followed in a few days. And here I must observe the immense difference between the two nations we had to fight. In twenty days Prussia was conquered. Russia was an adversary worthy our arms; and our almost uncertain victories had at least this advantage, that they had been honourably disputed. Friedland is but eight leagues from Prussian-Eylau, where the great battle was fought on the 8th of February, that of Friedland took place on the 14th of June; during all which time, signalised by innumerable combats, we had advanced only that short distance. The Russians even contested with us some victories to which we laid positive claim. They defended themselves, not indeed

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in the most scientific way, but like men determined to permit the invasion of their country only when the last soldier had fallen before the frontier. This is honour, this is true patriotism; and when after an equally fine defence we behold the conflagration of Moscow, it must be confessed that the Russian nation promises greatness.

This battle of Friedland was the more gratifying to Napoleon, as at Eylau a great part of the glory remained to the enemy. He could not even say, "I have conquered!" for it is useless to conceal a well known fact. But at Friedland, victory returned to her favourite, and was all his own. He stood upon an elevation from whence he could see all the movements of both armies, and the success of his plans so exhilarated his spirits, that his joy displayed itself in a gaiety of manner, which he seemed unable to restrain, notwithstanding his disposition to preserve an attitude of royal dignity; and I have been assured by some friends who were with him throughout the day, that he did and said a thousand ridiculous things; this cheerfulness of heart was the more striking to his officers, as the natural bent of his character was by no means gay. He was hungry, and asked for bread and Chambertin wine; "But I choose," said he, "to have the common bread of the country." And as he was standing in front of a mill he insisted that it should be brought to him at once. The people of the house hesitated, because the common bread of the Russian peasantry is made of bad rye-flour, full of long straws, and in all respects detestable. He however petulantly insisted upon having it, saying, "It is what the soldiers eat." Then with his pearly teeth he bit a piece of black bread that we should have rejected. But when the soldiers learnt that their chief had eaten of their bread, and found it good, who among them would have dared to complain?

It was at Friedland, that Victor, whom the soldiers called *Beau Soliel* (fine sun), first came into notice as commander-in-chief of a division of the army. Bernadotte, wounded in the engagement of Spanden, the preceding week, had left his division under the command of Victor. But the general, who principally contributed to the success of this day, was Marshal Ney. "You can form no idea," Berthier wrote to the Arch-chancellor, "of the brilliant courage of Marshal Ney; it appears fabulous in relation, and resembles only the time of chivalry. It is to him chiefly that we owe the success of this memorable day."

All the letters which Junot received spoke of this as one of the most terrible battles our troops had ever been engaged in. All the morning was passed in speaking of death; but towards four o'clock in the afternoon the combat became so murderous, so desperately

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bloody, that the most determined were struck with horror. A battery of thirty pieces of cannon, commanded by Gen. Senarmont and erected in front of our columns, played upon the enemy, and ground their men like so many grains of corn under a mill-stone. The enemy, who had formed in close columns, seeing his masses broken by our fire, fled to the right bank of the Aller, and was pursued till long after sunset. This time the victory, the actual success, could not be doubtful; the Russian and Prussian bulletins acknowledged their immense loss. Nevertheless, in confessing their defeat, the Russians exhibited infinitely more dignity than at Austerlitz. The result of this battle was the almost total destruction of the Russian army, while in ours, a division of the imperial guard was not even brought into action. It is one of the finest military achievements of Napoleon; he was brilliantly seconded, it is true, by Marshal Ney. But though the arm which executes is much in all operations, the skill lies in the head which forms the plan.

The ultimate consequence of the victory of Friedland was the peace of Tilsit, signed in the following month. Its first result was the capture of Königsberg by Marshal Soult two days after the battle. This second capital of Prussia contained immense magazines of all kinds; and in its ports were English, Russian, and Prussian vessels laden with arms, provisions, and colonial produce.

The pursuit continued without intermission. Murat overtook the Russians at Tilsit, where they burnt the bridge as soon as their troops had crossed the Niemen, and urgently begged for peace. Then it was that the famous interview between the two Emperors took place. The King of Prussia was of so little account in these conferences, that nothing more was said of him than if he had been at Berlin. I have heard a number of inferior officers in our army express themselves with respect to his situation at Tilsit in terms that were painful to hear. To see a King, for in fact he was a King, following his conqueror with an eye of apprehension, fearing to speak, walking always behind the two other sovereigns, and thus, by his own conduct, placing himself in a subordinate rank, must always be distressing.

It was at the second meeting that the King of Prussia was introduced, and Napoleon the same day said to Duroc, whom he affectionately loved, "If I had seen William III. before the campaign of Jena, I should have had less uneasiness for its results. I know that he is your protegé, Duroc, but your friendship cannot give him the dignity of a King."

That is certainly a brilliant page in the history of Napoleon, which relates this interview in a chamber supported by a raft, on a river at

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the extremity of Poland, almost in the dominions of Peter the Great, between the grandson of that extraordinary man, and him, the son of his own actions, him, who had belonged but two years to the college of Kings, but before whose little hat all its members trembled. There he was, with all his glory, surrounded by his victories as by a triumphal court, with France always by his side, that France whom he had made great, powerful, and respected. The Emperor had determined to conquer in every fashion in this Polish campaign. It entered into his political plans to conquer the Emperor Alexander and he accomplished his purpose with irresistible grace. He possessed, when he chose to display it, a fascinating charm from which there was no escape; and he exercised this ascendancy nobly; not by caresses and advances unworthy of the majesty of his crown, but by a glance, a smile; all the fire of heaven was in the one, all its mildness in the other. "On our meeting at Tilsit," said the Emperor Alexander to me when I had the honour of receiving his Majesty at my house in 1814, "I stepped upon the raft, quite determined to sustain my dignity in my deportment towards the man whose treatment of the King of Prussia was, in my opinion, violently unjust. I intended to do much for my unfortunate friend, and much also for my own people; but scarcely had I seen Napoleon, scarcely had he spoken, before I was overcome."

The Queen of Prussia is an instance of the power of circumstances in forming the female character. It is impossible for a woman to exhibit more moral courage than did this unfortunate Queen during the few days of her residence at Tilsit. She must have suffered every kind of torture at that period. She was firm and resolute in her will, and possessed all the virtues that adorn the sovereign dignity. She did not like the Emperor Napoleon, who certainly gave her legitimate cause of aversion, especially at Tilsit. Who cannot understand the resentment of a beautiful and still young woman, who endeavours to please and finds her overtures repulsed? The Emperor proved on this occasion how much he was master of himself in his intercourse with women, and how light he made of their attacks. The Empress Josephine has related very remarkable traits of direct advances on the one part, and of firm reserve on the other. He one day took from a porcelain vase a rose of exquisite beauty, which he presented to the Queen of Prussia. "This gift would be of inestimable value," said she to him, "if you would join to it what justice demands, that you should restore to an orphan, from whom you are wresting his inheritance." But what must have been seen to be appreciated, as a spectator afterwards informed me, was the expression of the stolen

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glance and the supplicating smile. Napoleon smiled also, but not with his usual soft and gracious smile; and answered the Queen with an air of cold politeness, "Your Majesty knows my intentions. I have communicated them to the Emperor Alexander, because, as mediator between us, he has been pleased to undertake to impart them to the King, and they are unalterable. I cannot conceal from you, Madame, that what I have done has been done for the sake of the Emperor of Russia." The Queen turned pale; Napoleon's language was certainly too harsh: in refusing the gentle yoke she offered him, he might have spared those spasms of the heart which often produce more pain than a deeper wound. Her fate was lamentable: half the dominions of the King of Prussia were taken from him; the penalty of retaliation was inflicted on the descendants of Frederick; all the Polish territory so basely seized from that brave republic, they were required to resign. Warsaw was delivered over to Saxony; Dantzick declared a free town. The Emperor Alexander, who could refuse nothing to his *well-beloved brother*, this was the formula under which the letters of the two Emperors to each other were at this time addressed, offered his mediation between France and England; recog nised the confederation of the Rhine and the kingdom of Italy; and what is still more astonishing, acknowledged the three brothers of Napoleon as Kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia; the Czar even foresaw the wishes of his new ally.

My profound veneration for Napoleon, the religious worship I have vowed to his memory, do not prevent my judging impartially the faults which he committed, and which much more than the continental coalition were the true causes of his downfall. I have therefore no prejudice to blind me to his great mistake in failing to re-establish the throne of Poland; which he might the more easily have effected as he had in his own army the man, whom he could with the greatest confidence have named King of Poland. This was the Prince Joseph Poniatowsky, nephew of the last King, handsome, brave, enterprising, and determined, as he himself once assured me, to undertake every thing for the liberation of unhappy Poland. I know, however, that Napoleon had for some time a fancy for giving another king to Poland in the person of his brother-in-law, Murat, who passionately desired this crown; he imagined that because he could wield his sabre elegantly, and had worn feathers during the campaign to the value of thirty millions of francs, he ought to be King of Poland.

The Queen of Prussia's beauty was celebrated; Duroc considered her the prettiest woman he had ever seen. The Emperor was not of

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the same opinion, and when I heard him speak of the beautiful Queen, it was by no means in terms of admiration. He acknowledged that she was handsome, only *she did not suit his taste:* the expression of her countenance, he said, was too lofty and severe. He would not take her situation into consideration, nor admit that the Queen of Prussia, despoiled of her dominions, and appearing before him in the character of a petitioner, ought at least to assume a respectful attitude. I have known Prussians belonging to her establishment, who adored her; I have every where met with universal suffrages in her favour from those who had opportunities of knowing her real character; those bulletins which were directed against a beautiful and virtuous woman have always given me pain. I have professed not to attempt excusing the Emperor's faults, and this is certainly one of them.

The unfortunate King of Prussia lost by the treaty of Tilsit four millions and a half of the ten millions of subjects he possessed before the battle of Jena. He was compelled to open military roads into the heart of his remaining possessions, all of which, Napoleon continually repeated, were restored to him only at the intercession of the Emperor of Russia. These dominions formed a long parallelogram extending a hundred and eighty leagues upon the coast of the Baltic, while its utmost breadth did not exceed forty leagues. The prohibition of English commodities was stipulated with the utmost vigour; a sentence of death to Prussia, whose heaths and sands bathed by the waves of the Baltic lost thereby all hopes of fertilization through the medium of maritime commerce. Prussia signed the treaty of Tilsit: she did more: she shared the Emperor's resentment against England, and the continental system acquired in her, at least apparently, a courageous and devoted supporter. I believe that modern history offers no similar example of humiliation; but the conduct of the Prussians towards us in 1792 was so unworthy, that I acknowledge I can feel no pity for griefs provoked by vanity and equitably imposed. Driven like timid deer from the defiles of Thuringia to the borders of the Vistula, the Prussians lost their reputation as a warlike, even as a brave people; the glory of the great Frederick and of his brother, Prince Henry, appears as a meteor in their history.

All the military operations upon which I have touched in this volume, are reported from letters addressed to Junot, and now in my possession. Happily they escaped the grasp of the Duke of Rovigo, when by the order of the Emperor (an order which the Emperor subsequently disowned), he came to my house in my absence to take away his Majesty's private letters; and when, in fulfilment of that order, he broke the seals which, in the absence of

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the mother, the legal and natural guardian, had been affixed upon private chambers, and forced open the secret lock of an iron chest, the depository of articles of value. The Emperor had, it is true, ordered the restoration of his letters, but they were safe in this chest, under the security of seals affixed as usual to all cabinets, drawers, and other depositories of papers and valuables, in a succession of property not yet established

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Emperor's return to Paris—Conduct of the Emperor's sisters—Painful interview between the Emperor and Junot—The red livery—Murat and Junot—Duel forbidden by the Emperor—Reconciliation between Junot and Napoleon—Cardinal Maury—Corneille and Racine—The Emperor's judgment—Fête at the Hotel de Ville—Junot appointed commander of the Gironde—Parting interview with the Emperor—Junot's unhappiness—Kingdom of Westphalia erected—Suppression of the tribunate—Career of conquest—Bombardment of Copenhagen—Proclamation.

The Emperor, on his return to Paris, was received with as much joy as when he came from Marengo. He felt how much he was beloved by France; and was conscious of deserving it. Acclamations and harangues were not spared; and addresses poured in from all quarters of the kingdom. Adulation did not prompt these addresses. They were the expression of the enthusiasm of France, an enthusiasm amounting to delirium, and which Napoleon rejoiced to accept. The Emperor returned to Paris about the end of July, 1807, and this event produced results very important to my family. I had long foreseen them, but unhappily had no power of prevention. I loved Junot, but I had not reproached him on account of his connection with the Grand Duchess of Berg, because I never considered it criminal. I saw, however, the course he was running, and the end to which it would inevitably lead. The Emperor had a peculiar mode of thinking relative to his sisters, which led him to exact from them the strictest propriety in their conduct; and he believed it to be true, that none of the Princesses had ever given occasion for the slightest reflection upon their reputations. Up to this period it had been a matter of indifference to Fouché, and to another, whom I will not name because he is living, whether the Emperor's sisters caused the world to talk of them or not; whether M. le Comte de Fl....

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M. de C.... &c., compromised these ladies, or were compromised by them. The Princesses were gracious to Savary, Fouché, and others, and the Emperor was the only person who remained in ignorance of what all the world knew. He thought that the Princess Pauline was an inconsistent beauty; wearing a pretty ball-dress in disobedience to Corvisart, and only guilty of not keeping the house when ordered by her physician. Hitherto these ladies had never been betrayed by the superintending authorities. But when it became known that a man they did not like might be ruined by a direct accusation, this complaisance ceased. Alas! I had long foreseen it.

When the Emperor arrived at Paris, the storm had already gathered. The clouds had been collecting in Poland; the Emperor had received written intimations that Junot was compromising the Grand Duchess of Berg: that his livery was seen at unsuitable hours in the court of the Elysée, and that numerous corroborating circumstances might be adduced. It was one of Junot's comrades, still living, who preferred this accusation. Napoleon's heart was wounded by this news, and when Junot presented himself before him on his return, he met with a stern reception, and constrained language. Junot's fiery spirit could not endure the Emperor's coldness; and he asked an audience. It was immediately granted, and was stormy. The Emperor accused him without reserve, and Junot, sorely wounded, would not answer upon any point, asserting that the Emperor ought to depend upon his care for the honour of his name. "Sire!" he exclaimed, "when at Marseilles I loved the Princess Pauline, and you were upon the point of giving her to me—I loved her to distraction—yet what was my conduct? Was it not that of a man of honour? I am not changed since that period; I am still equally devoted to you and yours. Sire, your mistrust is injurious to me." The Emperor listened, watching him meanwhile with marked attention; then walked the room in silence, with his arms crossed, and a menacing brow. "I am willing to believe all that you say," at length he replied; "but you are not the less guilty of imprudence, and imprudence in your situation towards my sister, amounts to a fault, if not to worse. Why for example does the Grand Duchess occupy your boxes at the theatres? Why does she go thither in your carriage? Hey! M. Junot! you are surprised that I should be so well acquainted with your affairs and those of that little fool Madame Murat."

Junot was confounded at finding that the Emperor had been informed of this circumstance, which nevertheless was sufficiently important, considering the relative situation of the two personages,

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to fix the attention not only of the police but of the public; nothing but the infatuation, which so often blinds those who are entering upon the career of ruin, could have caused his astonishment at the natural consequences which had followed his conduct. "Yes," continued the Emperor, "I know all that and many other facts which I am willing to look upon as imprudences only, but in which also I see serious faults on your part. Once more, why this carriage with your livery? Your livery should not be seen at two o'clock in the morning in the court-yard of the Grand Duchess of Berg? *You*, Junot! *You* compromise my sister!" And Napoleon fell into a chair.

Before proceeding further, I wish to explain the motives which have induced me to raise the veil which with my own hand I have thrown over the private life of Junot. All the other connections which he formed acted only upon my own happiness, and in no way upon his destiny. Here the case was totally different. I do not hesitate to ascribe all my husband's misfortunes, and even his death, to his unhappy entanglement with the Queen of Naples. I do not charge this connection with real criminality; I even believe that there was only the appearance of it; but the suspicious appearances which really did exist, led to the most fatal consequences: they kindled the lion's wrath. Subsequently circumstances produced an eruption of the long smothered volcano, and the tempest burst forth. It is on this account, of its political and direct influence upon my husband's life and fortunes, that I have determined to write what follows, this sort of preface being essential to the understanding of the events which took place in Russia in 1812, and to the tragedy which closed them in 1813. A family bereft of its head, children made orphans, an illustrious name assailed, are sufficient grounds for conferring on my history all the solemnity it merits, and preserving it from the insignificance of an amorous intrigue. I shall entertain my readers neither with jealous passions, nor with romantic sorrows: it is facts alone that I shall record.

At present my readers must return with me to the Tuileries, to the closet of Napoleon, and there see him, not alone, but in company with those who poisoned his life by their daily, nay, hourly reports. It was not Lannes, it was not Bessières, it was not Massena, it was not even Soult, for I must do him justice, though, for what reason I know not, he does not like me; neither was it Duroc, notwithstanding all that has been said again and again upon the subject of his police of the interior of the palace; neither was it Junot, notwithstanding the quantity of reports which he received daily as *active* governor of Paris, a personage who no longer exists except in memory; it was

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none of these men: they had certain notions of h(iour, which would have made them feel an antipathy to the said .onour itself, if it assumed such a character of turpitude. Neither was it Rapp, with his rough exterior but noble soul, who would thus have betrayed the secret of a comrade's heart to soil twenty pages of a scandalous report, which was destined to serve no useful end or political interest, but simply for a moment to engage the curiosity of the Emperor, whose singular turn of mind on these subjects led him to take a real pleasure in knowing how many grains of salt, I, and all other persons, might strew upon a buttered muffin.

The men who played this odious part are well known, and universal contempt has amply recompensed their infamous conduct. Two, in particular, bore upon their forehead the index of public opinion. The one is dead, and as a Christian I have forgiven him all the evil he did to Junot; but as a widow and mother I have not forgiven him the irreparable wrong which the father of my children suffered from him. The other, as guilty, is not yet gone to give an account of his conduct as a man and a citizen before the tribunal of his Maker. He not only lives, but he still injures; he menaces, he acts, he is influential in evil. Such were the men who filled the poisoned cup which the Emperor compelled his oldest friend to drink! The Emperor's ignorance respecting the real conduct of his sisters is inconceivable, for his eagle eye penetrated many other mysteries. Fouché, Junot, Duroc, and Dubois, the four persons in whose hands all the interesting police of Paris and France was vested, were silent upon what they knew on this subject because it would have distressed the Emperor; none of them were willing to do this. It came to his knowledge at last, but clandestinely and through a channel so unusual that he placed but little confidence in the rumour, which he attributed to the imprudence of young women, and said to Madame Mère, "*Le Diable!* Signora Letizia, why do you not reprimand your daughters, and warn them against committing themselves with a tribe of young fops. Let them dance with the officers of my guard: they are brave men at least, if they are not handsome."

I shall not undertake to answer all the calumnies which have been attempted to be fixed upon the family connections of the Emperor. It is sufficient to have lived in intimacy with Napoleon to know his mode of thinking upon matters of morality: my blood boils when I hear him accused of *corruption*. A scene at Malmaison, recorded in a former part of these memoirs, will perhaps be brought in evidence against me. I answer by referring to the scene itself. Napoleon employed no manœuvres to induce me to accede. Had I yielded to

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his will, he would have despised me; for the wife of his friend, failing in duty to her husband for the allurements of the sovereign, would have appeared infamous in his eyes.

Napoleon was not informed of the indiscretions of one of his sisters till the time of the Portuguese war. And the man who was accused of causing them was almost exiled to Junot's staff. I know that those who choose to turn everything into ridicule will assert that it it is impossible. It is a fact, however, and suspicion once infused into such a mind as his, everything became speedily known to him. Still he would have remained ignorant of the adventures of Messieurs de Septeuil and de Canouville, if the histories of the horse and pelisse, and of the explanation, had not come to enlighten him; but all these circumstances belong to the year 1810.

Junot's affair then was the first which reached the Emperor's ear, and, as I have shown, it violently irritated him. "Suppose," said he, walking up and down the room, "Murat should become acquainted with all these fine histories of the chase at Raincy, the theatres, and your carriage and livery." It seems that the carriage and livery offended him most highly. Junot attempted to excuse himself by observing upon the brilliancy of that of the Grand Duchess; the Emperor stamped with violence, and looked at him for some time without speaking: at length he said, in a voice of severity and an interrogative tone, "And what colour are your liveries, then?" Junot cast down his eyes, and said nothing. The fact is, that the colour of our livery was precisely the same as that of the Grand Duchess; the difference was in the trimming and lace, the Grand Duchess's being turned up with white and gold lace, ours with yellow and silver: the coat of amaranth cloth was of precisely the same shade in both. This similarity was in truth the will of the Grand Duchess; I always thought that it was to serve some political purpose, and now I found my suspicions proved.

"Yes!" said the Emperor, still pacing the room, "if Murat had learnt all that I have been repeating, what would he say? What would he do? You would have had a terrible storm to encounter." Junot's countenance instantly changed; at length, recovering all his energy, he made two steps towards Napoleon, and said firmly, "If Murat should believe himself offended, it is not so long since we were on equal terms, both on the field of battle and elsewhere, but that I should be ready to give him all the satisfaction he could wish for. Though the Cossacks may be afraid of him, I am not quite so easily frightened, and this time I should fight with pistols." "Ah! truly," cried the Emperor with admirable naïveté, "that is precisely what I

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feared;" and then he added in a gentle tone, "but I have settled all that; I have spoken to him, and all is right." "Sire, I thank you; but I must observe to your Majesty that I cannot consent to an accommodation being contrived between the Grand Duke of Berg and me; if he believes himself offended, which I deny that he has any right to be, he can easily find me; my hotel is very near the Elysée." "Yes, yes," said the Emperor, "much too near; and *à propos* of that, what is the meaning of the frequent visits my sister has been making to your wife?" "Sire, my wife is much indisposed with her pregnancy, and cannot go out without great care. Her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess has done her the favour to come and see her two or three times this spring, which is the amount of the numerous visits that have been reported to your Majesty." "That is not true," replied the Emperor, taking a great letter from a drawer near him, and looking it entirely through, while his brow became more and more contracted. Junot cast a momentary glance upon the letter, and recognised the writing. "I beg your Majesty's pardon, but if you condemn your sister and your oldest friend and most faithful servant upon the accusations of the writer of that letter, I cannot believe you impartial."

Napoleon seemed surprised, but made no objection to this observation; an almost imperceptible smile seemed to agitate his lip, and Junot proceeded: "Besides, Sire, this is not a letter, for he was with your Majesty; it is therefore *a report, a report of his police*, copied by him! Oh! it must be a beautiful production! He ought at least to have respected your Majesty's sister; but there are very efficacious means of teaching people circumspection and politeness; and I shall employ them with him." "Junot!" exclaimed the Emperor, "I forbid you to fight S——." Junot smiled contemptuously. "You have suspected me; you have accused me of treachery, Sire; I cannot ask satisfaction of you for this; I must then go and demand it of him who has caused me all this pain, and, by heaven, I will! If, afterwards, Murat has any commands for me, I am at his service; unless, indeed, this paltry fellow should send a ball through my head, which is possible, for I have known very indifferent soldiers kill a brave man. But if I come out of this affair safe and sound, I shall be ready to attend the Grand Duke of Berg." Napoleon rose impetuously, and coming to Junot, who was leaning against the mantelpiece, took him hastily by the hand, and turning him sharply towards himself, said to him, in a loud and agitated tone, "Once more I command you to keep the peace! Neither S—— nor Murat; I will not permit you to fight either with the one or the other." Then drawing nearer

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to Junot, and again taking his hand, he pressed it affectionately, saying, "Come, promise your old friend!"

With Napoleon such moments were fugitive, but they were triumphant: he never failed to come off conqueror on such an occasion. There was an irresistible charm in his look and in his voice, which was sure to overcome the most peremptory resolution. Junot felt his anger giving way under their powerful influence—he clasped the Emperor's hand and pressed it to his heart, which beat violently: and the Emperor, on feeling its agitated pulsation, also experienced a moment of indefinable but visible emotion; nevertheless he overcame it, gently withdrew his hand, passed it through Junot's thick light hair, and tapping his head, said, with his melodious voice, which vibrated like an Æolian chord: "Promise me to be reasonable, wrong-head; and come to me again, I have more to say to you." This conversation had lasted an hour and a half. The waiting-room was full of persons, all upon the watch to learn the result of this long conference. One man, in particular, wished it shorter. He knew the Emperor, and he knew very long audiences were never accorded to men about to fall under his displeasure; and Junot's countenance, when at last he came out, confirmed his opinion. Junot passed within two paces of him, but affected not to see him: "For I could not have avoided telling him my opinion of his conduct," said Junot to me, when we were in Spain eighteen months afterwards, and more united than ever, conversing confidentially upon this period of his life, of which he revealed to me the most minute circumstances. "I perhaps ought to have done so," added he, "for that man is one of those serpents who bite the more fatally when the victim is quiet."

Two days after this conversation one morning I was alone in my study, a very retired apartment, at the extremity of the house, into which I admitted no one but my most intimate acquaintances, when his Eminence Cardinal Maury was announced. I knew this celebrated man thoroughly, as during seven years he came to my house every day, without exception, at seven o'clock punctually, and left at ten; but, strange to say, I never could reckon him among my friends. He possessed, however, or at least I presume he possessed, all the qualities requisite in a friend, and I believe he was willing to be mine. But confidence is not to be commanded, and his unconciliating manners were, I believe, the primary cause of this repulsion.

Cardinal Maury, better known, perhaps, as the Abbé Maury, returned to France in 1806. The frontiers had been reopened to him in consequence of a letter written by him to the Emperor, which was in all respects unsuitable to both parties; as being addressed only to

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power, its eloquence was tarnished by a strain of base servility. On arriving at Paris, the *Abbé* Maury perceived all that the *Cardinal* had lost in the respect of the noble Faubourg; and found himself received with cold politeness in houses where he had been accustomed to meet with attachment. Notwithstanding his extraordinary eloquence, the Abbé Maury had been before the revolution what he was in proscription—what he continued under the empire—a man of talent rather than a man of sense, and a curate of the time of the league, rather than an abbé of the reign of Louis XV. His figure was in the highest degree disagreeable. An enormous square head presented a bald forehead of immense capacity, surmounted by that tuft of hair which the country abbés and the curates of villages formerly had made by their *perruquier*; his eyes were remarkably small, and, except at the moment of speaking, when they were animated, were unexpressive; his nose was almost sunk in two immense masses of flesh, across which nature placed a prodigious horizontal aperture, which the two ears only seemed to prevent from making the tour of the head; his small teeth were all shaped like the incisors, a peculiarity which must have been extremely useful to his eminence, who devoured an enormous quantity of food; his manners at table were altogether revolting.

Notwithstanding his profound veneration for power, the cardinal sometimes discussed (he did not dispute) literary subjects with the Emperor. Napoleon highly esteemed Corneille. He supported Racine, but he admired and loved Corneille, which I can perfectly comprehend, because I feel with him. But the cardinal, to my great surprise, was not of the same mind. The Emperor one day said to him, "How is it that you do not like Corneille?"

"Sire," replied the cardinal, "I admire Corneille, but I like Racine."—"And I accuse your Racine of affectation in all his love scenes," said the Emperor, "for love he must have in his plays; it is as essential to the piece as a prompter to the actors. None but young people can possibly like Racine. And how, *diable*, can you, Monsieur le Cardinal, at your age, set up for the champion of Racine, the ladies' poet? Give me Corneille: he is the man who knew the world."—"And how should he come by his knowledge, when he saw no one?"

The Emperor cast a contemptuous look at the cardinal, as if he now measured him for the first time. "That is precisely why I maintain that Corneille is a great man. At a distance from the court, from intrigues, and from business, he guessed, as it were, the true situation of empires, sovereigns, and people. The great Condé, on

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seeing some piece of Corneille's represented, I believe it was Sertorius exclaimed, "Where did Corneille learn the art of war? And I say," added the Emperor, "that for Corneille's fine tragedies to be justly appreciated, the audience should be composed of kings, ministers, and great functionaries."

In fact, Napoleon was formed to understand the genius of a man whose principal talent lay in generalizing his ideas, in reducing them to political maxims, and in expressing them in poetry which often rises to the sublime. On another occasion, the Emperor said to the cardinal, "If Corneille had been living in my time, I should have made him a prince!"—"And why not a minister, if he was so clever?" said the cardinal with sufficient sharpness and a half smile. —"No," replied the Emperor, dryly; "I have had experience that the best composer of phrases may make the worst man of business. The coadjutor could make good speeches, but he would have been a bad minister; and Mazarin, of whom he spoke ill, would not have liked him for a secretary. He was a marplot and a caviller" (*ergoteur*). This latter word the Emperor frequently applied to persons who spoke and disputed much.

The Emperor's return was the cause of many festivities. The city of Paris wished to express its joy in receiving him again, and invited him to a fête. He accepted the invitation, and the 15th of August was the day appointed. Preparations were made with great expedition. To have the means of conveniently accommodating sufficient numbers on such occasions, a banqueting-hall had been constructed in the great court of the Hotel-de-Ville; the fêtes given there were always very splendid. Count Frochot, who was then prefect of Paris, perfectly understood the art of superintending such fairy contrivances. Madame Frochot was not at Paris; all the ceremonial of the day, therefore, devolved upon me. I was six months advanced in my pregnancy, and the fatigue did not suit me at all; but it was not allowable to reason with the Emperor upon the possibility, more or less, of performing any task; if you could march, with him you must march. The heat was excessive, and was extremely inconvenient, I was uncomfortable, and out of humour, cause enough for making the finest day appear cloudy, and the gayest fête dull.

Junot went to meet the Emperor, but M. Frochot and I received the Empress on the great steps of the Hotel-de-Ville, as she alighted from her carriage. I was at the head of twenty-four ladies representing by their husband's names the commercial and banking interests of the capital. I had previously submitted a list of their names to

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the grand-marshal and grand-master of the ceremonies, and it had been by them laid before the Emperor, who one day made some loud complaints of this list, because two of the names represented the wives of two chamberlains. "Ladies who have been presented, I see often at the Tuileries," said he, "at the Hotel-de-Ville I wish to see only Parisian faces. I wish to become acquainted with the city of Paris, do you understand that, Madame Junot?"

The Empress came late. The ceremonies of her reception were the same as on the preceding year. The ball was opened by the Grand Duchess of Berg, the Princess Stephanie, Madame Lallemand, a lady of the palace, a city lady, the daughter or wife of one of the mayors, and myself. I cannot remember the partners of all these ladies, but I danced with the Grand Duke of Berg, or rather walked, for dreading an accident I dared not exert myself farther.

One cause in particular had greatly contributed to damp my spirits on this occasion, so joyous to others, and in which certainly I was at the height of my feminine glory, and receiving flattery enough to have made me forget any circumstances less painful than those which at that moment were opening before me. Junot was about to quit Paris, in expiation of the fault he had committed, in listening to gracious words, and returning tender looks. He was appointed commander-in-chief of the army of observation of the Gironde, now assembling at Bordeaux and Bayonne.

I shall never forget the impression which the Emperor's order, to go and assume the command of the army of the Gironde, made upon Junot. "So then you exile me!" he said to Napoleon in a tone of affliction, which sensibly affected the Emperor; "you send me from Paris at the moment of your return to it. What more could you have done, had I committed a crime?"—"You have not committed a crime, but you have erred. It is necessary that you should remove for some time from Paris, to silence the reports which have long been current respecting my sister and you. I defy any human being to persist in spreading them when the confidential service with which I am investing you becomes known. You will correspond only with me; you will continue governor of Paris. Come, my old friend . . . the marshal's baton is yonder." He held out his hand, which Junot seized, and wept like a child, still repeating, "And yet you remove me from you!"—"But I am at this moment in no danger," replied the Emperor, affected by Junot's emotion. "You will only lose a few fêtes, and you have had dancing enough in my absence. Come, my friend, take courage. It is a noble mission that is imposed upon you. I was on the point of giving it to Lannes, or

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Murat; then remembering that you had been deprived of your share of glory, in the last campaign, I wished to make you amends. Believe me, the true reason of your appointment is my solicitude for your own honour."

When Junot repeated this conversation to me, I did not remark to him what principally struck me, because in my opinion the Emperor was desirous of administering balm to the wound. How skilful he was! how well he knew the hearts of men! Junot had gone to him in despair, he left him comforted, and ready to shed the last drop of his blood to add one leaf to Napoleon's triumphal crown.

As soon as Junot had made up his mind to accept the command of the army of observation of the Gironde, the ultimate destination of which was at this period known only to himself, he hastened the preparations for his departure. I saw that he was unhappy, that he quitted Paris with extreme pain; and though he could not acknowledge to me the true cause of this sorrow, I guessed it, and pitied him; but I can never forgive her who was the cause of his disgrace (for disgrace it was to him, however gilded), and who had not greatness of mind sufficient to acknowledge that all the fault was on her side. I was afterwards made acquainted with every secret feeling of Junot's heart: of that noble heart which never conceived a deceitful thought or a malicious plan to destroy the innocent. I knew how generously he kept silence; and I shall follow his example in what concerns myself. But I owe it to his memory to unveil all the manœuvres which were put in practice to secure him in Murat's interests in the terrible hypothesis of a misfortune happening to the Emperor in one of his military absences—at least at that time it was only in this event that the proposition of acting was made; but when once it had become habitual to consider Murat seated upon Napoleon's chair, mounting his horse—Murat, in short, master of France—when once the burlesque of this possibility should have disappeared by the custom of contemplating it, because there is nothing which the eye does not in the end find suitable from the long-continued habit of perseveringly looking upon it, then, at length, might have been said, "The enemy's ball has long delayed to strike . . . . . the hazards of war are very uncertain! and from this reflection, to supplying the indolence or slowness of the enemy's ball, the step is but short."

The marriage of Prince Jerome with a German Princess was now much spoken of. There were Arch Duchesses, but they were too young; there were Grand Duchesses, but their mothers would not

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give them to France, not even to its supreme chief; conjectures were numerous, but no certainty was obtained till the Emperor himself announced the approaching marriage of Prince Jerome with the Princess Catherine, daughter of the then reigning King of Wirtemberg. The dominions of Hesse Cassel, Brunswick, Fulda, Paderborn, and the greatest part of Hanover had just been united to compose the kingdom of Westphalia. It was pretty loudly said that the bridal pair were to reign over it, but the Emperor did not explain his intentions, and it did not answer to make guesses at them in his presence. But while the subjects of this new state were waiting a king of the Emperor's choice, he sent them a regency composed of the counsellors of state, Beugnot, Siméon, Jollivet, and General Joseph Lagrange.

A commotion was excited in the interior of France at this time by the suppression of the Tribunate, which the Emperor had felt to be a restraint upon him ever since the coronation. The repeated opposition of this body to his will, especially in respect to the legion of honour, and to the establishment of the Empire itself, had given him an antipathy to it; he never took such antipathies on slight grounds, but they were generally, as in the present instance, irrevocable sentences of death. Every time that the preparatory discussion of a new law was brought before the chamber of the tribunate, a host of difficulties arose, which always renewed the Emperor's discontent. The moment, then, that he thought himself strong enough to carry measures according to his will, he joyfully suppressed the tribunate; ordaining that in future the proposed laws should be discussed by three committees of finance, of administration, and of legislation, all taken from the legislative body. Another senatus-consultum of the same day made a great attack upon the political rights of Frenchmen, by decreeing that no one could be elected a deputy under the age of forty years.

The army, notwithstanding the Emperor's absence, continued its career of conquest. Marshal Brune took Stralsund by capitulation, and the island of Rugen fell into our hands. The King of Prussia closed the Baltic against English commerce; and England, so attacked, must soon have bowed before the iron will of Napoleon. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the English, attacked on all sides, and abandoned by all, made no effort to relieve Gustavus, their only remaining ally, but suffered him to be overcome, while they abandoned themselves to internal intrigues, and to a cunning and sordid policy, the evidence of weakness. At this time England was weak, for the attack upon Copenhagen must not be considered as a proof of

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strength in her government. A really strong government commits no act of baseness, and the bombardment of Copenhagen certainly was one, and equally impolitic.

Then appeared that proclamation, as it may be called, for it had nothing of the nature of a diplomatic note, in which Napoleon proscribed all connexion, political or commercial, with England; he added in this state paper, one of those which most decisively announced his domineering will, and that amongst the continental powers in alliance with him, there was one which must be punished for its double alliance; he threatened the Prince Regent of Portugal with deposition, and from that moment his destiny was known.

A treaty of alliance immediately followed the bombardment of Copenhagen; the King, in his wrath, would I believe have sold his people to obtain the means of vengeance. At the same time the Emperor Alexander, for whom I acknowledge a great predilection, and whom I believe to have long acted honestly with us, proclaimed anew the famous armed neutrality, the masterpiece of Catherine's wisdom. He also issued a manifesto filled with wise reasons in justification of this measure. I shall always believe, that the Emperor Alexander would long have been the sincere friend of France, if Napoleon would have permitted him.

CHAPTER XXV.

Letter from Duroc—The Princess of Wirtemberg expected at Raincy—Consternation—Preparations for the reception of her Royal Highness—Her arrival—Her portrait—Dismissal of her German attendants—The royal breakfast—M. de Winzingerode—Stag-hunt in the park—The Princess's dress—The dinner at Raincy—Her Royal Highness's request—Arrival of Prince Jerome—Recollections of Baltimore—Interview of Jerome Bonaparte with the Princess Catherine—Departure for Paris, and arrival at the Tuileries—Junot's distress—The Faubourg St. Germain.

It was the 20th of August; Junot had made all his preparations for his journey, and was gone to dine with M. Lalligant, one of his friends, to whose child he and Madame de Caraman were to stand sponsors. The house was encumbered with chests and portmanteaux, the courtyard with baggage-waggons and carriages; every thing announced the approaching departure of the master of the mansion: in fact, in two days, Junot was about to set out for Bordeaux, the place of his immediate destination. I had superintended all that was to

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make the journey agreeable, and I was fatigued; but at nine o'clock, just as I was going to bed, my valet-de-chambre informed me that one of the Emperor's footmen was in waiting to deliver a letter to Junot from the Grand-Marshal. I took the letter, which was endorsed, *The Grand-Marshal of the Palace;* and besides this signature, in scarcely legible writing, were the words, *in great haste;* the whole address was in Duroc's hand. I made two men mount on horseback, wrote a few words for each of them, and sent them in different directions to find Junot; but while they were in search of him he arrived. He had been to a certain hotel, where he had learnt the purport of Duroc's letter, which was to the following effect:

"The Princess Royal of Wirtemberg, my dear Junot, will arrive at Raincy with her suite, to morrow morning at nine o'clock, and will rest there till seven in the evening. His Majesty has made this arrangement. Will you have the goodness to give orders that every thing should be in readiness to receive her. I will send whatever you think requisite for her proper accommodation, and for the kitchen service. "I renew my assurances of attachment to you.

DUROC.

"20—At six in the evening."

"Well!" said I to Junot, after reading it, "a pretty employment they are giving us to accomplish! It is much like one of the orders given to the Princess Graciosa, by her tyrannical stepmother; but the misfortune is, we have no Prince Percinet with his wand." Junot walked about with a look of care. I saw that I had done wrong in complaining, which would but increase his ill-humour, and going up to him with a smile, I said, "But standing there like the god Terminus will not forward this business that I am complaining of, and which after all is not worth talking about. It appears that Her Royal Highness is to spend the whole day with us at Raincy; it will be your affair to dispose matters so that she shall not be weary of us; which is just possible, because neither the dogs nor the stags are packed up, so that you will be able to show her a hunt; and if it should not be quite so agreeable to you as your chase by the light of flambeaux, the Princess will understand, that with the best intentions in the world it is only possible to give what one has. Come, answer Duroc; or do you wish me to do it?" And I went to my desk. Junot looked at me, listened, and had the air of waking by degrees; his fine countenance, to which gloom was not at all becoming, cleared up, and at last became even cheerful. "Yes, answer him," he replied, embracing me slightly.

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I wrote to Duroc, that we were about to give the necessary orders for the reception of her Royal Highness, and that Junot and I returned thanks to the Emperor for giving us this new opportunity of proving our devotedness to him. I thanked Duroc for his offer of sending us all things necessary for the service, but added, "This would inconvenience rather than assist us; and I engage to be perfectly prepared for the reception of the Princess at the hour appointed." I then sent for Rechaud. This Rechaud was a clever, and, in our present dilemma, a most important personage: he was moreover a thoroughly honest man, a qualification not often to be found combined with skill in his profession. He and his brother had been brought up in the kitchen of the Prince of Condé; and afterwards became so expert in cookery, that they attained great celebrity in the gastronomic world. Rechaud had previously given me a specimen of his ability in the employment in which it was now wanted, by preparing in a few hours for the reception of the Marquis de la Romana at Raincy in great form. I explained the state of the present case, and he instantly understood all that was to be done. "Madame may set out for Raincy," he said with a *sang-froid* worthy of Vatel, "every thing shall be ready at the time mentioned."

I knew Rechaud; and getting into my carriage set out for Raincy without any anxiety, at ten o'clock at night, and in delightful weather. On reaching the mansion, I found carts already arrived with provisions for the morrow. All night the road to Raincy was travelled over by goers and comers transporting thither whatever was needful, not simply for food but for luxury. The next morning, before I was up, Rechaud tapped at the door of the bath-room, where I had slept to leave my apartment for the use of the Princess of Wirtemberg in case she should wish to retire to it upon her arrival; he came to tell me that every thing was quite ready. Neither had I been idle in the department which fell under my superintendence; all the apartments were in perfect order for the reception of the Princess and suite, even to the superb bath-room, which was prepared in case the Princess should choose to leave the dust of her journey in one of its fine marble basins. One thing teased me sadly: it was my curiosity to know why the Princess on arriving within four leagues of Paris should be detained there a visitor to the governor of the city without daring to proceed. Junot pretty well knew both the Emperor's orders in this matter and his reasons for them. He did not choose that the Princess Royal of Wirtemberg should make such an entrance into Paris as the Duchess of Burgundy and her sister the fair Gabrielle of Savoy might have made; and when he found that the march of the

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Princess had been so stupidly calculated, that she would arrive within sight of the barriers at ten o'clock in the morning, he determined that she should not pass them till eight in the evening, and that she should remain in the interim at some private villa which might be hired for the occasion. The Emperor was going to dismiss Duroc after having given him these orders, when he cried out suddenly, "Oh! *parbleu!* —Junot—Junot has Raincy—the Princess must spend the day at Raincy. It is a charming place, and I hope she will think it a great deal more beautiful than the huge, demi-gothic castles of Suabia and Bavaria. Besides, Madame Junot knows how to speak to crowned heads. Then write to Junot that the Princess Catherine of Wirtemberg will pass to-morrow with him and his wife; his wife must go also, her pregnancy is no hinderance to that."

The Princess arrived at Raincy exactly at nine o'clock, as had been announced. She possessed the German preciseness, even in its minutest details. I was impatient to become acquainted with the Princess. Jerome's fate could not be indifferent to me; for I had loved him from childhood, and though he, only, had treated me with coldness at the death of my mother, I still continued very much attached to him. He had sworn to me when we met at breakfast in Estramadura, that he should never forget the mother of his son, her who had given him a paradise in a strange country. I involuntarily thought of that young victim, who was said to be so beautiful, and who was so affectionate! who had had a child! but was that child to become an orphan? It was therefore with a strong prepossession against her that I approached the Princess of Wirtemberg with my compliments. She received me with perfect grace, perceived my situation at once, and assured me that if she had known that I was so far advanced in pregnancy, she would have sent me a courier very early in the morning to desire me not to rise to receive her.

The Princess of Wirtemberg, at the time I am speaking of, was about nineteen or twenty years of age; she was handsome; the turn of her head gave her an expression of dignified pride which became her noble brow, and which would have been still more graceful nad her neck, and indeed her whole figure, been something less short. She was not pretty in the general acceptation of the word, though all her features were good, but she seldom smiled, and the expression of her countenance wanted urbanity; it was, if not disagreeable, at least exceedingly haughty, and was dignified and serious, rather than pleasing and gracious; her head was too much sunk between her shoulders, though she held it as high as possible to lose nothing of her stature, which was low. At the moment I first saw her, this characteristic

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haughtiness was more than usually conspicuous. At first this expression struck me as very disagreeable, notwithstanding her extreme politeness to myself; but in a few minutes I understood her feelings, and far from blaming them, felt myself much interested in her situation. It was really a very painful one, and it was not for me, a *woman*, to be insensible to it. Two days previously the Princess had been separated from all her German attendants. The Emperor, though he did not like Louis XIV., chose him for a model in matters of etiquette; and as he had isolated the foreign Princesses who came into France, whether from the north, as in the case of the wife of his brother, or from the south, as the Duchess of Burgundy, so the Princess of Wirtemberg was separated from her German household, notwithstanding a species of resistance very natural in her situation. This situation was not similar to that of all Princesses quitting their own country to share a foreign throne; she was obliged at the same time to surmount the national prejudice so strongly rooted amongst the Germans against unequal alliances (and if the Emperor, surrounded by the blaze of his glory, that dominating spell which commands admiration, might be excepted from the anathema; it was not so with his brothers); and the bitter consideration that she was about to give her hand to a man who had already a contracted marriage, which gave to another woman still living the rights of wife and mother. This knowledge, sufficiently distressing to any one, must have been doubly so to a Princess condemned to silence, constraint, and dissimulation, and to the concealment of her tears from new servants whose presence thus makes the hours of retirement more heavy than those of public ceremonial. The Princess of Wirtemberg then was received on her entrance into the French territory by the court of honour which the Emperor had sent to meet her, and which was wholly taken from that of the Empress. Marshal Bessières had espoused the Princess as proxy for the Prince.

On the arrival of the Princess at Raincy she was offered a bath in the elegant bath-room, but refused it, and seemed desirous to have an early breakfast. As I did not know what she might like, I had prepared two breakfast services, that she might take hers in her own apartment if she preferred it; but she declined, and even expressed a wish that all my inmates should breakfast with her, desiring me to invite them in her name. She seemed uneasy, as far as the possibility of her countenance allowed me to judge, at the delay of her father's minister, M. de Winzingerode, who did not arrive till ten o'clock: he was a young man, tall, fair, without the smallest degree of expression in his eye, smile, or attitude; a perfect god Terminus

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nis wife, who was also expected, did not come, for some reason which I do not now recollect. The countenance of the Princess, upon seeing the ambassador, immediately changed, which further convinced me that my former observation of the constraint she had imposed upon herself was correct: it was clear she was in a state of great suffering; the unexpected removal of her German suite had oppressed her, even to the injury of her health, which was manifestly affected.

Breakfast was over by half-past eleven o'clock; I asked the Princess whether she would like to witness a stag-hunt in the park, and whether she would ride on horseback or in an open carriage. She chose the carriage, and having ordered two of those sort of basket sociables, which are used by the ladies who follow the chase at Fontainebleau and Rambouillet, we set out to make the first tour of the forest of Bondy; then re-entering the park by the gate of Chelles, we were met by the huntsman and hounds, and a young buck was turned out, which was almost immediately taken and very much maltreated by the dogs. The Princess, who at first was serious, if not melancholy, became more cheerful as we rode, and at length seemed very well pleased. The heat being excessive, we returned to the house as the clock struck three; leaving indeed not more than time enough for the party to dress for dinner.

When the Princess came into the drawing-room, half-an-hour before dinner time, I felt some regret that no one had had the courage to recommend her a different style of dress. She was about to have a first interview with a man on whom was to depend the happiness of her future life, and whose youthful imagination, poetical as is natural to the natives of the south, could adorn an absent object with additional charms, while Madame Jerome Bonaparte, without the aid of imagination, was really a charming woman. As the Princess Catherine had made up her mind to give her hand to Prince Jerome, it was the more desirable that she should please him, as, notwithstanding his too ready submission to the will of Napoleon, it was certain he regretted his divorced wife, for Miss Patterson really was his wife, and it would have been politic to appear before him with all the advantages dress could bestow, while, on the contrary, hers was in inconceivable bad taste for the year 1807. The gown was of white moire, but of a bluish white, which was out of fashion at the time, and trimmed in front with a very badly-worked silver embroidery, in a style which had also been forgotten: then the cut of the dress itself corresponded exactly with its trimming in point of novelty: it was a very tight frock, with a little train exactly resembling the round tail of the beaver, and tight flat sleeves, com

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pressing the arm above the elbow, like a bandage after blood-letting. Her shoes were so pointed that they seemed to belong to the era of King John. The hair was dressed in a similarly old-fashioned style, and was particularly unbecoming to a countenance of which not only the features were good, but the expression very striking. Her complexion was very fair and fresh, her hair light, her eyes blue, her teeth very white; all which, with a turn of her head, at once gracious and dignified, gave her personal advantages which she seemed to despise by the total indifference with which she permitted those about her to take the entire management of her dress. She wore round her neck two rows of very fine pearls, to which was suspended the portrait of the Prince set in diamonds; the size of the medallion having probably been left to the taste of the jeweller, he had made it of dimensions capable of carrying the greatest possible number of jewels, but certainly much too large to be ornamental, as it dangled from the neck of the Princess, and bestowed heavy blows at every movement. Rank, however, goes for much in all cases, for her Royal Highness, in this tasteless attire, entered the drawing-room of Raincy with the same majestic air which distinguished her at St. Cloud two months after, when she walked the gallery in a full court suit, embroidered by Lenormand, and made by Leroy, her hair dressed by Frederic or Charbonnier, and her neck ornamented by a magnificent necklace admirably set by Foncier or Nitot. Then her apparent indifference to such trifles proved what widely different subjects occupied her really superior mind, in this, perhaps the most important moment of her life.

By her own desire the ladies only were to dine with her, and in consequence I ordered the dinner in the library, a large rotunda in the left wing of the mansion looking upon the park. We were six, including the Princess and her three ladies, for her Royal Highness was good enough to permit my friend Madame Lallemand to join our party, though she had not yet been presented.

A few moments after the dinner was announced I remarked that the Princess was much agitated. I concluded that she had some wish, which she felt unwilling to express to the strangers who surrounded her, and who, in a moment when, above all others, she stood in need of sympathy, would probably answer her only by a respectful smile or with perfect indifference. I therefore approached her, and without abruptly putting the question, I drew her on to speak to me with more confidence than she had yet done to any of the persons in her service. "Would it be possible," said she, "for me to have some minutes' notice previous to the Prince's arrival?" She coloured

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highly as she finished these words. This emotion, which was certainly not the effect of love, must have been very painful; I appeared not to remark it, and congratulated myself on the facility with which I could gratify her Royal Highness's wishes. Raincy is perhaps the only country-seat in the neighbourhood of Paris which would afford this convenience. Its avenue of poplars leading from the high road nearly to the grand entrance of the mansion is almost three furlongs in length. I mentioned the Princess's wish to Junot, who thought with me that she was desirous of preparing her mind for an interview of which she had probably a painful anticipation. He immediately gave orders to M. de Grandsaigue to take his station at the end of the avenue nearest to the house, and the moment the Prince's carriages should appear to bring me word. I informed the Princess that her wishes should be attended to, and we sat down to table, while Junot entertained Marshal Bessières and the rest of her Royal Highness's suite in the dining-room. The dinner was dull. I watched the movements of the Princess, which were more hasty than in the morning; her cheeks were highly flushed, and her absence of manner betrayed an inward agitation, disguised by the dignity which she had been taught. We remained but a short time at table, when I had twice asked whether her Royal Highness would like to take her coffee and ice in the park or in the great saloon, she looked at me with the air of a person who hears without understanding, and said, "Eh?—Which you please."

At half-past six we retired to the saloon, and the Princess having asked me whether I had thought of her wishes, I went to inquire if Junot had taken care that his vidette was at his post. But finding that Junot, Bessières, and the rest of the gentlemen, relieved from their attendance by the will of the Princess, thought only of lengthening out the pleasures of a good dinner, and that the dining-room was sending out loud specimens of their joviality, I went myself to the Russian cottage, where poor M. de Grandsaigue was dining all alone, and pointing his opera-glass down the avenue. "Sister Anne, sister Anne!" I cried out to him from the lawn, for I was not in a condition to be very active, "sister Anne, sister Anne! do you see anything coming?"—"I see, my Castellane, only the grass that's growing, and the dust that's blowing," replied my gallant warder, with all the courtesy of one of Louis XV.'s musketeers, and which had been taught by his father, who had belonged to that venerable troop. I also looked down the avenue, and saw nothing. But at the moment I was about to return into the house, a cloud of dust arose on the road to Paris, and presently several carriages entered the

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avenue. I then immediately went to give notice to the Princess, who thanked me with a half-smile, which was painful to witness. Her face assumed a deep scarlet hue, and her agitation for a moment was alarming; but it subsided, at least outwardly, and she quickly regained her self-command. She called Madame de Luçay to her, and probably gave her orders that her departure should immediately follow the interview; she then took her station in the saloon where it was to take place. This saloon, as described in a former part of this volume, is divided into three parts, the music-room being at one extremity, the billiard-room at the other, and the reception or drawing-room in the middle. In this centre division the Princess seated herself beside the chimney, having an arm-chair near her which was intended for the Prince. We were all in the billiard-room, from whence we could see all that passed in the drawing-room, being separated from it only by a range of pillars with statues in the intercolumnations. The Prince was to enter by the music-room.

Already the rolling of the carriage-wheels in the avenue was heard, when Madame Lallemand, catching hold of my dress, exclaimed, "Do you know it has just crossed my mind, that the sight of me at this moment may make a singular impression upon the Prince. I had better retire."—"Why?"—"Because the last time he saw me was at Baltimore with Miss Patterson, with whom I was very intimate. Do you not think that seeing me again, on such an occasion as the present, might recall a great deal that has passed?"—"Indeed I do!" I exclaimed, thrusting her into the adjoining room, for at this moment a noise in the hall announced the Prince's arrival, and in a few seconds the door was opened, and Marshal Bessières introduced him. The Prince was accompanied by the officers of his household, among whom were Cardinal Maury, the chief almoner, and M. Alexander Le Camus, who already possessed great influence over him, and who felt it advisable not to lose sight of him in a moment to which his advice had given rise, and which might prove important to his future fate. I do not believe that Jerome would ever have abandoned Miss Patterson if he had not been urged to it by counsels which he had not strength of mind enough to resist. The Prince's attendants remained in the music-room during the interview.

The saloon of Raincy seemed to be made expressly for the interview which was now to take place. The Princess was seated near the chimney, though there was no fire. On the Prince's entrance she rose, advanced two steps towards him, and made the compliment of reception with equal grace and dignity. Jerome bowed neither well nor ill; he seemed to be there, because he had been told "You must

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go there." He approached the Princess, who seemed at this moment to have recovered all her presence of mind, and all the calm dignity of the woman and the Princess. After the exchange of a few words, she offered to the Prince the arm-chair, which had been placed near her, and a conversation was opened upon the subject of her journey. It was short, and closed by Jerome's rising and saying, "My brother is waiting for us; I will not longer deprive him of the pleasure of making acquaintance with the new sister I am about to give him."

The Princess smiled, and accompanied the Prince as far as the entrance of the music-room, whence he retired with his attendants. As soon as she had lost sight of him, the colour in her cheeks increased so violently that I feared the bursting of a blood-vessel. She acknowledged indisposition; we gave her air and eau de Cologne; in a few minutes she recovered her self-possession. This fainting fit, though laid to the account of heat and fatigue, was certainly occasioned by the violent constraint the Princess had for some hours put upon herself. The prejudices of a German Princess against an unequal alliance, joined to the almost antipathy borne by every German to the name of Bonaparte, and together with these simple causes, the knowledge of the previous marriage of the man to whom she was about to give her hand, were sufficient to overpower a more resolute person than the Princess Catherine of Wirtemberg; and in truth I considered it very natural not only that she should be indisposed, but sufficiently so to retard her departure from Raincy, and with it the ceremony, which might appear to her almost sacrilegious, but which was to set the seal upon her future destiny. I have heard the devotedness of the Queen of Westphalia very highly eulogised, and in fact it is truly noble in her peculiar situation. She was, however, ready to set out when Junot came to inform her that her carriages were drawn up. I staid at Raincy, for the day had been so fatiguing that I was unable to undergo another court ceremonial. The Princess at the moment of her departure approached me, and said, with a gracious smile, "Madame Junot, I shall never forget Raincy, and the hospitality I have experienced here. This place will always recall some of the most pleasing moments of my life." Here was a speech worthy of the King, her father, an adept in diplomacy; for honestly, the moments which had preceded its utterance were certainly sufficiently bitter.

She set out accompanied by Junot and Bessières. I afterwards learnt, that on her arrival at the Tuileries, the Emperor went to the top of the great staircase to meet her. On approaching him, she made an effort to kneel and kiss his hand, but the Emperor, stooping

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immediately, constrained her to rise, and conducted her to the throne-room, where all the Imperial family were assembled, and where he presented her to them as a daughter and sister. She was surrounded, caressed, and received with every mark of satisfaction into the family circle.

I returned to Paris, and found Junot in a state of distress which gave me extreme pain. Every effort had been used to erect between the Emperor and his old aide-de-camp, his old friend, a kind of barrier of the nature of which Junot himself was not aware, because his noble character kept him a stranger to all mysterious manœuvres. "You visit none but my enemies," said the Emperor one day to Junot, who was thunderstruck. Up to this time, this speech, a very common one, had been addressed only to me, and so little consequence did I attach to it, that I had begun to take no notice of it whatever. But Junot was more astonished than I was in the habit of being, at the strange reproach that was addressed to him, and he made no answer. "Yes," repeated the Emperor; "you visit only my enemies; what is the meaning of this whist-party which you have drawn together, and which is composed of persons all objectionable to me?" "This whist-party, Sire, is composed of the same persons who played at M. de Talleyrand's, and I never heard of your Majesty having addressed such reproaches to him. I suppose they were all reserved for me." "But, in short," said Napoleon, "can you explain to me, why you visit at a certain house of the Faubourg St. Germain, where I am so much detested, to speak plainly, that I wonder why I allow such people to remain in Paris?" "I visit at no house in the Faubourg St. Germain, Sire. There was once at Paris a person in whom I had a warm interest, and at whose house I was in the habit of often meeting individuals whom your Majesty might consider your enemies, but of whom you have probably changed your opinion, as many of them are now about your person." "It is not my actions that are in question," replied the Emperor, knitting his brow, as having evidently the worst of the argument. "Why do you visit at Madame de Luynes's, where you pass your life, and where you allow yourself to be maltreated by saucy girls, who think themselves privileged by their sex to play with impunity with the sword of one of my bravest soldiers? How long may they have thought this possible? Ah, ah! Monsieur Junot! .... You see that I know all .... I am thoroughly well informed."

On hearing the name of Madame de Luynes, Junot did not at first know what to think of it; but his surprise soon gave way to so painful a feeling, that he drew a deep sigh, putting his hands before his

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eyes. The Emperor, believing him self-convicted, and that he was at a loss for a defence, repeated, "Yes, yes; I am perfectly well informed; you cannot deny it." "Sire," said Junot at length, with great solemnity of manner, "I feel myself obliged to tender my resignation to your Majesty; for it is impossible I can continue my services about your person, when you will give credit to all the absurd falsehoods which are reported to you respecting my wife and myself. You would believe me in conspiracy against you if they were to bring you a report to that effect."

Junot's expression in making this last remark affected Napoleon, who answered mildly, "That is a very different affair." "By no means, Sire, as your Majesty will probably understand, when I tell you that my wife and I have been but once to the hotel de Luynes. My wife, it is true, was well acquainted with Madame de Chevreuse before the marriage of either, but her opposition has been so public, that Madame Junot has not sought a renewal of the connexion. With respect to allowing myself to be maltreated by saucy girls, I am not aware of having hitherto given much cause for supposing that I should submit to disrespect from any individual whatsoever. But I will prove to your Majesty how much you should be on your guard against reports brought to you by any other than the constituted chief authorities, Dubois, Fouché, Duroc, and myself." And hereupon Junot succinctly related to the Emperor the circumstances which had given rise to these calumnies; and I afterwards described to him more at length the history of the evening we had spent at the hotel de Luynes.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

Junot's departure for Bordeaux, and subsequently for Portugal—Secret instructions relative to the Portuguese campaign—General Loison—His accusations against Junot — Colonel Napier — Predilections in favour of England — Charles X. at the exhibition of National Industry—Convention of Cintra—Fêtes at Fontainebleau—The Emperor's new amours—His solitary rides in the forest—His dislike to attendance—Melancholy presentiments of the Empress—Duroc's hostility to her—Interview at Mantua between Napoleon and Lucien—The Imperial brother and the Republican brother—Lucien's ideas of kingly duties—The parting—Scene at Malmaison in 1804—Lucien's prediction.

Junot at length set out on the 28th of August, 1807, for Bordeaux. He received secret instructions at great length from the Emperor before his departure, and further orders were to be sent to him at Bordeaux, on the receipt of which he set out for Portugal, and his army had already passed Alcantara before the people of Paris were aware of its destination. Not only were the ministerial orders precise, but the private letters of the Emperor were peremptory in requiring the utmost possible celerity in his march upon Lisbon, and that he should make great sacrifices to obtain the predominant object of the expedition, which was, to prevent the fleet and ports of Lisbon being surrendered to the English.

"Grant nothing to the Prince of Brazil, even though he should promise to make war on England; enter Lisbon, and take possession of the shipping and the dock-yards." Such were Napoleon's secret instructions, written at his dictation by M. de Menneval.

This campaign, one of the most remarkable in which our armies had been engaged since that of 1790 (I mean the first campaign of Portugal, for there were three, and, as Junot's wife, I must protest against either the second or third being attributed to him), offered nothing but discouragement and annoyance to my husband. Jealousy and envy erected a barrier to prevent his glory penetrating to the land of his cradle. There were generals in his army, whose names were amongst the laurel-leaves which composed the triumphal garland of France; those truly brave and talented men were faithful and true brethren in arms to their commander-in-chief. At their head was the

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Duke de Valmy, the valiant and loyal General Kellerman, who, like our ancient worthies, conscious that his own glory was proof, dreaded not that of others. To him I may add the Generals Laborde, Thiébault, Quesnel, Taviel, and many others. But General Loison and another, who shall be nameless, were so lost to all generous sentiments as to become the accusers of a man who had loaded them with favours and honours: that other, whose base perfidy to Junot was without cause, without even the slightest pretext, and who professed gratitude to him for the gift of a considerable sum of money, which now constitutes the greater part of his fortune. He materially injured not Junot only, but also Marshal Ney, in Masséna's campaign, when I was present and detected his intrigues.

When arranging my notes relative to this campaign, anxious to render my narrative succinct, true and impartial, especially as regards one of the great names of our military history, and unable to reconcile the various conflicting rumours respecting Marshal Soult and his desire to possess himself of the Portuguese crown, which had daily reached me while with the army; as I always prefer the most direct course, I called one day on la Maréchale; related to her and also to that loyal and frank-hearted soldier Colonel Bory de St. Vincent, attached to the marshal's person, my wish to have the marshal's own answer to the accusations of Loison, who would have accused his own mother, if it answered his purpose. The marshal received my request with more good will than I expected; but since his accession to the ministry, he has made a point of refusing all my little demands upon him. Is it then a title to proscription to be the wife of a soldier of the Revolution and the Empire? I should be the more sorry, as I will never abandon that title: I am a Frenchwoman, and a Frenchwoman of that radiant era I will remain, cherishing all its recollections, adoring and venerating all its glories with increasing ardour, now that none of them survive around me.

"Have the goodness to send me your notes," said the marshal, "leaving sufficient margin for me to write the answer to your queries. Will that suit you?" I gladly assented; but Madame Soult objected, that he might spare both himself and me the trouble, by giving me the work of Colonel Napier and General Matthew Dumas, the accuracy of which might be entirely depended upon, and I should have but to copy what was already printed. I accepted the book, though not without regret that the marshal's offer had failed of its accomplishment.

On my road home I racked my brain to discover whence this Colonel Napier could come, of whom I had never heard; it was not

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till I arrived and opened the first of the four volumes, which, as a former comrade the Duchess of Dalmatia had been kind enough to lend me, that the marvellous truth was explained; he was an Englishman! Having been referred to this work for information I made it a duty to read it attentively. On the principal object of my inquiry it was silent, or at least contained but two or three chance observations respecting the contested question of the Portuguese royalty. But I was not a little astonished to find in the work to which I had been thus officially referred, an account of the campaign written in a spirit most inimical to the French, and especially to Junot. That campaign, the glory of which is established and recog nised not only throughout Europe, but across the Atlantic, established and acknowledged too by the rage of our enemies, who granted *an inquiry* as their only recompense to Sir Arthur Wellesley. General Thiébault, the chief of Junot's staff, and son of that friend of the great Frederic who has left us so admirable a work upon the miraculous days of Prussia's exaltation, knows more, I imagine, of this expedition and of its commander than M. Napier; and when such a man as Thiébault, with a heart truly French, a noble and elevated mind, and talents as remarkable in the cabinet as was his valour in the field, preserved his attachment and esteem for his former commander, now laid in the dust, it may well be believed that the man who was worthy of such attachment and of the affections of all who belonged to him, was not what Colonel Napier has represented him.

If any thing can now-a-days excite surprise, it might be to find emanating from the national archives of the French minister of war, a book written by an Englishman in the English service, and animated by all the national animosity which has so constantly subsisted between the two countries. And one of our most distinguished generals translated this precious work! I flatter myself that in his younger days General Matthew Dumas would have recoiled from such an undertaking; but he is in the case which must happen to us all—he is growing old.

In 1814, the Count d'Artois uttered the memorable words, "*I am only one additional Frenchman.*" An expression worthy of Bayard or of Francis the First. But at the exhibition of *National Industry*, in 1827, in that sanctuary where the true strength, prosperity and vitality of the state reside, Charles X., then many years older, replied with a smile to one of our most skilful armourers, who presented him with a new gun, "*I thank you, but I seldom use any but English arms.*" And further on when a Lyons shawl-manufacturer was displaying to him some admirable specimens, "Oh! our neighbours fur

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surpass us. We cannot contend with them." "I have the honour to beg your Majesty's pardon, Sire," answered the manufacturer with spirit, deeply sensible to this unjust reproach; "for more than six years past, every factory in Lyons sends to England five hundred thousand francs' worth of these very manufactures which your Majesty considers so inferior to the English."

This incident may serve to show that there was a time when the court weathercock pointed north-west, and when courtiers were obliged to sing God save the King, and even Rule Britannia; it was natural enough that canticles to the supremacy of England should then be found in the library of the war minister: but that matters should remain the same after the Revolution of 1830, is a little too bad.

When Junot had once accepted the command, he resolved to justify the Emperor's confidence; and although his health was seriously impaired, he did not suffer indisposition to interfere with the most minute attention to all the concerns of his army. But, with Napoleon, conquest was indispensable. He had yet experienced no reverse, nor would he endure that his lieutenants should: and glorious as was the convention of Cintra, admirable as must have been that character which could obtain it from the esteem of an enemy of five times his own strength, this single act in which England ever treated with the Empire, was not sufficient; victory alone could satisfy Napoleon. With conscripts only; without supplies either of arms or money, still he must have victory: nor can I blame him, rigid as was the requisition; it was upon such principles he made the world his Empire.

The fêtes in celebration of the King of Westphalia's marriage still continued, and the court of Fontainebleau was more brilliant than during the reign of Louis XIV.; each successive day exceeding the past in magnificence. I was patiently awaiting my confinement at Raincy, when I received an invitation, or rather an order, to repair to Fontainebleau for a few days. I obeyed; but not choosing to be an inmate of the chateau, and to be heard screaming in the night in case of unexpected accidents, I hired a small house close adjoining, and went every day to the palace in a sedan-chair; although Duroc had told me in confidence that the Emperor, whom I certainly feared the most, was about to set out on a journey.

No language can convey a clear idea of the magnificence, the magical luxury, which now surrounded the Emperor; the diamonds, jewels, and flowers, that gave splendour to his fêtes; the loves and joys that spread enchantment around, and the intrigues which the

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actors in them fancied quite impenetrable, whereas they were perhaps even more easily discernible than at the Tuileries. When the mornings were fine, and in October and November of that year the weather was superb, we went out hunting and breakfasted in the forest. The ladies wore a uniform of chamois cashmere, with collars and trimmings of green cloth, embroidered with silver, and a hat of black velvet, with a large plume of white feathers. Nothing could be more exhilarating than the sight of seven or eight open carriages whirling rapidly through the alleys of that magnificent forest, filled with ladies in this elegant costume, their waving plumes blending harmoniously with the autumnal foliage; the Emperor and his numerous suite darting like a flight of arrows past them, in pursuit of a stag, which exhibiting at one moment its proud antlers from the summit of a mossy rock, in the next was flying with the fleetness of the wind to escape from its persecutors. The gentlemen's hunting uniform was of green cloth, turned up with amaranth velvet, and laced à la Brandenbourg on the breast and pockets with gold and silver; it was gay, but I preferred the more unpretending shooting-uniform.

Much gossip was at this time passing at Fontainebleau, respecting both the present and the future, but all in whispers. The present was the very important subject of the Emperor's new amours. The beautiful Genoese then at the acme of favour, had demanded to be presented at court, which no other favourite had ever dared to think of; and the Emperor, though usually very little susceptible of influence from such connexions, had on this occasion the weakness to accede. But the future presented a far more serious consideration, in the Imperial divorce, which occupied all minds, and was the subject of all our conversation in the retirement of our own apartments. The designated heir of the empire was no more; and, though he had left a brother, Napoleon's hopes did not rest equally on him. He became thoughtful and abstracted; and would often ride into the forest in the morning, attended only by Jardin (his favourite pricker, who was much devoted to him), probably that he might meditate undisturbed upon the course he should adopt.

"How can you suffer the Emperor to ride almost alone in that forest?" said I one day to Duroc; "for once it would be immaterial, but if it is known to be habitual, he may be watched for, and how easily may a mischance occur."—"I can not hinder his going out unaccompanied," replied Duroc. "I have several times remonstrated, but he will not listen. I am however informed the moment he leaves the palace, and do my best to watch over his safety. But the forest is large, and there is no ascertaining what direction he may choose, so

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that these solitary rides often cause me uneasiness." This may serve as an answer to the assertions in some biographies as to the extreme vigilance with which it was the Emperor's pleasure to be uniformly guarded. He had always the greatest repugnance to attendance; even in seasons of real danger, I have seen him going out continually accompanied by Bourrienne, Junot, or Rapp, never more than one at a time. If such was his antipathy to attendance in France, how great must have been his annoyance, when at St. Helena, English sentinels were instructed to escort him wherever he went.

The Princess Pauline and the Grand Duchess of Berg were pre-eminent in the numerous train of young and pretty women who that year adorned the Imperial court at Fontainebleau. Notwithstanding Napoleon's recent attachment to Madame G...., he had also a great fancy for Madame B...., who, as a lady in waiting on one of the Princesses, was of all the hunting-parties, and frequently breakfasted at the rendezvous. I know the whole of that affair, and can assert, in opposition to the reports of scandal, that the Emperor never succeeded; though so powerful was the impression made upon him that he committed it to writing, a circumstance very rare with him in his transient entanglements, for such this would have been, had not Madame B.... had the good sense to withstand the infatuation of that halo of glory, that cloud of dazzling light which surrounded Napoleon; for this purpose her heart must have been pre-engaged, neither reason nor virtue would otherwise be proof against such resistless fascinations.

The Empress, in spite of all her efforts to appear gay and happy, was overpowered with melancholy. The rumours of a divorce seemed to acquire more and more consistency, and were all repeated to her; the frequent exchange of couriers between Paris and Petersburg inspired a fear that the consummation of the peace of Tilsit might be sought in a family alliance between the new friends. And to complete her uneasiness upon the subject, she dared not mention it to the Emperor. Once when I had been paying my respects to her, she did me the honour to say to me, "Madame Junot, they will never be satisfied till they have driven me from the throne of France—they are inveterate against me." She meant the Emperor's family. And in fact her two sisters-in-law, Jerome, and all to whom, as they said, the glory of the empire was dear, desired a separation. The Emperor himself said nothing, but his silence was perhaps more alarming to his unfortunate consort than words would have been. The death of the young Prince of Holland had evidently overthrown all his projects. The Empress burst into tears as she contemplated a lock of the child's

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beautiful yellow hair, which she had put under a glass on a ground of black velvet. The poor mother's despair no language can express: that Queen Hortense still lives is satisfactory evidence that grief does not kill. But the sufferings of the Empress were scarcely less severe; her maternal affliction was enhanced by incessantly renewed anxieties about the divorce.

As I had the highest esteem and tenderest friendship for Duroc, whose memory is enshrined in my heart next to that of my brother, I shall not be suspected of injustice in blaming him for the revenge he took upon the Empress's former opposition to his intended marriage. One day, as the Empress entered the throne-room, her mournful and disconsolate looks seeming to be bidding adieu to every object on which they turned, I asked Duroc, "How can you avoid pitying her?" He looked at me for some time, as if to reproach my observation; then taking me by the hand, directed my attention to the extremity of the saloon where a lady was seated, another standing by her side. "Look there," whispered he; "that one is heaven—the other is hell. Whose doing is that? Is it not hers? No, no! I have no compassion for her!" I have adverted to Duroc's sentiments because, with his prodigious influence over the Emperor, he had much power of befriending the Empress; his hostility I am certain was not active; but there are circumstances in which silence is the most deadly injury.

We were informed one morning that the Emperor had set out at four o'clock on a journey, the object and destination of which were alike impenetrable. Yet Italy was the only direction he could have taken: and in fact the principal, though latent motive of this journey was a reconciliation with Lucien. The Emperor was at length convinced, or rather he had never doubted, that of all his brothers, Lucien alone could understand and act in concert with him. But Lucien was far from condescending, and the Emperor, who knew his character, resolved himself to see and converse with him; the brothers consequently gave each other the meeting at Mantua. Lucien arrived about nine at night in a travelling carriage with M. Boyer, cousin-german of his first wife, and the Count de Chatillon, a friend who resided with him. "Do not put up, I shall probably return to-night!" said Lucien, as he alighted to join his brother.

I have heard the particulars of this extraordinary interview from two quarters, both in perfect accordance. Napoleon was walking in a long gallery with Prince Eugène, Murat, and Marshal Duroc; he advanced to meet his brother, and held out his hand with every appearance of cordiality. Lucien was affected. He had not seen the Emperor since the day of Austerlitz; and far from being jealous of

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the resplendent blaze of his brother's glory, as it now passed before his mental vision, his noble heart heaved with tumultuous joy. For some moments he was incapable of speaking; at length having expressed to Napoleon his pleasure in this meeting, the Emperor made a signal and the rest of the party withdrew. "Well! Lucien," said Napoleon, "what are your projects? Will you at last go hand in hand with me?" Lucien regarded him with astonishment; for inquiries into his projects, addressed to him who never indulged in any, appeared most strange. "I form no projects," replied he at length. "As for going hand in hand with your Majesty, what am I to understand by it?"

An immense map of Europe lay rolled up on a table before them; the Emperor seized it by one end, and throwing it open with a graceful action, said to Lucien, "Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you my word, as a brother and an Emperor, to give it you, and to maintain you in it . . . for I now ride over the head of every King in Europe. Do you not understand me?"* He stopped and looked expressively at Lucien: "Lucien, you may share with me that sway which I exercise over inferior minds; you have only to pursue the course I shall open to you for the establishment and maintenance of my system, the happiest and most magnificent ever conceived by man; but to ensure its execution I must be seconded, and I can only be seconded by my own family; of all my brothers only yourself and Joseph can efficiently serve me. Louis is an obstinate fool, and Jerome a mere child without capacity. . . .My hopes then rest chiefly on you, will you realize them?" "Before this explanation is carried further," answered Lucien, "I ought to advertise you that I am not changed; my principles are still the same as in 1799 and 1803. What I was in my curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, I am at this moment beside the Emperor Napoleon. Now, brother, it is for you to consider whether you will proceed."

"You talk absurdly," said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders: "new times should give a new direction to our ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity truly, to come here and rave of your Utopian republic! You must embrace my system, I tell you; follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I will acknowledge your wife as my sister: I will crown her as well as you. I will make you the greatest man in Europe, next to myself,

* Lucien might well not understand his brother's boast; inasmuch as the most prominent of all the European powers (England) sternly and successfully defied him.—*Editor.*

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and I restore you my entire friendship, my brother," added he, lowering the emphatic tone in which he had just uttered the preceding sentences, to that soft and caressing accent I have never heard but from his lips, and which makes the heart vibrate to its mellow and powerful chords. This man was altogether seducing. Lucien loved him; he started as he listened, and grew pale. "I do not sell myself," said he in an agitated voice. "Hear me, my brother, listen to me, for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be your prefect. If you give me a kingdom, I must rule it according to my own notions, and above all, in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be, shall have no cause to execrate my name. They shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you the blood of his children; for a people is after all but one large family, whose governor will be held responsible by the King of Kings for the welfare of all its members."

The Emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction. "Why then come to me?" said he at last angrily; "for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it; at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! Republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute." And shrugging his shoulders he smiled contemptuously. "And why not," said Lucien, "if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it."

A variety of emotions rapidly succeeded each other on Napoleon's countenance. He paced the gallery with a hurried step, repeating in an accent that evinced strong internal perturbation, "Always the same! Always the same!" Then turning suddenly to his brother and stamping on the marble floor, he exclaimed with a thundering voice, "But once more, sir, why then did you come to meet me? Why these endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, the head of your family; and by heaven you shall do as I please." Lucien was now growing warm, and all the discretion he had summoned to his aid, was beginning to evaporate. "I am no subject of yours," cried he in his turn, "and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me you are mistaken; never will I bow my

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head to it; and remember—hearken to my words, remember what I once told you at Malmaison."

A long, alarming, almost sinister silence, succeeded this burst of generous indignation. The two brothers faced each other, and were separated only by the table on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's infatuated ambition. He was very pale, his lips compressed, the almost livid complexion of his cheeks revealing the tempest within, and his eyes darting glances of fury upon Lucien, whose noble countenance must have shown to great advantage in this stormy interview, which was to decide his future fate; nor his alone, but perhaps that of Europe, for who shall conjecture what might have happened had this really superior man been King of Spain, of Prussia, or of Poland?

The Emperor was the first to break silence: he had mastered his passion, and addressed his brother with calmness:—"You will reflect on all that I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe at least, if not your own. Good-bye, and a good night to you, my brother." He held out his hand: Lucien whose heart was susceptible to every kindly impression, and whose reflections at that moment were of a nature powerfully to awaken them, took his brother's offered hand, and affectionately grasped it between both of his as he reiterated, "Good-bye, and a good night to you, my brother. Adieu." "Till to-morrow!" said the Emperor. Lucien shook his head, and would have spoken but was unable; then opening the door, he rushed from the apartment, reascended the carriage, where his friends awaited him, and immediately quitted Mantua.

The brothers met no more till the hour of Napoleon's adversity.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded in this interview, took place shortly before the Empire was proclaimed, when Napoleon's intentions were already known to his family, and disappointment on finding himself deceived in his calculations of making Lucien one of his most powerful lieutenants, served to widen the breach which the marriage of the latter had produced. Lucien, who had hoped to see the happy days of the forum restored, and could now only look for those of Augustus, was vehement in his reproaches; accused the Emperor of being faithless to him, and of violating his word; in short, the discussion ended in an open quarrel.

"You are determined to destroy the Republic!" exclaimed the enraged Lucien. "Well, assassinate her then; mount your throne over her murdered remains, and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts: This empire which you are

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erecting by force, and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed, thus!" and seizing a screen from the mantelpiece, he crushed it impetuously in his hand which trembled with rage. Then, as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, stamped upon it with the heel of his boot, repeating: "Yes—crushed, ground to powder—thus!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Imperial magnificence—The Grand Duchess of Berg—Queen Hortense—Commotions in Spain—Balls given by Princess Caroline and her sister—The romantic school in literature—Napoleon as President of the Institute at St. Cloud—Discussion between Cardinal Maury and the Emperor—Napoleon's opinion of the morals of the present age compared with those of former times—His remarks on the doctrine of phrenology.

The numerous memoirs which detail the magnificence of Marly and Versailles convey no idea of the splendour which surrounded Napoleon's court during the winter of 1808. One of its greatest attractions, and that which no other court in Europe could equal, was the collection of beautiful women by whom it was graced. This may easily be accounted for when it is recollected that almost all the French generals and the superior officers of the Imperial Guard had married for love, either in France or in other countries, during their campaigns. I have already spoken of the elegance which embellished the Consular court; but we have now arrived at the period of the empire, when that elegance was doubled, nay tripled, in refinement and magnificence. The Emperor's desire was that his court should be brilliant; and this wish, being agreeable to every one's taste, was implicitly fulfilled. The revolutionary law which prohibited embroidered coats was now forgotten, and the gentlemen rivalled the ladies in the richness of their dress and the splendour of their jewels. I well recollect the truly fantastic appearance of the *salle des Maréchaux* on the night of a grand concert, when it was lined on either side by three rows of ladies, radiant in youth and beauty, and all covered with flowers, jewels, and waving plumes. Behind the ladies were ranged the officers of the Imperial household, and lastly the generals, the senators, the counsellors of state, and the foreign ministers, all clothed in rich costumes and wearing on their breasts

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the decorations and orders which Europe offered us on bended knee. At the top of the hall sat the Emperor with the Empress, his brothers, sisters, and sisters-in-law. From that point, he, with his eagle glance, surveyed the plumed and glittering circle.

Paris was unusually brilliant this winter; all the Princes of the confederation of the Rhine; all Germany, Russia, Austria, Poland, Italy, Denmark, and Spain; in a word all Europe, with the single exception of England, had sent to Paris the *élite* of their courts, to pay their respects to the Emperor, and to fill up the magnificent retinue which followed him on a grand presentation-day from the Salle du Trône to the play in the Tuileries.

The Grand Duchess of Berg was the youngest and prettiest of the Princesses of the Imperial family. The Princess Borghèse, languishing and seemingly feeble, never produced so great an effect as her sister in a ball-room. Besides, the Grand Duchess danced, while the Princess Borghèse remained fixed to her sofa like an idol, of which, to say the truth, she loved to act the part. The Princess Caroline was the planet around which all the youth of the court used to be grouped, without, however, encroaching upon the gentle and gracious empire of Queen Hortense, who, beloved by all, and adored by those more immediately connected with her, seemed to have formed the subject of M. de la Maisonfort's lively couplet:

A chacun elle voulait plaire,
Elle plaisait,
Chacun l'aimait, &c.

The affairs of Spain now began to assume a troubled aspect. The thunder which roared over the beauteous plains of Aranjuez resounded through the Tuileries. The Emperor despatched the Grand Duke of Berg to take the command of the troops assembled on the frontiers of Spain.

This departure was by no means agreeable to the Duke. He had contracted habits of gallantry which he was foolish enough to believe were those of a man of fashion, while his connexions were really of the lowest and most vulgar kind. He moreover made himself an object of ridicule by his affected manners and dress, his curls, his feathers, his furs, and all the wardrobe of a strolling player. The Grand Duke, and the Princess Caroline, then occupied the Palais de l'Elysée. At the time of the marriage of the King of Westphalia, the Princess Caroline had been in the habit of giving entertainments on a most magnificent scale. The winter which succeeded the

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marriage was distinguished by less brilliant, though equally agreeable pleasures.

The Princesses received orders from the Emperor that each severally should give a ball once every week, not that Napoleon was himself fond of dancing, but he liked to see others take part in the amusement. These assemblies were usually composed of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred visitors; and the ladies, who generally numbered about fifty, were almost all young and handsome, and attired with elegance and magnificence. Never, at the balls of the Elysée or at those given by Queen Hortense was an ill-humoured countenance to be seen, except perhaps when one of the ladies suffered under the affliction of a corn or a tight pair of shoes; for be it known that these are tortures to which every fine lady is more or less subjected. The Princess Caroline gave her balls on Fridays, Queen Hortense on Mondays, and the Princess Pauline on Wednesdays. The eternal indisposition of Pauline, whether real or pretended, formed no excuse for evading the Emperor's command. These balls were truly delightful! what excitement they occasioned! what business for the toilet!

The romantic school in literature at this period was in its infancy, and was not sanctioned by the auspices of the great names now attached to it. Nevertheless, all the young generation of the reading portion of society, that is to say, those from the age of twenty to thirty, were passionate admirers of that fertile branch of literature, which opened so many roads to information, and diffused a light over objects hitherto concealed beneath the shade of prejudices called *rules*. Goëthe, Schiller, Shakspeare, in short, all the eminent writers of Germany and England, were translated into French, and they imparted a powerful weight to the opinions of Rousseau, Voltaire, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, and André Chenier. Then came a torrent of new literary works, many of them monstrosities, it is true, but which nevertheless served to open a path to those men of real genius, whose names will be handed down with honour to posterity. At the head of these may be placed Victor Hugo and his friend Alph de Lamartine.

The succession of reminiscences which I have just now called up, present to me a multitude of details in which Napoleon is concerned, and which bear reference to literary subjects. Among these recollections, there is one in particular which forcibly strikes me, on account of its connexion with many questions now agitated. It is an evening I spent at St. Cloud, on which occasion Napoleon may be said to have played the part of President of the Institute; for he spoke f r

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upwards of three hours on literature, and the various revolutions it had undergone. Napoleon was quite a lover of the romantic school, and Ossian was his favourite poet.

The evening I have alluded to was a Sunday, and there was a party at Saint-Cloud. All the Emperor's favourite *savans* were present, and many other individuals whose talent and information eminently qualified them to bear a brilliant part in conversation. Among the company were M. Rœderer, M. de la Place, Monge, and Cardinal Maury. M. Chaptal had brought with him the first plates of his *Voyage d'Egypte*. M. de Lacépède was also one of the company, and I have some recollection that Cuvier was there too. The object of this extraordinary convocation of talent was the discussion of some questions relating to chemistry and natural philosophy, respecting which some of our correspondents in Germany had sent reports. These reports referred particularly to the discoveries made in Bavaria by Baron d'Aretin. After the Emperor had heard the opinions of Berthollet and other members of the Institute, the conversation changed from the scientific subjects, to which attention had been first directed, and took a very curious turn. When I entered the saloon, the Emperor was speaking with great warmth; he was addressing himself to Cardinal Maury, who was always very much disposed to controversy, and who was not more courteous to the Emperor than he was to M. Brockhausen, the Prussian ambassador, to whom he once said, "Monsieur, the fact is, Racine cannot be understood in Prussia for a century to come." His abruptness of manner and loud thundering voice always made me dread a literary or political discussion in which he took part, notwithstanding his talent for conversation.

The discussion had fallen, I cannot tell how, on the moral corruption of the French language. Napoleon by instinct could speak correctly on such a subject, but he was not competent to maintain an argument with a man like the Cardinal. Every voice was hushed except those of the two interlocutors, and not a word that fell from either of them was lost. Napoleon maintained that the change which had taken place in our language was an inevitable consequence of the influence of morals. The Cardinal replied that the question was not to determine the effect produced, but to inquire into the causes which had led to that effect. "Probity, virtue, filial respect," said he, "in short all that forms the basis of every well-constructed social edifice has been destroyed, never to be recovered; and I am of opinion that this destruction has exercised a powerful influence on the corruption of language, for I presume that your Majesty does not regard the

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change that has taken place, as a defeat tending merely to strip the language of its primitive and original character?"

This question seemed to be a sort of challenge addressed to the *Roi législateur*. Napoleon looked steadfastly at the Cardinal, and with an expression which I cannot describe, exclaimed, "Surely, Cardinal, you do not imagine that I, the head of a great Empire, who am daily doomed to observe the most revolting examples of human turpitude, would think of defending the morals of the present age. There exist now, as there always have existed, corrupters and corruption, vice and atheism. We see religion forgotten by its ministers, and laws observed from fear, and not from respect. All this is the result of the subversion of order that has so long prevailed. Cardinal," he added with a smile, "I would have you be less severe upon the present generation. For my part, I think that people in a certain class are better now than they were a hundred, ay, even fifty, or five-and-twenty years ago." Here he walked about the room, taking several pinches of snuff.

"Will your Majesty permit me to observe," resumed the Cardinal, "that two classes at least, the citizens and the peasantry, are very different, with respect to purity of morals, from what they were fifty years ago, and those classes make up the bulk of the population." "You are wrong, Cardinal, you are wrong," observed the Emperor sharply. "But what do you mean when you talk of purity of morals in the class of citizens? Do you allude to the period when Madame du Barry was *demoiselle de boutique?*"—"Or, perhaps," said Monge, "the Cardinal alludes to the time when the citizens went to mass and the peasantry paid tithes." I shall never forget the glance which Napoleon cast upon Monge at this moment—it was as eloquent as a whole speech. Monge, who, like Volney, Dolomieu, and other *savans* of the day, was a decided atheist, had mistaken the Emperor's drift, and had made a remark that was any thing but appropriate. He ought not to have forgotten the sharp remonstrance he received from the Emperor for the indecorous *bon-mot* which fell from him in reference to the dispute between the Curé of Saint-Roch and the performers of the opera, on the occasion of the death of Mademoiselle Chameroy. "*After all*," said Monge, "*it is but a quarrel between actor and actor.*" Napoleon was offended at Monge's levity. His object was to restore moral and useful institutions, in short all the good which preceding events had subverted. For the furtherance of these views he naturally directed his attention to religion. He created *priests* but not a *clergy*, and he said, "I restore priests, in order

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that they may teach the word of God, and not cause it to be forgotten."

Monge's observation, on the subject of the tithes, greatly displeased Napoleon, and turning towards Cardinal Maury, he said, "Well, Cardinal, if you please we will re-establish tithes for this night only, and they shall be paid by those who talk too hastily." In justice to Napoleon I must add, that though he occasionally expressed his disapproval of the opinions entertained by Monge on certain points, yet he sincerely loved and esteemed that celebrated man.

The reader has seen how the scientific and literary conversation of the *soirèe* at St. Cloud insensibly became political. The little storm which the remark of Monge had produced suddenly interrupted it, and for several minutes nothing was heard in the *salon bleu* but the voice of the Empress, who was conversing in a low tone with some of the ladies, and footsteps of the Emperor, who paced up and down taking his eternal pinches of snuff. At length he suddenly turned to the Cardinal, and said, with an inexplicable mixture of severity and raillery, "You maintain, Cardinal, that the morals of the people have become more corrupt during the last fifty years, but if I were to prove to you positively the reverse, what would you say?"—"Sire, I should say nothing," replied the Cardinal, resuming his confidence; "for to resist proof would be a mark of the most perverse spirit. If I should be convinced by your Majesty, I shall have nothing to say in reply; but let us see the proof."—"Well, I would first ask whether, when you speak of the whole French people, you mean only the population of Paris? That population may, it is true, be counted as ten to one on the day of an insurrection; but, apart from that, you must grant that the civic and commercial population of the capital amounts only to two hundred thousand individuals, men, women, and children. Among this number there may certainly be exceptions. The old customs that were hidden beneath the triple spider-webs which the Revolution swept away; the old customs destroyed in certain families of the Rue Saint-Denis or the Rue du Marais, are no doubt regretted by those families. But enlarge the circle around you; go into the country and the neighbourhood of the convents, and ask the village elders how the Benedictines and the Four Mendicant orders used to teach morality to females."—"Man is not infallible," replied the Cardinal, pointedly. "But look at the benefits which those men diffused around them! What treasures those very Benedictines, whom your Majesty mentioned, have bequeathed to literature! Their works will be"—"You are wandering from the question, Cardinal, you are wandering widely.

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Because the Benedictines wrote *l'Art de vérifier les dates*, it does not follow that they have not done a great many things besides. But I will not exclusively attack the monks and priests, in speaking of the morality of the *tiers-état*, at the period we are referring to. I will ask you how that class raised its voice to defend itself, when attacked by the *noblesse*, and were commanded, like slaves, to bow down before their superiors. Nothing was secure against the wild caprice of a libertine, and at that time every young nobleman was a libertine of the most lawless kind. Take for example the Duke de Richelieu, burning a whole district for an hour's amusement! Who is it says—

'Pour les plaisirs d'un jour, que tout Paris périsse.'

Is it not Jean-Baptiste Rousseau?"—"No, Sire, it is Gilbert."—"When did he live?"—"He was contemporary with La Harpe, d'Alembert, and Diderot. In that same satire which your Majesty has just quoted he alludes to La Harpe, in the line which has been so often repeated:—

'Tomba de *chute* en *chute* au trône académique.'"

"Pardieu!" exclaimed the Emperor, "La Harpe may truly be said to have usurped his reputation. He was a greater atheist than any of the *coterie* of Baron d'Holbach, and the encyclopedists. He was the mean and servile flatterer of Voltaire, and he afterwards made abjurations the most absurd and contemptible, for they were not the result of conviction. Did you know him?" The Cardinal replied in the affirmative; and being an experienced courtier, he began to pronounce a sort of funeral oration on La Harpe, which was characterised by any thing but Christian charity. I could not help smiling, for in his *Cours de Littérature*, La Harpe speaks in high terms of the panegyrics of Cardinal Maury, when, being only an abbé, he delivered them on Saint-Louis and Saint-Vincent de Paul before the King. The Cardinal would certainly have defended La Harpe against any other than the Emperor. But he had already *tenu tête à Napoléon*, to quote the phrase which he himself always employed, when he disputed with the Emperor an inch of ground on any question whatever. He thought he had done enough for one evening.

The conversation was kept up with spirit. The Emperor was in one of his most talkative humours. After this long digression, the scientific subjects, for the discussion of which the party had been assembled, were again touched upon. Incompetent as I was to speak on such learned topics, I was obliged to answer a question put to me

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by the Emperor respecting M. de Fenaigle, the professor of mnemonics. I had repeated to the Empress a number of absurd things which I had heard from Fenaigle, whom Napoleon did not like. As to Dr. Gall, he despised him, and had no faith in his system. He was just then beginning in France to acquire the great reputation which he has left behind him. I had received Dr. Gall on his arrival in France; for, as the wife of the governor of Paris, I thought it my duty to show attention to a man who was reputed to have made great and useful discoveries in science. One day, when he was dining at my house, I requested him to examine the head of my little son, who was then six weeks old. The child was brought in, his cap was taken off, and the doctor, after an attentive examination of his little head, said, in a solemn tone, "This child will be a great mathematician." This prediction has certainly not been verified. My eldest son, on the contrary, possesses a brilliant and poetic imagination. It is pos sible that he might have been a mathematician had he been forced to that study; but certainly the natural bent of his mind would never have led him to calculations and the solution of problems. Monge and the Cardinal, knowing my intimacy with Dr. Gall, asked me some questions respecting him. I was aware of the Emperor's opinion of the doctor and his system, and therefore I was not surprised when, turning to me, he said, in a tone of disapproval, "So, Madame Junot, you patronise Dr. Gall. Well, you are *gouvernante* of Paris, —and I suppose you must show much attention to *men of science*, even though they be fools. And what has the doctor told you?" I knew by experience that the way to deal with the Emperor was never to appear intimidated, but to answer his questions with confidence and presence of mind. I told him the result of Dr. Gall's examination of my son's organs.—"Ah! he said that, did he? Then we will not make my godson a bishop, nor even a cardinal, (here he cast a glance at Cardinal Maury,) but he shall be a good artillery or engineer officer. A man like Dr. Gall is good for something at least. I think I shall establish for him a professor's chair, so that he may teach his system to all the *accoucheurs* and *sages femmes* of Paris. It may then be ascertained, as soon as a child comes into the world, what he is destined to be; and if he should have the organs of murder or theft very strongly marked, he may be immediately drowned, as the Greeks used to drown the crooked-legged and the hunchbacked." The Emperor considered the system of Dr. Gall as destructive of all order and of all law. Soon after the doctor's return from Germany, he inquired of the members of the Institute if there was not one among them sufficiently courageous to answer the foolish doctrine of Dr. Gall.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Emperor's family—Negotiations between Napoleon and Lucien—M. Campi—His mission to Canino—Madame Lucien Bonaparte—The Duchy of Parma and the throne of Naples—Lucien's magnanimous conduct—His daughter Charlotte—Her projected marriage with Ferdinand VII.—Her departure for Spain countermanded—Affairs of Spain—M. Talleyrand.

The interior of the Emperor's family presented a curious picture. There were circumstances connected with it, which, though concealed from the world, had a strong influence on important public questions, as well as upon private interests. This was the case, for instance, on the occasion of the long negotiations which passed between the Emperor and his brother Lucien, from the year 1807 to 1809. About this time the Emperor wished to establish universal monarchy through the medium of the members of his family, and, notwithstanding the scenes which had occurred at Mantua, a new chance seemed now to offer itself of a reconciliation between the two brothers. The pretence for opening this new negotiation was the demand made by the Prince of the Asturias to Napoleon, for espousing a female of his family. The Emperor was perfectly convinced that Lucien would not probably be inclined to give or rather to sacrifice his daughter, by consenting to her marriage with a man who had acted a most unnatural part towards his father and mother. He therefore saw the necessity of managing the business skilfully, and he accordingly engaged M. Campi to be the bearer of the propositions to Canino, where Lucien then resided. M. Campi was a devoted friend of the Bonaparte family. He was a Corsican, and his talents were conspicuous enough to justify Napoleon's choice, without reference to favour or family connexions. When Lucien was minister of the interior he had employed M. Campi as his private secretary, and he entertained a high opinion of him.

The Emperor had two subjects equally difficult and delicate to propose to Lucien. The first was, the marriage of Charlotte Bonaparte with the Prince of the Asturias. In this affair, the Emperor behaved with a degree of duplicity which cannot be excused. It is evident that at that very moment he was revolving in his mind a plan

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with regard to Ferdinand, which seemed utterly at variance with his communication to Lucien. But this has reference to the mysterious affairs of Spain, to which I shall presently have occasion to call the attention of the reader. M. Campi was the bearer of a letter, inviting Lucien, on the part of the Emperor, to repair to Paris, in order to hear and discuss personally a new proposition which would be made to him: this was, that Lucien should accept the kingdom of Naples. Joseph was to have another sovereignty, though its name was not specified; but Holland being the only one to give away, as Louis intended soon to renounce his throne, it might be presumed that the exchange was to be between Naples and the Hague. However, it was not so; for the throne of Spain was the point to which the Emperor's views were directed. He wished at the same time to have Italy at his disposal; and Lucien, whose courage, both moral and physical, he well knew, was the man suited to his purpose. On this occasion Napoleon proved how a determination once formed in his mind, became stronger instead of weaker by time. He had said once in the council of state, "I never will acknowledge the wife of my brother Lucien to be my sister-in-law."

These words having been emphatically uttered in the sanctuary of the laws, he regarded them as a bond formed with himself, and with the Imperial Majesty of France. But this was, in fact, only another proof of that despotic power which the Emperor was always eager to exercise, whenever any member of his family attempted to become a free agent. In proportion as Lucien's conduct was noble and honourable, in asserting his political independence, the more was the Emperor resolved to force him to give up another point, which he could not relinquish without a sacrifice of honour. Napoleon entertained for Madame Lucien a feeling closely bordering on hatred. I have frequently heard him speak of her with such bitterness, that Josephine, who certainly owed no kindness either to Lucien or to any of his family, one day said to the Emperor, in her soft tone of remonstrance, "Recollect, my dear, that she is a woman."

That title to consideration might have sufficed, even had Madame Lucien not been, as she really was, the type of a Roman matron; such a one as we may conceive the mothers and wives of the celebrated Romans to have been. She lived in a style of magnificence which accorded with her husband's station; but seldom stirred from her home, where she was surrounded by a numerous family, which formed a sufficient defence against the tongue of slander. Her conduct was irreproachable, and she rendered Lucien completely happy. Like him she possessed a taste for literature, and her society served to

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alleviate the chagrin and irritation which occasionally resulted from the Emperor's treatment of his brother. Indeed, if it were true, as the Emperor used to say, that Lucien had contracted this union only to vex him, he at all events found in it a source of happiness which possibly might not have resulted from a marriage concluded under more favourable auspices.

Napoleon instructed M. Campi to convey to his brother the investiture of the duchy of Parma; but it was not *for* Lucien, but for his wife *alone*. As to Lucien, he was to be King of Naples. Madame Lucien was to proceed from Rome to Parma in quality of Duchess, taking with her two of her children, that is to say, two of her daughters, for she was not to take either of her sons. When once beyond the walls of Rome, it was Napoleon's wish that she should be separated from Lucien as completely and finally as death could have separated her. On condition of her making this sacrifice, the Emperor was willing to acknowledge her as his sister-in-law, and to behave towards her as a kind relation. But she was to break every tie which attached her to life, and to be separated from all she held dear!

On receiving Campi's communication, Lucien instantly refused, not merely the crown of Naples, with permission to be a free agent, but also the duchy of Parma, which he conceived he could purchase only by base and dishonourable complaisance. The situation in which Madame Lucien was placed was totally different to that of her husband. What it was his duty to reject, it was hers to comply with. She had only to follow the path which Fate had traced out for woman! In short, after a night passed in the most painful reflections, she declared to Lucien, that she had determined to be no obstacle in the way of his elevation, that she had prepared an answer to that effect, and was about to send it to the Emperor.

"Where is the letter?" said Lucien, with apparent composure. Madame Lucien gave it to him. He immediately tore it to pieces and threw it on the ground. Madame Lucien insisted on conciliating the Emperor, and securing the advantage of her husband and children at any personal sacrifice to herself. But Lucien was firmly fixed in his resolution, and it was finally agreed that the Emperor's offers should be rejected. The carriage designed to convey Madame Lucien to Parma was in attendance, every thing had been prepared for the journey; but all was instantly countermanded. As to the proposed marriage of Lucien's daughter with the Prince of the Asturias, the refusal was not so immediate. On the contrary, Lucien directed preparations to be made for her departure to Spain. His daughter

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Charlotte was a beautiful and accomplished girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age.* Indeed, she would have formed a most desirable match for any prince in the world, and Ferdinand might have been most happy in possessing her.

The preparations for her departure were carried on with so much secrecy that the good people of Rome knew nothing of the matter, and probably I am now the first to give publicity to the affair. Madame Letiers, the wife of the director of the French Academy, was selected to accompany the young Princess to Spain. Every thing was ready, when one morning Lucien sent to request that Count de Chatillon would come and speak to him. The Count, who was an intimate friend of Lucien Bonaparte, had been reduced by the events of the Revolution to the necessity of exercising professionally his talent in the fine arts. This gentleman had followed Lucien in his banishment to Italy. He resided in his house at Canino, and assisted in the education of his children. Lucien, on sending for the Count, unexpectedly directed him to countermand all the preparations made for Charlotte's departure. "I cannot," said he, "resolve to separate from my beloved child! and, above all, I will never consent to her connection with a court, the vice and profligacy of which no one knows better than I. There is only one man who could protect her there, and that is Charles IV.; but though he might have the will, he possesses not the power. Therefore, it is better that my poor child be under the protection of her father." Charlotte accordingly remained at home.

Such is the history of the first negotiation for the marriage of Prince Ferdinand with a relative of Napoleon—a marriage which the former had solicited. M. Campi returned to France in order to report the result of his mission to Napoleon, and this affair contributed not a little to heighten the feeling of animosity which the Emperor entertained towards Madame Lucien.

A great deal has been said relative to Napoleon's project of giving to the surviving members of the Bourbon family a crown in Europe. It would be, perhaps, a difficult question to determine whether this project was the result of a sudden or a deliberate determination on his part. Be this as it may, I can assert, without the fear of contradiction, that the designs which the Emperor entertained with regard to Spain did not originate long before the time when Ferdinand wrote him the letter from the Escurial. At that period the weakness exhibited by the court of Madrid, led him to believe that it

* She is now the Princess Gabrielli.

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would be more favourable to the interests of Spain that he should give her a Sovereign, than that she should be governed by an unprincipled favourite, a profligate Queen, and an imbecile King. It has been alleged that M. de Talleyrand powerfully influenced the Emperor in the part he took after the affairs of Aranjuez. I do not deny that such may be the fact; but I must remark that Napoleon was not the man to allow himself to be greatly *influenced* by any one. I know, for instance, that M. de Talleyrand advised him to go to Spain to consummate the work which had been begun by that good and trusty Castilian, Izquierdo; but I am inclined to believe that M. de Talleyrand, with all his finesse, was in this matter rather the instrument than the director; and that, in this Spanish business, Napoleon outwitted him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Festivities in Paris—The Grand Duchess of Berg's masquerade—A quadrille of sixteen ladies—The Tyrolean peasant-girls—Prince Camille Borghèse—His extraordinary disguise—The blue mask—Isabey personating the Emperor—His large hands—The dance interrupted—Mademoiselle Gu.... and the Grand Duchess—The new nobility—The Duke de Rovigo—General Rapp—The salute—The Duchess de Montebello—The Pope's bull and the ass laden with relics.

Whilst Spain was convulsed by revolutionary disorder, Paris was enlivened by a succession of brilliant entertainments. Of these, one of the most remarkable was a masquerade given by the Grand Duchess of Berg. In the course of the evening a quadrille was danced; this was really the first one which deserved the name; for those introduced at the marriage of the Princess of Baden had none of the characteristics of a quadrille, except that of being danced by four couples, dressed in red, green, and blue. The costume which the Grand Duchess of Berg selected was that of the Tyrolese peasantry, and her Highness had arranged that the quadrille should be exclusively danced by females. We made a party of sixteen Tyrolean peasant-girls, and we were headed by our *bailli*. This venerable personage was represented by Mademoiselle Adelaide de Lagrange. The Grand Duchess, for some reason or other, did not wish the quadrille-dancers to assemble at her residence in the Elysée-Napoleon. She requested that they might meet at my house, and proceed

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altogether to the Elysée. Her Highness gave orders to this effect to Despreaux, the director of the court ballets. About nine o'clock I had a rehearsal of the quadrille, in the grand gallery of my hotel. Several of my friends, who were not included in the Grand Duchess's invitation, came to see the dance, and we were unexpectedly enlivened by an incident which I will here relate.

It was half-past ten: the moment for our departure to the palace was approaching. I counted my masks. There were fourteen, the right number. There were the Countess du Châtel, the Countess Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, the Princess of Wagram (who was not then married), Madame de Colbert, Mademoiselle de la Vauguyon, and her sister, the Princess of Beauffremont. Then there was the Baroness de Montmorenci, and some others whose names I forget. I believe the Duchess de Rovigo was one of them. We were engaged in adjusting our masks, when M. Cavagnari* entered and whispered me that a lady who was included in the quadrille was waiting in the next room; but as she had come too late, she wished me to go and conduct her in. I cast my eyes over the list sent me by the Grand Duchess. I found my number was complete; but as the Princess de Ponte-Corvo, one of the masks, was not in my list, I concluded that she must be the lady who had just arrived. I therefore proceeded to the saloon which formed a sort of ante-room to the gallery. There I perceived, in the further corner of the apartment, a lady, whose short and bulky person was so ludicrous, that at first I could not help starting back with astonishment. Imagine a figure about five feet some inches in height, but incredibly stout, and dressed in the Tyrolean costume. I approached this singular apparition; as I advanced, I became more and more amazed at the grotesque figure before me. "Mon Dieu! what an extraordinary person," thought I to myself. "To whom have I the honour to address myself?" inquired I.

The mask answered only by a deep sigh. I now found it impossible to contain my laughter. A second sigh succeeded much more profound than the first, and it was breathed with such force as to blow up the lace trimming of the mask. Being anxious to terminate this embarrassing sort of conversation, I extended my hand to the lady, and proposed to conduct her to the gallery; when she suddenly seized me by the waist, and raising her mask, attempted to kiss me. I screamed, and disengaging myself, flew to the bell, and pulled it with all my might. Truly, my precipitation might well be

* M. Cavagnari was a confidential domestic of the Duke.

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excused, for I felt a rough beard in contact with my chin. M. Cavagnari entered, and immediately burst into a fit of laughter. The stout lady laughed with him, and, to say the truth, I laughed too, though half inclined to be angry; for I now saw before me, the unmasked face of his Royal Highness the Prince Camille Borghèse. At length I proposed to conduct his Highness to the gallery, where the ladies were not a little astonished and amused by the extraordinary *travestie*. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the burlesque figure he presented, especially when, having removed his mask, he exhibited his bluish beard, black whiskers, and bushy hair, some stubborn locks of which escaped from beneath the India muslin veil. The whimsical effect of all this was heightened by the contrast of the young and elegant females who were grouped around him, and whose costume he had precisely imitated. It was alternately amusing and provoking to find our Sosio reflecting us so admirably in caricature.

It was now time to proceed to the palace, and it was agreed that the Prince should go with us. We found the Grand Duchess of Berg waiting to receive us in her private apartment, attended by the Princess de Ponte-Corvo: both dressed exactly in the same style as ourselves. Great merriment was excited by the introduction of our newly-recruited Tyrolese peasant-girl. We entered the ball-room headed by our venerable bailli, holding in her hand her little white staff, and wearing her wig most magisterially. As we were proceeding from the inner apartment to the gallery, a little mask in blue ran against me on his way to the closet, where the dominos were changed. I was pushed aside with so much force, that I almost felt inclined to be angry. But the little blue mask was no other than the Emperor!

Napoleon liked to divert himself, as he used to say, in these saturnalia. He loved to disguise himself completely, and allow some individual to assume his character. On the evening in question, Isabey was to personate him. The humour of that celebrated artist was admirably calculated to enliven a masked ball, while the Emperor made but a poor figure in such an entertainment. In personating Napoleon, Isabey found it most difficult to disguise his hands, which were exceedingly large, while the Emperor's were small and beautifully formed. With the exception, however, of his hands, Isabey personated the Emperor to perfection. The masquerade was kept up with great spirit; the costumes were elegant, and the entertainment was altogether one of the most delightful that had been given during that winter In the course of the evening a little

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incident occurred, which had well nigh interrupted the general good-humour that prevailed.—Suddenly the cheerful strains of the orchestra and the gay buzz of conversation were interrupted by the tones of a loud female voice, which exclaimed in an imperious tone, "I desire that she shall instantly quit my house!" This was the voice of the Grand Duchess herself.

Those who were connected with the Imperial court at the time, will recollect that a very pretty girl, named Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t, had been in the service of the Empress, before the appointment of Madame Gazani. Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t was a most beautiful creature, and Queen Hortense, who to every other proof of good taste joined that of loving to see agreeable faces about her, had been very kind to Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t. She took the young lady to the Grand Duchess's ball, where she was to be one of the characters in a quadrille. Whether the Grand Duchess was really ignorant of the presence of Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t, until the moment of the exclamation above cited, or whether she maliciously wished to place the young lady in a painful situation, I pretend not to describe; but certain it is, that she seemed to evince great astonishment at learning Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t was in the room, and instantly gave vent to her indignation in the words I have recorded. Poor Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t, in tears, declared that the conduct of the Grand Duchess was most unjust and cruel; and could not be excused, even by the jealousy of an offended wife. The truth is, it was the love of the Grand Duchess for the Grand Duke which had given rise to this angry scene. Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t had attracted the notice of his Highness, and that was sin enough to be thus visited by a public censure.

Queen Hortense, however, warmly espoused the cause of the young lady, and with some success. But it may easily be conceived that the whole scene had a very ludicrous effect. I might myself have quarrelled with Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t on the same grounds, but I restrained my feelings. I consoled myself with the idea that the Grand Duchess, from the recollection of our early friendship, had taken up my cause along with her own.

Be this as it may, Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t was amply indemnified for the painful situation in which she had been placed. The Empress took her into her service. However, it is but just to all parties to mention, that very shortly after the Empress's arrival at Bayonne, it was found necessary to furnish Mademoiselle Gu . . . . t with a passport to return to Paris to her mother.

I have not yet spoken of a most important circumstance in the

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political life of the Emperor, viz., the creation of his new nobility. The institution of the order of the Legion of Honour had already paved the way for this; but the work was not consummated until the creation of hereditary titles, with endowments and majorats. It was indeed expected that the Emperor would earlier have directed his attention to this matter; for the creation of the Duchy of Dantzick, on the 28th of May, 1807, sufficiently revealed his intention. I was on duty with Madame at the Tuileries, and used to accompany her to the family dinners which took place every Sunday. On one of these occasions, while I was waiting in the *Salon de service* in the Pavilion of Flora, I perceived Savary approaching me: "Embrace me!" cried he, "I have good news."—"Tell me the news first," said I, "and then I shall see whether it be worth the reward."—"Well, then, I am a Duke."—"That is news indeed," said I, "but why should I embrace you for that?"—"My title is the Duke de Rovigo," continued he, marching up and down the room in an ecstasy of joy. "And what do I care for your ridiculous title," said I, in a tone of impatience. "Had he told you that you are a Duchess," said Rapp, stepping up to me, and taking both my hands in his—"I am sure you would have embraced him, as you will embrace me, for bringing you the intelligence."—"That I will," said I, presenting my cheek to my old friend Rapp, whose frank and cordial manner quite delighted me. "And another for Junot," said he, smiling. "Well, be it so," answered I, "and I promise you I will inform him that you were the first to tell me this good news."—"And, moreover," said Rapp, "you have the best title of the whole batch of Duchesses. You are the Duchess d'Abrantes." I perceived that the Emperor had given Junot the title of the Duke d'Abrantes, as a particular compliment to him. I therefore was doubly gratified. Junot was so deeply impressed with the Emperor's kindness, that, as he afterwards told me, he was moved to tears on receipt of the intelligence.

We descended to dinner, which was laid in the saloon at the foot of the staircase of the Pavilion of Flora. At the head of our table usually sat the Empress's lady of honour (then the Countess de la Rochefoucauld) or the dame d'atours. Sometimes, in the absence of both these ladies, the lady on duty at the Palace would preside. On the day I allude to Madame de la Rochefoucauld was at her post, an honour, by-the-by, which she seldom conferred upon us. I found myself quite solitary in the midst of the company. The party was composed of individuals whose manners and conversation did not suit my taste. Thus I was very glad when I saw Madame Lannes enter the saloon. Her company was always welcome to me; but

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now it was especially so. We immediately drew near each other, and sat down together at the table. "Well," said I, "here are great changes; but I am sure they will work none in you." I was right. She might subsequently have conceived a taste for these pomps and vanities; but at that time she was a simple, kind, and perfectly natural creature. "You may indeed be sure that I care but little for them," replied Madame Lannes; "and I am sure Lannes will not feel himself elevated by them. You know his turn of mind; he is still unchanged; but there are many who surround the Emperor who entertain diametrically opposite opinions. Look around you."

I looked up, and beheld opposite to me the Duke de Rovigo, whose countenance was radiant with self-complacency. The Duchess de Rovigo sat at some distance from us. "I'll wager," said I to Madame Lannes, "that she is not so vain of her elevation. She is an amiable woman, and not likely to assume any of these ridiculous airs." Madame Lannes smiled.

"And what title have you got?" said I, after some further conversation. "Oh! a charming one!" replied she. "Duchess de Montebello! Mine and yours are the prettiest titles on the list." Here she drew from her girdle a small card, on which was inscribed the names of all the Dukes the Emperor had created, as also the majorates* appertaining to the titles. The Palace of the Tuileries had never been the scene of more ambitious agitation. From the Marshal to the lowest employé, all were eager to obtain, at least, a feather of the nobiliary plume.

Our Sunday evenings at the Tuileries were not like others; for on that day we were not permitted to enter the Emperor's saloon to wait for the Princess. Sometimes, when the Emperor was in a good humour, he would invite the *dames de palais*, or other ladies who accompanied Madame, to enter. It happened so on the day I here allude to. "Well! *Madame la Duchesse Gouverneuse*," said the Emperor to me as soon as I entered, "are you satisfied with your title of Abrantes? Junot, too, ought to be pleased with it, for I intend it as a proof of my satisfaction of his conduct.† And what do they say of it in your saloons of the Faubourg St. Germain! They must be a little mortified at the reinforcement I have sent them." Then turning to the arch-chancellor, he said: "Well, Monsieur, after all, nothing that I have done is more in unison with the true spirit of the French Revo-

* The pecuniary allowance attached to the title.

† I have already mentioned that the Emperor had directed Junot to Lisbon at all hazards; and it was Junot's bold entrance into Abrantes which decided the success of the expedition.

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lution than the re-establishment of high dignities. The French people fought for only one thing: equality in the eye of the law, and the power of controlling the acts of their government. Now, my nobility, as they style it, is in reality no nobility at all, because it is without prerogatives or hereditary succession. The only prerogative it enjoys, if prerogative it can be called, is the fortune conferred by way of recompense for civil or military services: while its hereditary succession depends on the will of the Sovereign in confirming the title on the son or nephew of the deceased holder. My nobility is, after all, one of my finest creations."

About this time a curious circumstance happened to me, which affords an example of the accuracy with which the Emperor gained information of every body's affairs and actions. I always entertained a sort of religious veneration for old family connections, in spite of my altered circumstances. Thus, whenever it lay in my power, I endeavoured to show kind attention to the good nuns of La Croix, who had educated my sister, Madame Geouffre, and to the Abbé Remy, who had been her confessor. The Abbé, whom I have not seen more than five or six times in the course of my life, was an honest man, but perfectly null with respect to talent, and certainly quite incapable of being the leader of a conspiracy. When the Abbé Remy came to Paris he brought me a letter of introduction from my brother Albert, from which I learned that the good priest, who had been formerly my sister's tutor, had escaped the massacres of September. I received him as I would receive an old friend, and had Junot been in Paris, I am sure I could have convinced him that it would have been wrong to do otherwise. But Junot was then in Lisbon, and I did not write to him on the subject, conceiving it to be quite unimportant. What was my surprise when Duroc, who was always sent on missions of this sort, called one day to inform me that I had received into my house a factious priest, who had brought to France copies of the comminatory Bull, addressed to the Emperor by Pope Pius VII.

I stared at Duroc, as though he had been addressing me in Greek. A Bull of excommunication appeared to me a thing so perfectly fabulous, that I never dreamed it could have existence in the year 1808. It was no less extraordinary that I should be accused of having any knowledge of it. I said this to Duroc, and he pressed the matter no further. He informed me of what I was very sorry to hear, viz., that the Abbé Remy, like the ass laden with relics (I ask his pardon for the comparison), had actually brought, in a letter of six or seven envelopes, the famous comminatory Bull. The Emperor was in

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rage. "I had seen this man, I had known him long. How happened it that I was always—always—in league with his enemies?" I was angry with Duroc for being the bearer of such an absurd charge. I was weary of this eternal repetition of unfounded suspicion; and for the first time, during our long acquaintance, Duroc and I quarrelled. The Emperor, blinded by the reports of his police and counter-police, might have lost himself in the labyrinth of his own creating; but that Duroc, who knew me as well as he knew his own sister, should be so far misled, was a thing which I could not pardon. Duroc was a warm-hearted friend, but he too had his faults, he was not more gifted with patience than I was. He spoke to me sharply—I replied to him still more sharply. He rose and took his departure, and the resul of this fine scene was, that I burst into a flood of tears. M. de Narbonne, who called on me almost every day, happened at this moment to enter.

On learning the cause of my distress, he told me that he had a week before heard the whole history of the Bull. He very well knew, he said, the man who had brought this document into France; a document which, he observed, was very stupidly drawn up, and was likely to make the Pope lose St. Peter's chair; and that if the Abbé Remy had brought a copy of the Bull, it was only a duplicate. I confess I did not very well understand the matter, even after this explanation. A Bull of excommunication was to me a sort of miracle. The learned word *comminatory*, which M. de Narbonne was also obliged to explain, appeared to me more calculated than all the rest to rouse the Emperor's anger. "But what," said I to M. de Narbonne, "is the cause of this sudden misunderstanding between His Majesty and His Holiness?"

It was the grand question of the French troops occupying Rome, and occupying it so as to lead to the belief that Attila and Marius had escaladed the walls. We find no traces of these terrible manœuvres in the journals of the day. The Emperor interdicted their publication in France and Italy. In Spain they were surpressed as a matter of course. It was therefore only in England and a part of Germany that any such intelligence could see the light. The accounts published in England were any thing but correct, being for the most part garbled by prejudice and party feeling. I will therefore lay before the readers all the facts I can collect from my own memory and those of my friends, relative to the events of that time, when we were in daily expectation of hearing that the tocsin had sounded from the dome of St. Peter's.

The circumstances attending the removal of the Pope were but

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little known in Paris; and yet what a noise that event and the excommunication of Napoleon made in other parts of the world. One day while we were in Spain (at Ledesma), and I was sitting at my window admiring the enchanting beauty of the surrounding landscape, Junot suddenly entered the apartment. He was gloomy and disturbed. I read in his countenance that some terrible event had occurred. "What is the matter?" inquired I eagerly.—"Look," said Junot, throwing into my lap a paper printed in the Spanish language, "read that." It was a copy of the political catechism which was then circulated in Spain. To it was appended a proclamation of the famous Don Julian, exhorting all good Spaniards to assassinate the French, because, being the subjects of an excommunicated sovereign, they were themselves excommunicated. I mention this fact in conjunction with the comminatory Bull. I have not yet come to the Spanish war. I merely wish to point attention to the importance which was attached to the Pope's Bull even in the perfumed valleys of Castile and Estramadura. The following is a fragment of this curious document:

"For some time past the Holy See has been obliged to support the enormous burden of your troops. Since 1807 they have cost more than five millions of piastres.* You have taken from us the duchies of Benevento and Ponte Corvo! and you have constituted us a prisoner in our apostolic residence. We appeal to all nations, and above all we appeal to you yourself, as to a son *consecrated* and *vowed*, to repair the damage, and maintain the rights of the Catholic Church."†

Napoleon replied to this by immediately taking possession of the provinces of Ancona, Macerata, Urbino, and Camerino, and annexing them to the kingdom of Italy. The Pope's legate quitted Paris. M. de Champagny, who was then minister for foreign affairs, but who, like the rest of Napoleon's ministers, was only a sort of chief clerk, published a long apology for the conduct of France. The Pope replied through Cardinal Gabrielli, the secretary of state, and uncle to Prince Gabrielli, who afterwards married Lucien's daughter. The answer of His Holiness was couched in those terms of peace and conciliation which became the chief of the Christian Church—the vicar of Christ. But if ever circumstances can justify the sovereign Pontiff for entering upon a war, Pius VII. may honourably claim that justification.

* About one million sterling.

† The whole of this document may be found in the Memoirs of the Cardinal Pacca, with many curious particulars relating to this rupture

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CHAPTER XXX.

The Emperor at Bayonne—Abdication of Charles IV.—Errors of Napoleon—Abdication of Ferdinand—Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain—Ferdinand VII. at Valençay—Charles IV. at Compeigne—Insurrection of Arragon—Massacres at Valencia and Seville—Murat superseded by Savary—Savary's absurdity—The provincial junta at Seville—Letter from Louis de Bourbon—Murat made King of Naples—Reception of Joseph at Madrid—He retires to Vittoria—Affair of Baylen—Capitulation violated—Commencement of the Revolution in Spain—The Empress at Bordeaux—The Empress's return to Paris—The Spanish junta at Bayonne—Absence of news at Paris—My interview with Napoleon at St. Cloud—Fête at the Hotel-de-Ville—The supper—Letter from Spain—New Spanish Catechism.

At length the Emperor set out for Bayonne; and then commenced the tragedy which had so important an influence on the destinies of Europe. All the particulars of the interviews which took place in Bayonne, between the sovereign of France and the sovereigns of Spain, are sufficiently known. I say the sovereigns of Spain, for Spain had then two, and all the embarrassment created by the protest of Charles IV. served only, in fact, to give the finishing touch to the work of perdition.

The course of events now advanced rapidly. Charles IV. proceeded to Bayonne, to appear with his son before the supreme tribunal of Napoleon. Ferdinand restored to him his crown; and the old monarch forthwith abdicated in favour of the Emperor of the French. Here was the commencement of those errors on Napoleon's part, which marked the whole course of the Peninsular campaign. The original fault was not only saving the life of the Prince of the Peace, but employing him at Bayonne as minister of King Charles IV.! The Prince of the Peace had not only fallen from the royal favour but from his position as a statesman, for Ferdinand VII. had deprived him, one after the other, of all his offices, even to the very lowest, and he was now nothing more than Manuel Godoy. This was an impolitic proceeding on the part of Napoleon,—but it was not the only one. The next grand error was compelling Ferdinand to abdicate. The Emperor ought rather to have given him a wife as he desired. He should have seated him on the Spanish throne, controlled all his movements (a thing perfectly easy), and then all would have

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been well. I am convinced that Ferdinand acted with good faith towards Napoleon, for I have found among the papers left by my husband, Ferdinand's orders transmitted through Felieu his minister of war; and when subsequently, the Marquis del Soccoro (Solano) afforded Junot the opportunity of disarming his troops, that was nothing more than the result of the bad feeling with which the Spanish people had been inspired by that multitude of Juntas which harassed Spain by their endless intrigues and infernal spirit. The state of things was, however, very different at Bayonne from the 19th of March, or rather the 4th of May.

Next came the abdication of Ferdinand, and his letter, couched in such ambiguous terms, that it was calculated to set all Spain in a blaze. Thus they went on, not only sacrificing every thing, but making sacrifices, only to immolate themselves, and, as one may say, to besprinkle the laurels of peace with the blood which deluged Spain. But, before the publication of the treaties of Bayonne, many of the towns had declared their independence: Seville, Badajoz, and Oviedo rose immediately on the receipt of the intelligence of the proceedings of the 2d of May. Palafox, after having escorted Godoy to Bayonne, having liberty to depart, availed himself of it to proceed to Saragossa. It is probable, though nothing is known on the subject; perhaps he went there with the view that Ferdinand might transmit orders to him. This, however, is of little consequence; the conduct of Palafox was at all events judicious. Whilst in Spain the storm was tranquilly gathering which was destined to overwhelm us, Junot was fortifying himself at Lisbon, and, to use the Emperor's expression, really working well.

Napoleon was still at Bayonne. He had concluded the two treaties with Ferdinand and Charles IV.* Joseph had been recalled from Naples, and placed on the Spanish throne. To Charles IV. was assigned Compiegne, and to Ferdinand the Castle of Navarre. Charles IV. had a civil list of thirty millions of reals; Ferdinand, still under the title of Prince of the Asturias (for it must be borne in mind that the Emperor never gave him any other denomination), had only an annuity allotted him of four hundred thousand francs, for himself and his descendants; and in the event of his having no issue, this income was to revert to his brother and his uncle. However, the Emperor allowed Ferdinand an additional income of six hundred thousand francs from the treasury of France; which, in the event of his demise,

* The famous treaty by which Charles abandoned the heritage of his ancestors was signed on the 5th of May, 1808.

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was to revert to the Princess of the Asturias. All this produced a singular effect in Paris. Even the French were amazed at this change of sovereigns. Already the Prince and Queen of Portugal had set the example, and the Spanish royal family followed in the track with incredible celerity. Alas! the time was approaching when downfalls of royalty were to become familiar to us!

The work of Spain's misfortunes was accomplished. Ferdinand VII. had removed from Bayonne to the prison of Valençay, which he was not doomed to leave until six years after, and Charles IV. repaired to Compiegne, where the governor of the palace received him, and took him into his safe keeping: this was Count de Laval-Montmorency. A few days afterwards the Emperor received an address from the supreme Junta sitting at Bayonne, praying that he would send his brother Joseph to reign over Spain. The council of Castile, and the municipal body of Madrid, expressed the same wish. Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, no desire was ever more voluntary or more unanimous; and when a city was not occupied by the French troops, the opinions of its inhabitants were freely manifested. Even in the presence of the French troops, the silence of the Spaniards was energetic. On the 23d of May, Valencia and Seville were in a state of insurrection, and on the 27th, St. Ferdinand's day, the whole of Arragon rose. The Junta sent the Marquis de Lazan, the brother of Palafox, to recommend the latter to preserve tranquillity: but the mischief had gone too far. I have good reasons for believing that Palafox had received secret instructions at Bayonne from Ferdinand VII.; and there is also ground to suspect that England strongly instigated the insurrectionary movement in Spain. Such a proceeding was perfectly consistent with the spirit of the British cabinet. When I was conversing, in 1814, with a member of the English parliament, he expressed himself sorry that the power of Napoleon had not been attacked by a measure, which, in his opinion, would inevitably have been triumphant: this was, to have proclaimed Soult King of Portugal when he wished to attain that dignity. "Imagine," said he, "what would have been the *moral effect* produced in Europe by the defection of one of the first captains of Napoleon's army!" He was right.

The magistrates and other public authorities fell sacrifices to the popular fury in various parts of Spain. The victims selected were those individuals who had been appointed by Charles IV. or the Prince of the Peace, or those whom the Emperor appeared to have acknowledged. Don Francisco de Borja, commander of the marine service at Cadiz; Count de Torre Fresno, governor of Badajoz; Don

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Santiago de Guzman, governor of Tortosa; Lieutenant-general Filangheri, Don Miguel de Cevallos, Don Pedro Truxillo, the Marquis de Laguila, and Baron de Albala, were *assassinated and cut to pieces*, in the insurrections of Valencia and Seville.

The climate of Madrid did not agree with Murat. He was seized with colic, a disorder which is very prevalent there, and is frequently attended by fatal results. Savary superseded him at Madrid. I know not how this latter discharged his duties; but this I know, that he made himself extremely ridiculous. He used to be served by servants kneeling; I am aware that this may appear incredible; but let those who doubt the fact inquire among the inhabitants of Madrid; —the answer will be that General Savary, when at table, had his goblet handed to him by a page on his knees.

About this time the famous provincial Junta was formed at Seville. Doubtless the Spaniards were not disposed to receive Joseph; yet, when the Junta of Bayonne named him as sovereign, it may be observed that the signatures of those who approved the new constitution were exceedingly numerous. The list includes the names of the Duke del Infantado, the Duke del Parque, the Duke de Frias, the Marquis d'Ariza, the Prince de Castel-Franca, the Count de Fuentes, the Archbishop of Burgos, the Marquis de Santa-Cruz, the Count de Fernand-Nunez, Fray Augustin, General de San Juan de Dieu, Fray Miguel de Acevedo, etc., etc. But in this long list, there appeared another signature which was worth all the rest. I will give it, with the letter to which it was affixed, and which is addressed to the Emperor.

"Sire,

"The surrender of the crown of Spain which has been made to your Imperial and Royal Majesty, by King Charles IV., my august sovereign, and which has been ratified by their Highnesses the Prince of the Asturias and the Infants Don Carlos and Don Antonio, imposes upon me the gratifying obligation of laying at the feet of your Imperial and Royal Majesty, the homage of my attachment, fidelity and respect. I pray that your Imperial and Royal Majesty will deign to acknowledge me as your most faithful subject, and make known to me your sovereign intentions, so that I may give proof of my eager and cordial submission. Heaven grant long life to your Imperial and Royal Majesty for the good of the church and state.

"I am, Sire, your Imperial and Royal Majesty's most faithful subject,

LOUIS DE BOURBON,
Cardinal de Scala and Archbishop of Toledo

"TOLEDO, 22 May, 1808."

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'A fine letter, truly, to be written by any one bearing the name of Bourbon, even admitting the submission to Napoleon to have been compulsory!

The Emperor was still at Bayonne, busied in making arrangements for the government of his brother Joseph. Murat was declared King of Naples. By thus seating a Prince of his family on every throne in Europe, Napoleon hoped to consolidate his power. Alas. he soon learned by cruel experience, that among sovereigns, as among private individuals, the ties of blood are but a feeble security for the performance of duty, when personal interest intervenes. Murat departed for Naples, accompanied by his wife, who was at length rendered perfectly happy by the thought of filling a throne; for the ducal chair which she had hitherto occupied had been any thing but agreeable to her. Knowing her as I did, I am convinced that her joy at this good fortune must have well nigh turned her brain. But, after all, this joy was perfectly natural;—I do not here mean to convey any reproach to the Princess. On the 9th of July, after the victory of Medina de Rio Seco* had opened to Joseph a road to his capital, he left Bayonne for Madrid, which he entered on the 20th of July. The new sovereign was received in profound silence. The Spanish people had not yet had the opportunity of appreciating his good qualities, and above all, his wish to render them happy. He had not been a week in Madrid when the disasters of Baylen, which were felt in all parts of the Peninsula, obliged him to seek a retreat at Vittoria.

The ministers, five in number, Mazzaredo, Cabarus, Urquijo, Azanza, and O'Farril followed him without hesitation; Cevalus and Pinuela remained in Madrid. On Joseph's entrance an unfortunate circumstance occurred: this was the positive refusal of the Council of Castile to recognise him. I am enabled to speak with certainty of this fact. It was not known in France, because, as may naturally be supposed, it was not inserted in the Moniteur. We were so completely kept in the dark, that when King Joseph left Madrid to return to Vittoria, for fear of being carried off by General Castanos, who had just beaten General Dupont at Baylen, the Moniteur stated that *the French army in Spain was going to remove its quarters to a place where it would have the benefit of milder air and better water.*

General Vedel had been loudly accused of having abandoned General Dupont. This accusation is probably made only to screen the guilty party. That General Dupont was involuntarily in fault is

* This battle was gained by Marshal Bessières, on the 4th of July. It was a very sanguinary conflict. The Spanish force amounted to 40,000.

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possible; but still he was nevertheless in fault; and the odious affair of Baylen ended with the disgrace of a violated capitulation. It would seem that the Spaniards thought themselves justified in not keeping their faith with men so unmindful of French glory.*

Whilst the tumult of war and revolution overspread the Peninsula, and converted the fertile plains of Andalusia into another Vega, where the blood of the French and Spaniards flowed in mingled torrents, other terrible revolutions shook Europe to its remotest extremity. The brocaded sofas of the seraglio were stained with imperial blood. Weary of the yoke of Mustapha, the janizaries conspired and demanded the restoration of Selim: his dead body was thrown among them. Within the guilty walls of the seraglio, the air is at once impregnated with the perfume of roses and the odour of blood. All, even the clear waves of the Bosphorus, reflect the image of death.

Whilst Spain was rising in revolution, while the bonfires of incendiarism were blazing on her hills, and the alarm-bell was sounding from all her steeples, we were living at Paris in the profoundest ignorance of the important events which were developing themselves in that neighbouring nation. The Emperor was still at Bayonne, for which place the Empress had set out, taking the road through Bordeaux, as it was the Emperor's pleasure that this part of France, which had sustained so much injury from the war, should at least be soothed by fair words and gracious manners, which Josephine so well knew how to adopt. She received orders to make herself agreeable, and she succeeded in enchanting the Bordelais. This I learnt when I passed through that town on my way to the Pyrenees.

While the Empress was there, the Emperor was at Bayonne organizing, or rather disorganizing Spain, with an ardour which bordered on infatuation: we poor females, who were left at Paris, waited impatiently even for a single letter, which should quiet the alarms unauthenticated rumours could not fail at such moments to inspire; but there stood Bayonne, like a great gulf, between us and our correspondents, and not a word reached us but what it pleased the master to make us acquainted with. The result of this capital manœuvre, the invention of Louvois, but perfected in our time, spared certainly even greater uneasiness than it inflicted, but kept us in a state of absolute ignorance.

The Emperor returned to Paris early in September. He had remained longer at Bayonne than he intended, but the affairs of Spain

* See "Chronologie de l'Histoire de France," by Montgaillard, p. 467.

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had not proceeded quite so passively as he had anticipated. Not only had some impediments arisen within the country, as the opposition of the council of Castille; but even the written opinions of those grandees of Spain, who composed that bastard Cortes called the Junta, were not adequate to the effect which Napoleon expected from them, the calming and satisfying the public mind. This Junta was precisely the same thing as the famous chamber of two hundred and twenty-one. Did it satisfy France? I rather think not; yet we are much more submissive in accepting what is put upon us than are the Spaniards. They signed, because their right hands were not paralyzed, and because, when Napoleon raised his eye of fire, and said in his low and sonorous voice, with an accent attuned to the diapason of the most elevated soul, "*Obey my commands!*"—because when he looked and spoke thus, it was impossible to resist him—these grandees of Spain signed then, and upon the guarantee of their signature Joseph entered Spain, and Napoleon returned to Paris. On re-entering his fine capital, had he been well-informed, he would have found, for the first time, a sinister change in the minds of men. Their active will he could restrain, but thought is always free, and this faculty had had ample occupation since the affair of Spain had been in agitation. The public began to reason upon this strange history. No tidings arrived of the army of Portugal; and two months had elapsed without a single letter from that country reaching Paris, when the Emperor arrived from the south, to stay only a few days, being about to set out immediately for Erfurth.

My uneasiness about Junot became excessive. I had frequently seen the arch-chancellor in the Emperor's absence, and so entirely ignorant did he appear, that unable to believe what was nevertheless a fact, that the Emperor himself had received no letters from Junot, I began to conclude that some great misfortune had occurred. We had then no idea of the nature of the Spanish war, and this total cessation of intelligence appeared impossible. Even an intimate friend of mine, who had means of learning through England what was passing in Portugal, received no news: it was distracting. Immediately, therefore, upon the Emperor's return, I wrote to him to learn if he knew with any certainty that Junot was still living, and supplicating him to send me a single word that might relieve my anxiety. Some days passed before I received an answer, which came at length through the arch-chancellor, and with it a lecture upon my presumption in interrogating the Emperor upon matters touching his politics. I thought this remonstrance somewhat singular, but received it with profound submission; and as soon as the arch chancel

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lor left me, I despatched a letter to the Emperor, requesting an audience that same day, as I had a favour to solicit. The Emperor was then at St. Cloud, and I was at Neuilly.

The cause of my request was of some importance. Since Junot had been governor of Paris, whether he was absent or present, I had always done the honours of the city fêtes at the Hotel-de-Ville. This time, as usual, though the Emperor had been absent on the 15th of August, the city was desirous of celebrating the St. Napoleon, and the list of those ladies who were to receive the Empress had been brought to me for presentation to the Grand-marshal. It was perfectly natural to me to preside at these entertainments, when every thing was in its right course; but at present matters were very far otherwise, I felt the unpleasantness of my situation, and this determined me to request an audience. I received an order to be at St. Cloud at nine o'clock in the evening. On my arrival I found the Emperor in his closet, looking upon the little private garden reserved for his use; the door was open, and at my entrance he stood on the step of the door, looking straight before him with the fixed and vacant stare of a person deep in thought. He started at the opening of the door, and turning sharply towards me, asked with an expression of petulance, why I should not believe what he had ordered the arch-chancellor to tell me. "Your husband is perfectly well—what the devil do you mean by these conjugal jeremiads?"—"Sire, my mind is relieved, since your Majesty has had the goodness to send me word that I might be easy; but in the situation in which I stand at this moment, I am come to entreat your Majesty to permit me to decline going to the Hotel-de-Ville to-morrow."—He was still looking towards the garden-door, but on hearing this he turned hastily round, and said in a very singular tone of voice, "Hem!—what do you say?—not go to the Hotel-de-Ville?—and pray why not?"—"Because, Sire, I fear that some misfortune has occurred to Junot—I beg your Majesty's pardon," I continued with firmness, for his bent brow presaged a storm, "but, I repeat, I have no tidings of Junot—*neither has your Majesty any*—and I am unwilling to expose myself to hear, perhaps of his death, in a public ball-room." I know not how I acquired so much audacity, but I had it. The Emperor looked at me angrily, then shrugged his shoulders, but eventually commanded himself. "I have told you that your husband is in good health—why will you not believe me? I cannot prove it, but I give you my word."—"It is certainly enough to satisfy me, Sire, but I cannot write a circular to communicate this satisfactory assurance to the four thousand persons who will be present at the city fête, and who will

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think it very extraordinary that I should present myself so publicly, when I have such strong cause of uneasiness."—"And what should these four thousand persons know about your cause of uneasiness?" he exclaimed in a terrible voice, and advancing towards me with an impetuosity of manner which almost made me afraid of him. "This is the result of your drawing-room council, letters, and all your gossipings with my enemies. You declaim against me, you attack all my actions. What was that which the Prussian minister, one of your friends, was lately saying at your house, about my tyranny towards his King? Truly I am a very cruel tyrant. If their great Frederick, that they make so much noise about, had had occasion to punish as much disloyalty as I have, he would have done it more effectually. And after all, Glogau and Custrin will be much better guarded by my troops than by the Prussians, for they have no great cause to be proud of their defence of them."

This was perhaps the tenth time since my return from Portugal that the Emperor repeated to me what had been said at my house. On the former occasions I was conscious that the truth had been told him, but in fact, I never heard the minister of Prussia, who certainly visited me frequently, say a word that bore the least analogy to the sentiments which the Emperor imputed to him. The Baron de Brockhausen was a man of great circumspection, very mild, saying little, and perfectly to be trusted. He stood, moreover, in the difficult position of representing an unfortunate and humiliated nation, and no one was less suited to maintain such an attitude. He consequently shut himself up in absolute silence, and though he visited me almost daily, we sometimes laughingly remarked, after his departure, "The Baron has uttered seven words this evening." He was otherwise a truly respectable man—an excellent father, and one of the most estimable Prussians I have ever met with. This knowledge of his character convinced me at once that the Emperor was only endeavouring (to express myself in his own phrase) *to pump me*,* and I was also certain that if such a subject of conversation had ever been entertained in my society, M. de Brockhausen was the last person who would have opened his lips upon it. I therefore firmly replied that his Majesty had been misinformed, and I would undertake to say that such words as those he had just repeated had never been uttered in my house.

He stamped with his foot, and, approaching me as quick as lightning, exclaimed, "So, I have told an untruth?"—"I have the honour

* Me tirer les vers du nez.

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to answer," said I, very calmly, "that your Majesty is misinformed." —"Oh! to be sure—that is what you all say, when you are spoken to as on this occasion."—"According to your Majesty's observation, it would seem that I am not the only person accused, and I think I may affirm that others are so as unjustly as myself." The word *all* had not escaped me.

The Emperor, when any thing nearly affected him, and he did not give vent to his feelings in words, concentrated in the expression of his countenance all the oppressiveness of his power. He fixed this look with its utmost weight upon me; I looked down, not from fear, as he might observe, but only that it did not become me to dispute in this manner with him. When I again raised my eyes he was still looking at me, but with a very different, and, to say the truth, very strange expression; and never, in the course of my life, had I felt less disposed to endure that expression, or the interpretation that might be put upon it.

"What are your Majesty's commands?" said I, receding towards the door: the Emperor did not answer immediately, but presently said, "I forbid you to repeat what has passed here, do you understand me?—see that you obey! or I will let you know who you have to deal with."—"I shall obey you, Sire! not for fear of your anger, but that I may not have to blush before conquered foreigners, at letting them perceive our family misunderstandings."

I made my obeisance and prepared to go: I was in haste to leave the room. Yet I was desirous, before I went, to settle the question which brought me thither, and I told the Emperor, that it seemed to me more suitable that I should not make my appearance at the Hotel-de-Ville, where my station placed me in the foreground immediately after the Empress, at a moment when such reports were current respecting the army of Portugal. He resumed the expression of sovereignty: "And what," said he, in a tone calculated to strike to the heart and make one tremble, "what are those reports?" This time I could not resist a sensation of fear, and replied in a low voice, "They say it is lost—that Junot has been compelled to capitulate like Dupont—and that the English have carried him to Brazil."—"It is false! it is false! I tell you!"—and he struck his fist upon the table with such violence as to throw down a heap of papers. "It is false!" he exclaimed again, swearing this time like a sub-lieutenant of dragoons. "Junot capitulate like Dupont! it is a tissue of falsehoods, but precisely because it is said, you must go to the Hotel-de-Ville. You must go, do you hear?—and even if you were ill, still you ought to go. It is my will—good night." On returning to my

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carriage, I wept like a child. The Emperor seemed to be very severe towards Junot and me. However, upon reflection I felt assured that nothing unfortunate had occurred to my husband, since he persisted so pertinaciously upon my going to this ball. On my arrival at Neuilly, I found a friend there waiting to learn the result of my petition; he took the same view of the subject; and when, after a long promenade under the balmy limes which bordered the canal, he took leave of me to return to Paris, I felt reassured, and much more tranquil.

I went to the fête: regulated like its predecessors and equal in magnificence, I know not why it appeared dull and melancholy. The Emperor either did not come at all, or came but for a moment. I was so absorbed in my own feelings, that I cannot now remember whether he came or not. I do not understand how it happened that he who usually was so tenacious of his popularity with his good citizens of Paris, should not on this occasion have made an effort to gratify them. The senatus-consultum authorizing the levy of eighty thousand conscripts of the classes of 1806, 7, 8, 9, and 10, to be forthwith brought into actual service, had just appeared, and had struck a kind of stupor upon the city. There was even some talk of calling out eighty thousand conscripts of the class 1810, as yet scarcely eighteen years of age; they were to be reserved, it was said, to guard the coasts. The Emperor knew all the reports that were circulated, and was certainly not ignorant of what was said in the shops of Paris. Here, then, was his motive for insisting on my appearance at this entertainment. Had I been absent, the most absurd of the suppositions current concerning the fate of Junot and his army would have acquired a dangerous consistency. Thus it is that such men as Napoleon consider private interests and feelings as perfect nullities in the political balance. I have since learned that the battle of Vimiera, which was fought on the 21st of August, was near destroying Junot and the army! Was the Emperor totally ignorant of this battle on the 4th of September? I think not; no doubt he would have acquired some confused intelligence of it through the medium of England.

This fête was excessively dull, or so at least it appeared to me. The Empress was present a very short time, and would not stay to supper. I had a dreadful headache, but did not like to retire at the same time,—it would have looked absurd. I stayed to supper, and some foreigners of distinction accompanied me into a separate room, in which a table of fifty covers was laid out. The ladies only took their seats round it, the gentlemen stood behind them. Count Fro-

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chot, then prefect of the Seine, was not only a man of sense, but possessed all the qualifications that could be required to take the lead with advantage in such a ceremony. He was a perfectly well-bred man, joining politeness with dignity, and doing the honours of the civic feast with as much ease as those of his own house. In the connexion with which my place in the entertainment threw me with him, he acted in the most graceful manner possible; but, to say the truth, in Junot's absence I had no business whatever at the Hotel-de-Ville, and matters would have proceeded on this occasion perfectly well without me. The Count was thoroughly agreeable; and this qualification, so essential in society, was peculiarly useful to him in the vast galleries of the Hotel-de-Ville, where were congregated not only the most considerable capitalists of France, but all the great, the noble, the eminent for birth or favour, whom Europe deputed as her representatives at Paris. There was Metternich, the Austrian ambassador; M. de Tolstoy, from Russia; the Baron de Brockhausen, the minister of Prussia; the ambassador of Spain, and the crowd of envoys from the German courts, among which Bavaria, Saxony, and Wirtemberg held the rank of kingdoms.

About this period I received a confidential and very interesting letter from Madrid, written to me, only, by a Spaniard possessing a truly great and generous mind. I am obliged to withhold his name, and regret that family considerations impose this reserve upon me. This letter was addressed to me because its writer was a friend of mine, and because, knowing my situation in the Imperial court, he hoped that I might prove the means of some important truths reaching the Emperor's ears. He did not know that Napoleon never listened to a woman. I regretted, however, that I had not received this letter before my memorable audience, as I should certainly have spoken of some of its contents without giving up to him. "Spain," the writer says, "is lost: probably you have no idea of the causes of the evil. First on the list stand the disasters of Baylen; Castanos has made great advantage of the signature of one of your great officers of the Empire. He reports that the captains of Napoleon no longer hold by him, since Marescot, who had no reason to sanction Dupont's disgrace (you see I speak as a Frenchman, because I am a man of honour and a soldier), was eager to sign the convention. But this is not all, King Joseph's unfortunate departure from Madrid, a week after his entry—dear Duchess, you know that distrust produces distrust—by proving to the Spaniards that he had no confidence in them, Joseph pointed out to them the party they should adopt. Oh! my poor country! may the Virgin and the saints be her protectors, for

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she is in great necessity! A supreme Junta is established at Aranjuez, the beautiful shades of which have witnessed melancholy scenes and bloody tragedies. The waters of the Tagus have been dyed with Spanish blood. A civil war, it is true, divided Spain in the cause of Philip V. and the Archduke. But this is of a totally different nature. The quarrel between your Emperor and the Pope has been the main spring of the mischief. If you did but know what a catechism is taught the children! All this would have been spared if the Emperor Napoleon had put Godoy upon his trial and caused him to be hanged. Instead of this he treats with him!—It is lamentable. I send you a specimen of the catechism which is dispersed throughout Andalusia. How important it would be that the Emperor should see it!"

The remainder of the letter contained little more than repetitions of the above sentiments, except the following fragments of the catechism alluded to:

"Child, what art thou?"—"A Spaniard, by the grace of God."—"What do you mean by that?"—"An honest man."—"Who is our enemy?"—"The Emperor of the French."—"What is the Emperor Napoleon?"—"A wicked being, the source of all evils, and the focus of all vices."—"How many natures has he?"—"Two: the human and the diabolical."—"How many Emperors of the French are there?"—"One actually, in three deceiving persons."—"What are they called?"—"Napoleon, Murat, and Manuel Godoy, the Prince of the Peace."—"Which is the most wicked?"—"They are all equally so."—"What are the French?"—"Apostate Christians, turned heretics."—"What punishment does a Spaniard deserve who fails in his duty?"—"The death and infamy of a traitor."—"Is it a sin to kill a Frenchman?"—"No, my father; heaven is gained by killing one of these heretical dogs."

These are the principal heads of a catechism which the Spanish priests teach the children, as many great persons very well knew.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

News of the Convention of Cintra—Landing of the British troops—Patriotism of Count de Bourmont—Battle of Vimiera—Council of Generals—Admiral Siniavin—General Kellermann treats with the English generals—Anecdote—Siniavin's treachery—The Convention—My departure for Rochelle—Meeting with Junot—Arrest of M. de Bourmont—Anecdote of the Emperor of Russia—Napoleon and Alexander—The Arch-chancellor's fête—Count Metternich and the Duke de Cadore—War with Austria—Defeat of General Moore.

At length tidings from Portugal reached France; they were disastrous for Napoleon, but honourable for Junot and all belonging to him! How noble was his conduct! The glory of the French arms remained untarnished, and to him alone was that due. How often since his terrible death have I wept over that imperishable monument of his victory over England, *the Convention of Cintra!* Alas! he to whom his whole life was devoted, alone disowned its merit. One evening when Junot gave a ball at the government house, an officer belonging to the staff of General Thomières, commandant of Fort Peniche, arrived with pressing despatches. The tidings they contained were fearful and certain. The English, to the number of twelve thousand men, had effected a landing with an immense train of artillery, and every species of warlike munition. Junot directed the officers about him to increase their attentions to the ladies, and the gaiety of the ball-room, while he himself retired to his closet and ordered General Laborde immediately to march towards the enemy in order to prevent the whole truth from reaching the city at once. For some days this apparent security answered its purpose; but notwithstanding General Laborde's victory over the English at Roleia, another victory gained in Spain, the announcement of the march of twenty thousand French troops through Braganza to succour Lisbon, the entry of Joseph into Madrid and the fêtes in celebration of this event, still the spirit of insurrection raged at Lisbon, and was kept in check only by the presence of Junot. It was nevertheless absolutely necessary to meet the enemy. On the 15th of August, after celebrating the Emperor's birth-day by a grand dinner and a splendid performance at the Opera-house, Junot returned at midnight to his

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private apartments, and assembled there the ministers and General Travot. He told them he was about to set out to give battle to the English; charged them with their immediate duties; pressed with emotion the hand of General Travot, whose noble character he highly esteemed, and to whose care he was confiding the capital; and quitted the government house to seek his death—for at that moment he little expected ever to see again his country, his wife or his children.

I must not here omit an anecdote of a man often attacked, and whom I always feel desirous of justifying. Count de Bourmont was at this time among the French refugees at Lisbon; it was in his power to go over to the English or to join the Portuguese insurgents; but, instead of doing either the one or the other, he sought Junot and thus addressed him: "Monsieur le Duc, I have never disowned my country; I am a Frenchman, you are attacked: a resolute heart and two stout arms may be useful to you, and I come to offer them: are you willing to place me upon your staff?" Junot was, perhaps, of all men in the army, the most capable of appreciating such conduct; he approached M. de Bourmont, took his hand, which he pressed warmly, and in a tone of emotion replied: "M. de Bourmont, I not only accept your services, but I pledge my honour that no difficulties shall be thrown in the way of your return to France; you have my word, which never fails." And he kept it effectually. M. de Saint-Mezard, an officer of the ex-royal body guard, M. de Viomesnil, nephew of the Marshal, and many other emigrants, acted in a similar manner; but the example was set by M. de Bourmont.

Junot then proceeded to meet the enemy, who was advancing upon Lisbon by the route of Thomar, numbering above thirteen thousand effective troops, besides an army of sixty thousand Spanish and Portuguese insurgents, the whole country and all the chances of the future in their favour, while Junot's army barely amounted to nine thousand two hundred men, destitute of resources. Under these circumstances Junot was eager to engage, and being above all desirous of forestalling an attack, he determined to meet the enemy. The battle took place on the 21st of August; the conduct of the army throughout the day, which the oppressive heat of the weather rendered truly laborious, was such as to maintain the glory of our eagles and the purity of our standards, which, thanks to the valour of their defenders and the ability of their chiefs, returned unsullied to France. Notwithstanding all this courage and zeal, the battle was lost; happily our army remained on the field after the fire had ceased, which enabled them to cover the retreat of the wounded, but we lost a thousand men

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killed and eight hundred prisoners, of which number not more than a hundred and fifty were disabled.

In these almost desperate circumstances, Junot assembled Generals Loison, Laborde, Kellermann, and Thiébault, to consult upon the next steps to be taken. To retreat, even by forced marches, across Spain, was impossible; one chance only afforded a ray of hope. I have not yet mentioned the Russian squadron which Junot found in the Tagus on his arrival at Lisbon, and which had ever since been treated by the French army as belonging to a nation whose chief was the brother of our Emperor's heart. Junot then had a right to expect that the co-operation of Admiral Siniavin, who commanded eight vessels, would be of the utmost value to him in this extremity. He had yet to learn that the assistance of an ally is only to be reckoned upon in the time of success. Siniavin was an unsociable animal, and it may be observed, that when the Russians are savage it is not by halves. The father of this admiral was probably one of the number of those who preferred losing their heads to surrendering their beards; at all events, he belonged to a barbarous race. In relating the events of this memorable period, I have adhered strictly to the papers left by the Duke d'Abrantes, and to the details communicated to me by the Duke de Valmy, and Generals Thiébault and De Laborde. The result of the conference called by the Duke was to send General Kellermann, furnished with full powers, to the English camp, to see what could be done in the way of negotiation. The English General was Sir Hugh Dalrymple, and next under him was Sir Arthur Wellesley, now the Duke of Wellington.

At eleven o'clock in the morning of the 22d, General Kellermann took the road to Vimiera, and was astonished not to meet with any station; for a moment he believed the enemy was in retreat, and he has himself related to me a circumstance which proves the accuracy and acuteness of his judgment. "In proportion as I advanced," said he, "without meeting a single English cockade, my confidence revived, and recovered by degrees a self-consequence which was complete, when, on my arrival at the English head-quarters, I found myself admitted to treat on terms of perfect equality." It was not till three in the afternoon that General Kellermann found himself in front of the English outposts, which were precisely in their position of the preceding day; and so great was the uneasiness of the English, that notwithstanding he had attached his white handkerchief to the end of his sabre, he had to face about thirty musket-shots before he was recognised as a negotiator. At length he was conducted to Sir Hugh Dalrymple, who had arrived that very morning to supersede Sir

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Arthur Wellesley; just to sign the convention of Cintra—truly it was hardly worth while! General Kellermann understands the English as perfectly as the French language; but he took care to conceal his knowledge: in war, stratagem is justifiable, but in the existing situation of the French army, every possible advantage was fair play, and the General made no scruple of using this. This *ruse* proved extremely useful to him; for, after he had opened the basis of his proposition, the two Generals retired to the embrasure of a window, and he heard one of them observe, in a low tone, "We are not in a very good position; let us hear what he has to say."

At this moment dinner was announced, and General Kellermann, having been invited by Sir Hugh Dalrymple, sat down with the English officers. The dinner was gay, but so extremely frugal as to satisfy the General that what he had heard of the scarcity of provisions in the English camp was true. While the party continued at table, an officer returned who had been sent to Figuera; nothing having yet transpired to show that the Duke de Valmy understood English, Sir Arthur and Sir Hugh inquired eagerly of the officer, in English, what news he brought. To which he replied: "Sir John Moore has not yet arrived at Figuera." This was the same Sir John Moore whom the Emperor afterwards so effectually drove into the sea at Corunna. He was to bring an additional force of fourteen thousand men, the absence or presence of which was of the utmost importance at this crisis.

In drawing up the preliminary articles, the interests of our allies were stipulated for: "What!" exclaimed Sir Arthur Wellesley, "do you pretend to include the Russian fleet in your treaty?"—"Russia is our ally," replied the Duke of Valmy, "and it is impossible for us to abandon her fleet. But I shall not be sorry if you reject this article, as in that case the Admiral, in his own defence, will be obliged to disembark his crews, we shall be enabled to recall our garrisons, and shall thus obtain a reinforcement of ten thousand fresh and veteran troops, which will enable us to deliver Portugal in three weeks." The two English generals again withdrew to the window, and General Kellermann overheard the words, "That would be very well, but the ten thousand Russians!" It is manifest that, without intending it, the Russians were very useful to us.

At length the preliminaries were concluded, and General Kellermann returned to the French head-quarters, accompanied to the outposts by Lord Burghersh, and overwhelmed with civilities by the English officers, who, having previously entertained a high opinion of his military character, had now received sufficient proof of his diplo-

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matic abilities. An anecdote related by General Kellermann will prove how generous and noble in social and private life are those same Englishmen whom in public affairs we find so little worthy of esteem. Colonel Taylor, a much esteemed English officer, possessed a remarkable horse; its colour was dark bay, its figure perfect; but its qualities were even more excellent than its beauty; it obeyed a word as a sign, and performed all the little services of a dog. The Colonel was killed at Vimiera in an engagement between the troops under his command and those of the Duke de Valmy. His horse was taken and brought to the Duke. As soon as the English learned that it was in his possession, they requested General Kellermann to set any ransom he pleased upon it, that it might be restored to his regiment, which was anxious to preserve and take charge of it in memory of its master. The General refused the ransom, and courteously returned the noble charger; but the English officers chose a horse of the first quality, and presented it to the French General, through the hands of Sir Arthur Wellesley, with that peculiar graciousness with which an English gentleman so well knows how to adorn his private transactions.

"Ah!" exclaimed Junot, "if this Russian admiral would but second us with six thousand additional men, and such coadjutors as you, I would not quit Portugal!" Nothing was yet signed. General Kellermann undertook this new mission; he proceeded to Admiral Siniavin; requested of him five thousand men from his crews, undertook to furnish them with arms, and to place them in the forts, whence he would thus be enabled to withdraw a similar number of French troops. The Russian was over-persuaded, and promised; but after the lapse of a few hours, this man, whom his sovereign ought to have exiled to Siberia for his baseness, retracted, and wrote to Junot that he could not land a single man, and that, moreover, he should make his own terms with Sir Charles Cotton, the English admiral. This resolution was as injurious to the Russians as it was to the French, and was moreover disgraceful to the former. Junot has told me that he suffered more in receiving this letter from Siniavin, than in the loss of the battle of Vimiera; a deceived hope is, in fact, more distressing than the confirmation of an expected misfortune. Then this violation of a pledged word—this perfidy to an ally! He perceived in the conduct of Siniavin a sort of presage for the Emperor—perhaps a warning, for the Czar might have been equally seen in it. To me it has always been inexplicable that a proceeding, not only so injurious to Junot, but so indefensible in a military point of view, had not procured for its perpetrator the reward of

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a journey to Tobolsk; such inconsistency in the conduct of Alexander, at the very moment of the conference of Erfurth, is perplexing.

Junot finding himself, by the Russian admiral's proceedings, left at liberty to treat separately for himself, nominated General Kellermann to act for him. Sir George Murray was the representative of the English general, and a convention was concluded upon the bases already agreed upon, although the arrival of Sir John Moore, with the troops under his command, had materially changed the respective positions of the two armies. It is just to acknowledge that honour and good faith characterized the dealings of the English officers. Not withstanding the ability of General Kellermann many difficulties arose; upon which Junot observed: "I ask no favour. If I am refused what I demand for my army, I retire upon Lisbon, blow up the forts, burn the arsenal and the fleet, and, master of both banks of the Tagus, I retreat upon Spain, leaving behind me terrible monuments of my passage." I have heard him lament that he had not executed this resolution:—and yet he would add, "I must have starved my army, which would much more certainly have experienced that fate, than on its march into Portugal. Under such circumstances, every alternative was disastrous." General Thiébault considered the plan to be impracticable, and his opinion, as chief of the staff, necessarily had great weight in the ultimate decision. With respect to blowing up the forts, and burning the fleet and the city, I believe Junot to have been capable of doing it.

At length M. de la Grave, aide-de-camp to the Duke d'Abrantes, quitted Lisbon, and arrived at Paris, after a voyage rendered tedious by dreadful weather, early in October, bringing to the Emperor the definitive convention which had been signed by the two generals-in-chief on the 30th of August; upon which Colonel Duncan had been sent as an hostage to the Duke d'Abrantes, who gave up the adjutant-commandant Desroches to the English general in the same capacity.

Having opened the letter which the same aide-de-camp brought to me from Junot, I read with unbounded joy the copy it enclosed of this glorious convention, the stamp of perhaps the finest military achievements which the annals of our Revolution record. Let its merits be judged of by a comparison with that of Baylen!

Junot was expected to land at Rochelle or some neighbouring port, I therefore set out for that place on the 4th of October, the day after M. de Grave's arrival, taking with me Madame de Grandsaigne, wife of the first aide-de-camp to the Duke of Abrantes, but leaving my children in Paris, as I concluded my husband would return with

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me. Alas! I knew not that the Emperor viewed matters through a medium quite at variance with mine.

On our meeting, Junot opened his heart to me, describing all that he had suffered and was suffering. The Emperor had written him some letters, excessively short, as usual, and in the last had told him, he must never re-enter Paris without victory, to *efface the remembrance of Lisbon*. The tears stood in his eyes as he repeated this expression. "I believe," said he with bitterness, "that all Europe will judge me differently. What could I do?" Junot then unveiled a part of the intrigues devised to injure him in the Emperor's estimation. It was clear that the same persons who afterwards contributed to their master's ruin, were already paving the way to it, by detaching him from his truest friends. Bessières had been so repeatedly offended that he was almost tempted to retire to his estates. So had Marshal Lannes. Duroc began to be sensible of dependence, and Berthier to feel its full force. In my opinion, this Convention of Cintra, obtained solely by the moral force of the character Junot had acquired, was the counterpart of the battle of Nazareth in Palestine, fought on the 8th of April, 1799, in which Junot, with three hundred Frenchmen, defeated the advanced guard of the grand vizier, killed with his own hand Ayoub-Bey, surnamed Abou-Seff (father of the sabre), and produced an incalculable moral effect on the two armies of the East.

The French army landed at Rochelle and various other points of the coast. Junot arrived in the Nymph frigate, Captain Percy, who treated him with great attention. The fortune of war subsequently afforded me an opportunity of discharging the debt in behalf of my husband toward a relation of Captain Percy (an aide-de-camp I believe to the Duke of Wellington), who was prisoner in Spain. Owing to the opinion expressed by the Emperor, our joy on this re-union was overclouded; our intercourse had not its usual freedom;—the future lowered, we talked not of home. When I spoke of the alterations in our hotel, Junot answered with bitterness: "What is it to me? I shall never see it."

We were one day at table, when he received a letter from Nantes, announcing the arrest of M. de Bourmont, upon reading which, with a countenance inflamed with rage, he uttered a terrible oath. "And I had pledged him my word of honour that he might land in perfect safety!" exclaimed he, rising in fury; "this is a trick of M. Fouché. But we will see who gains the day." Accordingly he wrote, and M. de Bourmont was released, but arrested again a few days afterwards; on hearing which all my ascendancy over Junot was insufficient to appease him; he immediately set out full speed for Angoulême,

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through which town he had learned that the Emperor was to pass on his return from Erfurth. I knew that Savary would be there, and though Duroc, Rapp, and Berthier, were also of the party, yet knowing Junot, I feared his violence of character, and dreaded the Emperor. Nothing could detain him; my entreaties were of no avail. Alas! Napoleon ill understood that strong yet tender spirit, so full of energy, yet as affectionate as that of an enamoured woman. On his return to Rochelle the gloom of his brow had increased, though he had obtained M. de Bourmont's admission into the military staff of the army of Naples with the title of adjutant-general, as also the Count de Novion's pension of six thousand francs; the Emperor accorded nearly all he desired. For instance, M. de Viomesnil, M. de St. Mezard, and a number of officers of the old regime, who, remembering that they were Frenchmen, refused to bear arms against their country, though they had fled from France when her scaffolds were thirsting for their blood, were indebted to Junot's interposition for the termination of a fifteen years' exile. "Why, then," I asked, "are you sad? Was the Emperor unkind to you?"—"No," said he with a forced smile, "but he was not kind." He was not to enter Paris, the Emperor had repeated to him, but must first return to Lisbon.

The star of Napoleon Bonaparte was at this time shining in the zenith of its splendour. Alas! its radiance blinded him. The interview at Erfurth, in which the Emperor of Russia gave him so many proofs of fraternal friendship, was a snare of destiny to lure him to his ruin. One anecdote of this meeting is well known, but is too apposite to this subject to be omitted here. When Talma in the part of Philoctetes pronounced the line:

"The friendship of a great man is a gift of the gods!"

The Emperor Alexander, rising from his seat, threw himself into the arms of Napoleon, with an emotion so manifest and sincere, that no one could doubt the sentiment which excited it. I can guarantee the truth of another, and there are Memoirs in existence which will perhaps one day appear, and will confirm it. When Count Nicholas Romanzoff came about this time to Paris, he was assailed on the way both by Austria and Prussia with arguments and inducements to join the famous alliance, to which Sweden was already pledged; but the Russians, M. de Romanzoff, and before him M. de Tolstoy, were inviolable in their fidelity, and turned a deaf ear to all such remonstrances.

Another fact, apparently indifferent, perhaps eventually decided the destiny of Napoleon. Being one day in company with the

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Emperor Alexander at Erfurth and conversing confidentially with him as with a brother, Napoleon mentioned Ferdinand VII., spoke of the uneasiness he occasioned him, of the trouble of detaining him in captivity, and of his intrigues with dairy-maids (such kind of amours being always odious to Napoleon, he alluded to them in disgust). The Russian Emperor looked significantly at him for some moments, then smiling, turned away his head in a very eloquent silence.—"Do you then possess a talisman for mastering this evil genius?" said Napoleon, laughing, observing that Alexander shrugged his shoulders with contemptuous impatience. "Why, really," replied the other, "when the captivity of an enemy is as inconvenient to the conqueror as it must be annoying and wearisome to the conquered, the best thing that can be done for both is to put an end to it." Napoleon stood for a moment motionless, but made no reply. It is certain that he did not adopt the counsel; and that when in 1815 he had to choose an asylum, this sentence of Alexander's recurred to his memory; and probably he likewise reverted to it when in 1814 I sent him a message through the Duke de Rovigo, in consequence of a long conversation that I had held with the Emperor of Russia, at my hotel in the street of the Champs Elysées, which at that time I still occupied. Unfortunately, in 1808 and 1809, Napoleon was too much the dupe of Alexander's friendship, and afterwards he had not sufficient confidence in it. But such was the constitution of his mind, that neither his sentiments nor actions could ever accord with those of other men.

After several weeks passed at Erfurth in discussing the destinies and most serious interests of Europe, amidst the gayest and most brilliant fêtes, Napoleon crossed France, only to march upon Spain, and the Empress returned to Paris, to celebrate the commencement of the new-year. The arch-chancellor gave her a ball in his gloomy mansion of the Carousel, formerly the Hotel d'Elbeuf. I never knew a fête given by Cambacérès to be gay, not even a fancy ball, however inexplicable the cause; but the present surpassed all its predecessors in dullness, although d'Aigrefeuille, who acted as great chamberlain and grand master of the ceremonies, was in himself, with his little sparkling eyes, short, round, and singularly attired figure, a sufficient provocation of laughter to all who beheld him. The arch-chancellor's coronation robes had been made with a train much longer than the Emperor chose to permit, and was consequently shortened. Cambacérès, who as every one knows loved economy, and had no objection to dispense the munificence required by his accession to the title of grand-dignitary without paying too dearly for it, made d'Aigrefeuille

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a present of the velvet and ermine clippings from the curtailed mantle. D'Aigrefeuille was enchanted, but as the parings of violet velvet would have required too much seaming for a coat, he laid the fur, which unfortunately coming from the extremity of the garment afforded no ermine tails, in numerous bands upon an old court dress of sky-blue velvet which had belonged to his grandmother. This grotesque habiliment, with its uniform whiteness, resembled that of a cat or a rabbit, and, with the round, red, and jovial face of the fat little man peering above it, was altogether irresistibly ludicrous. The amusements were sombre, the Empress was serious, there was a scarcity of ladies, war with Austria was talked of, and Count Metternich, lately returned from Vienna, notwithstanding his habitual courtesy, wore an air of constraint which his perfect politeness could not entirely subdue.

Count Metternich had made a journey to Vienna towards the end of November, under pretence (though in reality on affairs of the utmost importance, announced previously to leaving Paris) that he should not be more that two or three weeks absent. The Duke de Cadore, forgetting than M. de Metternich was no way accountable to him for his proceedings, thought fit, at this assembly, to rally him in a half angry tone on his long procrastinated return. "Do you know, sir," said he, "that we may reasonably take exception at this delay; and, indeed, though you still protest that your intentions are pacific, we may justly construe it as a confirmation of the rumours promulgated by the English journals."—"I can only repeat to your Excellency," replied M. de Metternich, "what I have frequently told you on that head, that the Emperor, my master, desires to continue at peace with France. As for the delay of my return, I assure you it had no other cause than the obstacle which the entrance of General Oudinot's corps into Germany presents to the free egress by the roads of Bavaria."

The acuteness and fine tact of this reply, bears the stamp of the school of the Prince de Ligne. I afterwards asked M. de Metternich if he had really made it; he laughed, but gave me no answer. "Did you say so?" I again asked. "Should I have done amiss if I had?" said he, still laughing. "Certainly not."—"Then probably I said so, but I do not remember it." The words, however, were actually his; and the Duke de Cadore had not capacity to contend with this model of all that the high aristocracy can furnish of elegance and exquisite polish, combined with the most perfect and unembarrassed assurance.

M. de Metternich must have stood high in the estimation of the Count de Standion, then at the head of the Austrian counsels, to be

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selected as ambassador to Napoleon in the then circumstances of Austria; and already did the fair-haired ambassador display symptoms of that talent which gives him his present supremacy amongst the steersmen of the European state vessel. The Emperor Napoleon's opinion of him, at first erroneous, was corrected; but it was then too late, the mischief was irreparably done. He had been treated at court with a coldness that showed no friendly intentions. As an instance amongst others of the disrespect he experienced, his Countess was once, on a grand court day, neither invited to sup with the Empress nor with either of the Princesses; to complete this insult, an article was inserted in the Moniteur, under diplomatic auspices, detailing an imaginary conversation between the ambassador and the Duke de Cadore, which certainly never occurred, while the former, in demanding the cause of the slight offered to his lady, is made to appear in a most ridiculous light.

M. de Metternich, thus publicly humiliated, annoyed in his domestic privacy, attacked in his most valuable privileges, deceived in all he had a right to expect from the justice of a sovereign whom he approached under a title sacred even amongst savages, wounded in his dearest affections when his wife and children were detained as hostages in Paris, his very life menaced, constrained to fly like a criminal in a carriage with closed blinds, must have been more or less than man, could he have excluded resentment from his bosom. He became the irreconcileable enemy of France; whereas, dazzled by Napoleon's ascendant genius, he might have been irresistibly impelled by the same charm which inthralled the Emperor Alexander. Austria declared war against us at that sinister moment, when our political horizon was darkening on the side of Italy, and the Emperor was seeking victory in the mountains of the Asturias. Napoleon's parting words to the legislative body, when joining his army in eager pursuit of the English, were, "*They have at length invaded the continent.*"

His anticipations of victory were justified by the event; he saw the leopards of England fly before him the moment he appeared: Moore and his troops were destroyed by his all conquering legions. Why then did he not stay to complete the conquest of Spain?

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CHAPTER XXXII.

The Emperor's promise to Junot—Berthier's letters—Junot's departure for Saragossa—Siege of Saragossa—Its horrors—Junot's wounds—The Emperor's unkindness—Reduction of Saint Joseph—Napoleon's unreasonable complaint—General Thiébault summoned to head-quarters—His remarkable interview with the Emperor—Napoleon's return to Paris—Sinister forebodings—Exile of Mesdames de Staël and Recamier—Madame Recamier's refusal to be the Emperor's *friend*—Fouché's interposition—Extraordinary note—Fouché's ambitious projects.

To return to Junot. In the momentary opportunity that he had to converse with the Emperor at Angoulême, he said to him: "Sire, the only favour that I solicit from your Majesty, is to send me again to Lisbon. Let me replace with glory on its walls those eagles which I brought thence undisgraced. I entreat you, Sire, suffer me to return to Lisbon." The Emperor promised, and appointed him to the command of the 8th division, formed of the same troops which had evacuated Portugal in consequence of the Convention, and were inflamed with desire to reconquer their lost title of the army of Portugal; while Junot himself, not humiliated, but sensibly distressed by his retreat, had never so ardently longed, as he expressed it, *to draw a trigger*. He hastened his departure; and the Prince of Neufchatel wrote to him on the 16th from the Emperor's head-quarters at Chamartin, a league distant from Madrid, an order to repair to Burgos, there to collect and organize his forces and supplies with all expedition; and, in case of need, to support Soult at Saldana; concluding with, "You will not, however, M. le Duc, march to the support of the Marshal unless you yourself consider such a movement absolutely necessary. Your first care will be to disarm the country and to maintain its tranquillity," etc. This letter was despatched in duplicate—a precaution already rendered necessary by the frequent capture of couriers by the Guerilla chiefs, Don Julian the capuchin, and the elder Mina.

The following is a second letter received by Junot, dated also from Chamartin the very next day, and beneath the date is inserted, in the autograph of Berthier, the word noon.

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"CHAMARTIN, 17 December, 1808,
Noon.

"The Emperor commands, M. le General, Duke of Abrantes that you set out personally, instantly on the receipt of this letter, attended only by your aide-de-camp, and repair to Saragossa, where you will take the chief command of the 3d division, now under the command of the Duke of Conegliano, his Majesty having thought proper to summon that Marshal to the Imperial head-quarters, in order to appoint him to another destination. The chief of your staff of the 8th division will remain with that division, and General Harispe will remain with the 3d. The Duke of Conegliano has orders to bring with him only his aides-de-camp; you will therefore find the staff, commissariat, artillery and engineer department of that army complete. You will leave the provisional command of the 8th division to the senior general. You will likewise leave all the staff officers, the engineers, artillery and commissariat, in their present state. *Before you advance to Portugal Saragossa must fall.* His Majesty, M. le Duc, confers on you the command of Navarre, Pampeluna, and the 3d division. The Duke de Treviso is at this moment before Saragossa. He is specially instructed to cover the siege of that city on the side of Barcelona, and of Catalonia. You, M. le Duc, are directed with the 3d division, now placed under your command, to besiege Saragossa, and reduce it. I give you notice that General Guillemont, and Adjutant General Loucet, are marching with four thousand *miquelets* or mountain chasseurs by the valley of Arragon upon Jaca. This corps is at your disposal. His Majesty recommends you to leave in Pampeluna no more than the garrison absolutely requisite for the defence of the town and citadel, in order to strengthen, as much as possible, the besieging corps before Saragossa.

"You will find herewith the order to the Duke of Conegliano to surrender into your hands the command of the 3d division, of which he is to be informed only by yourself, and in person; you will see the importance of this necessary disposition to prevent a moment's lapse or uncertainty in the command.

"Press the siege of Saragossa vigorously. You will find General Lacoste, the Emperor's aide-de-camp, very useful; he is well acquainted with the country.

"The Prince of Neufchatel, Vice Constable,
Major-General to the Emperor,
ALEXANDER.

"P. S. You need not take any gens-d'armes of the 8th division; set out with your aides-de-camp only."

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The style of this letter is worthy of remark. It was dictated by the Emperor himself; he alone could thus mask his breach of promise under this *necessity of reducing Saragossa.* The glory thrown in as a bait to one who loved it to distraction—then the command of Navarre and Pampeluna—this letter is ingeniously devised.

Junot set out for Saragossa with an oppressed heart; but I will venture to say the Emperor was in error in not sending him to Portugal with the 8th division: that army was recruited by him and attached to its chief, and every member of it regarded Lisbon as an Eden.*

Junot's letters from the siege of Saragossa, if the successive attack of every house can be called a siege, were truly distressing. While the plague, which raged within the city, extended its ravages also beyond the walls, and continually forced upon the commander the heart breaking spectacle of his soldiers perishing at his feet from a disease more mortal than the balls of the enemy, a fresh house was every day assaulted, which the Spaniards defended from room to room; and every foot of ground conquered was the grave of a Frenchman or a Spaniard. "I cannot endure this sight," wrote Junot, "I want a heart of stone, or rather I should have no heart." Armand of Fuentes, one of our most intimate friends, was a prisoner in Saragossa, and Palafox, to whom he was related, had closely confined him to shelter him from the popular fury: the melancholy tone of the letter, in which Junot informed me that he had acquired this information, showed me how much he dreaded the idea of springing a mine under the feet of his friend. He had undertaken this siege against his will, and with a disinclination that pervaded every act and event connected with it, and affected his health; he suffered acutely from his wounds, especially from that which graced his left cheek, and those in his head generally.

In the month of January he wrote to me: "There are moments in which I am tempted to blow out my brains. If my hand was not withheld by a remembrance of thee and of my children, one touch of the trigger would terminate my sufferings." This letter terrified me, but I did not yet know all. The Emperor would not endure an hour's delay in the execution of his commands, and he had said: "Go

* I love the recollection of dear Lisbon! of her blue sky—the perfume of the orange—her cool and luxurious shades—her savoury fruits—her life of love and idleness—and her easy indifference, a hundred times preferable to the ravening and objectless activity which consumes us under our leaden sky, where we have heat without sun, flowers without odour, and fruits without flavour.

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to Saragossa, *and take the city.*" Saragossa was then at any price to be reduced; but it had not yet fallen, and each conquered stone of the fortified houses was purchased with a portion of the best blood of France. The short dry tone of the Emperor's letters speedily intimated his dissatisfaction at the delay; yet Junot had taken the convent of Saint Joseph, transformed by the Spaniards into a terrible redoubt.

Yet did the Emperor, with reports before him addressed directly to himself, detailing the result of every operation, showing that the troops were daily led against houses whence, under safe cover, fell showers of balls, complain that this siege was not at once brought to a close. Oh! it is painful to reflect on the misery thus inconsiderately inflicted on an ardent and affectionate heart like Junot's, which was as much grieved as revolted by such injustice.

After the Emperor had despatched Junot to Saragossa, he summoned to the Imperial head-quarters all the general officers who had belonged to the army of Portugal. The following account of General Thiébault's audience was written by himself for these Memoirs.

"Having been ordered to repair to the head-quarters at Valladolid, I arrived there at the moment the Emperor was going to the parade, and followed him thither. General Legendre, ex-chief of General Dupont's staff, was also present, and it was there that the Emperor asked him: 'How is it that your hand did not wither in thus signing the disgrace of France?' There seemed to be a fatality in the coincidence of our arrival, since there was an analogy, though no identity in our situations. I knew I could be reproached with sacrificing nothing to the preservation of waggon loads of corrupt gold; but still I was the ex-chief of the staff of an army, which, in yielding to the enemy a country it was entrusted to defend, had saved only appearances. I congratulated myself, therefore, on receiving no order during this parade, and was walking contentedly to my lodgings, when General Savary overtook me, and said, 'The Emperor orders you to be at his quarters in a quarter of an hour.' While preparing to appear before Napoleon, under circumstances of moment, although I had nothing on my own part to justify, it was impossible to wave the question, How am I to act with regard to the Duke of Abrantes? I could not deceive myself so far as to deny that in military matters there had been mistakes in Portugal, which, however, could not all be imputed to him; while his devotion to the Emperor and the service was unbounded. He was calumniated and denounced by such men as Loison, Hermann, etc., etc., whom he had loaded with riches. Napoleon, even at Valladolid, was surrounded

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by the Duke's enemies, amongst whom Savary must be numbered. I should have gratified many of them by contributing my mite of calumny against him, but in so doing I must have disgraced myself; for besides, it is always dishonourable to inculpate a commander in the opinion of the sovereign. I loved the Duke of Abrantes, and was under obligations to him; but could I have cancelled both these considerations, my resolution would have been the same,—to undertake his defence.

"When I entered the great hall of the Palace of the Inquisition, of which the Emperor occupied the first floor, Napoleon was traversing it in the width between the fireplace and the middle window, and as he stood till I approached him, and then resumed his promenade, I walked beside him during the hundred minutes of a conversation of which I here give some fragments. 'Well,' said he, prefaced only by *Good morning, sir*, 'so you capitulated with the English, and evacuated Portugal!'—'Sire, the Duke of Abrantes yielded only to necessity, and forced an honourable treaty from men who, if commanded by him, would not even have granted us a capitulation.'—'The events of Lisbon were the necessary result of the affair of Vimiera. It was there, sir, that you should have defeated the enemy, and not have committed such serious errors.'*

"I comprehended that the Emperor was resolved not to name the Duke of Abrantes, and therefore I did not regard the *you*, when addressed to myself, as any thing personal; on the other hand, aware that the tactics of that battle could not be defended, I felt it better to be silent than to enter into discussion with him. He continued, 'And pray, sir, where did you learn to attack in front an enemy who occupies a formidable position? You might as well take a bull by the horns, or knock your head against a wall. Did Marshal Soult proceed that way at Corunna? No! he turned the enemy, and drove him out of the peninsula.' 'Sire, Marshal Soult, at Corunna, was opposed to an enemy, who, incapable of maintaining himself in Spain, was hastening to embark, and whose forces were continually diminished, while those of the Marshal were increasing by the successive arrival of fresh corps. The Duke of Abrantes, on the other hand, unable to retain Portugal, engaged at Vimiera an enemy who, during the battle, and beyond the possibility of such an event being anticipated, was reinforced by five thousand men, who were disem-

* Napoleon's delicacy in never mentioning the name of Junot during the whole course of this conference, and of his reproaches to General Thiébault, surprises me, and would have sensibly affected my husband.

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barked within sight of his camp. And if the Duke of Abrantes could not force the position of Vimiera, neither did Marshal Soult prevent the embarkation of the English army.* As for the manœuvre you have done me the honour to point out, Sire, new examples are unnecessary to the demonstration of that great maxim for ever established by your Majesty's immortal campaigns—that an enemy may be annihilated by force, but is defeated by skill.' A short silence ensued, the Emperor looking at me:—'Besides, sir, is it with fragments of your army that you should meet an enemy? You had twenty-six thousand men, and fought with ten thousand! And that because you had scattered more than twelve thousand men at Peniche, at Almeida, at Elvas, at Santarem, at Lisbon, in the fleet, and on both banks of the Tagus.'"

General Thiébault declares that he was confounded to find that the Emperor knew this report by heart, though contained in more than a hundred pages.

"'I am entirely mistaken, Sire, or the separation of nearly the whole of these brigades and garrisons from the main army, was inevitable; and if your Majesty will suffer me to submit a few observations to your consideration, I presume that you will find in them a justification of the Duke of Abrantes.' His silence authorizing me to proceed, I added,—'The English army that was disembarked on the coast had no place of refuge, and, on the loss of a single battle, would have been under the necessity of abandoning their baggage and wounded. So situated, the acquisition of Peniche was important to General Wellesley; and for the same reason it was incumbent on General Junot to prevent their taking it, more especially as the peninsula is as easy of defence as difficult of attack; and Peniche lost, Sire, it is evident that all must have been over with us in the north of Portugal. It was to such considerations that the Duke of Abrantes yielded, in leaving eight hundred Swiss there. Your Majesty had ordered that all vessels in sea-worthy condition should be repaired and armed. We had already one of eighty guns, a second ready to join the squadron, two frigates of fifty guns, and a third on the stocks, besides a few brigs and corvettes. These vessels, Sire, were necessary not only for defending the mouth of the Tagus, and supporting the Russian fleet against any enterprise of the English blocka-

* Above all, he could not prevent its return; and the second campaign of Portugal should be considered in conjunction with this conversation, in order to the justification of my husband from the imputations which it might be supposed to cast upon him.

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ding squadron, but also to guard the pontoons occupied by the Spanish troops we had disarmed, and to keep Lisbon in check. In such critical circumstances, the ships could not be left to their crews; this was the reason for having placed there one thousand men: I will say nothing of the forts.'—'The forts must be defended. But what necessity for pushing two thousand men to the left bank of the Tagus?'—'Sire, that measure was suggested by considerations of equal delicacy and importance. Eight Russian vessels, under the command of Admiral Siniavin, were blockaded in the Tagus. The only good anchorage in that road is near the left bank, which was covered with insurgents, increasing daily in numbers and hardihood, who, had that bank been evacuated by us, would soon have been reinforced by detachments from the English vessels; and as they would have lost no time in bringing guns to bear, the situation of the Russian fleet must have been untenable, and the difficulties of our own situation in consequence greatly aggravated. What complaints, Sire, would that admiral, in such a case, have addressed to his court! An admiral, who, moreover, only sought an excuse to make common cause with the English. May he not have speculated on surrendering, and imputing that step to a wilful desertion? And how much would the Duke of Abrantes have been distressed to have furnished him with such a pretext, or to have occasioned any grievance to the Emperor Alexander. Political motives, therefore, decided our military arrangements.'

"To this the Emperor made no reply, and walked for some time in silence.* At length he said, 'And Santarem?' I could find no excuse for the thousand left there, and was silent in my turn, wishing only to defend where I could incontestably convince. 'And Lisbon?'—'Our position, our resources, our security, Sire, all depended on the possession of that city.'—'Capitals, sir, are always guided by events. Conquerors at Vimiera, you would on the field of battle have secured the tranquillity of Lisbon.'—'That may be the case, Sire, in regular, but not in popular wars.' (*Another look.*) 'In the latter, Sire, the capital is always the most dangerous and most difficult to restrain. And when, like Lisbon, it constitutes an important part of the state, to abandon it is to lose all its resources, and every other dependence with it.' Again he fixed his eyes on me in silence. Then advanced a few steps, and at length said, 'But Elvas, sir,—and Almeida,—what need was there of garrisons there?' 'We expected

* This openness to conviction, when pressed upon him by the force of truth is an important trait in his character.

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succour, Sire; General Dupont's division appeared to be marching on Lisbon, either to secure the possession of Portugal, to open a retreat for us, or to command the west of Spain. This division could reach us only through Almeida or Elvas. To abandon these fortresses, therefore, comprised the abandonment of the entire provinces in which they are situated. So, at least, the Duke of Abrantes judged.'

"These reasons being admitted, and other questions or subjects furnishing me with an opportunity of enlightening the Emperor with regard to the Duke of Abrantes, I described the distress he suffered, under the fear of displeasing or grieving his Majesty, and perceived that the Emperor listened with satisfaction; and, as if pleased with the part I had acted, was thenceforward much more unreserved. The new campaign which the Emperor was about to open in Portugal, under the auspices of Marshal Soult, served as a theme for continuing the conversation. In describing the itinerary the Marshal was to follow, his Majesty observed:—'It is substituting the crossing of rivers for that of mountains.' In fact, the line of Gallicia embraces the crossing of the Minho, the Douro, the Vouga, and the Mondego. 'Sire,' I answered, 'the passage of the most formidable rivers is preferable to that of the mountains in Beira and the *Tras os Montes*. The difficulties of the passage of rivers, and the means of surmounting those difficulties, are equally well known. But those which these mountains present are incalculable. And let me have the honour to add, that Marshal Soult, in following the itinerary your Majesty is pleased to point out, will always march by practicable and beaten roads; that he will be surrounded by abundance, in a country where he has ample room for manœuvring; and in crossing the three principal rivers will be supported by three strong cities; Tuy, Oporto, and Coimbra.' He was pleased with a reply so entirely in accordance with the plans he had traced, and, on the whole, appeared satisfied with the interview."

The Emperor once more returned to Paris, after having defeated Sir John Moore, taken Madrid, and, as he believed, chastised the Spaniards. The brilliancy of his court was great, but more clouded by fears and anxieties than the preceding year. War, war, was the universal text of the Emperor. Cardinal Maury, M. de Cheval, Count Louis de Narmy, the physician Halley, Millin, all my friends, conversed on coming events with an anxiety that alarmed me. All agreed that the dangers of the northern war would be increased tenfold by that of Spain. Alas! I knew it but too well, and saw around me nothing but uneasiness, and the troubles of many immediate

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friends. Junot was at this time interested in the exile of Madame de Stäel and Madame Recamier, because, at the request of the former, and convinced that the Emperor might by mildness have converted her into a partizan as useful as her enmity would be dangerous, he had made every effort to soften him in her favour, till Napoleon, in a rage, exclaimed, "So! you too are going to ally yourself with my enemies."—"It is extraordinary," said Junot one day to me, when speaking of the exile, "that the Emperor, who knows enough of my heart to be assured that my blood and life are at his service, will reproach me and you with his enemies! His enemies are mine, with only this difference, that I desire no vengeance on my own, while I would exterminate his."

Madame Recamier's exile was shortly after this announced publicly, in consequence of her visit to Coppet; and occasioned sensations to Junot such as he doubtless little expected to have experienced from any of the Emperor's acts; yet such was, at this moment, the delicacy of his situation, that he dared not, or only dared tremblingly, to question so unjust a proceeding. "Laura," he once wrote to me, "my heart is oppressed and sick, when I think of the exile of Madame Recamier. I told you long ago that I had once passionately loved her: my friendship is now only that of a brother, but united with a sentiment of respectful admiration. She is so superior a being! I thank you for appreciating her. You know she does you equal justice, and cherishes for you the attachment I should have so much rejoiced in. I had hoped to bring you together next spring! and how are my wishes frustrated? alas! by a blow which renders desolate the future existence of an unfortunate woman, who deserves the homage of all who pronounce her name. My Laura, I conjure you to see the Empress—see Queen Hortense—see the Emperor—but no, you must not speak to him. Alas! how can he who is so just, so great, so remarkable for goodness—how can he voluntarily oppress a feeble woman!" Madame Recamier deserved all the eulogies Junot poured upon her: not he only, but Murat, Eugène, Bernadotte, Massena, and many other brave and loyal French patriots regarded her with real friendship, and proclaimed her the best as well as the most beautiful of women. My own friendship for her is founded on the conviction that the most noble and generous sentiments animated her pure heart.

There are circumstances in her history, the importance of which her almost infantine innocence was perhaps incapable of fully discerning. M. Recamier, before his reverse of fortune, wishing his wife to enjoy all the pleasures natura to her age, gave her a country

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house at Clichy, to which the best society of Paris immediately flocked, and Madame Recamier, in the full blaze of beauty,—young, gay, and happy, thought only of benevolence and amusement. But the serpent found access to this Eden, and to its pure and beautiful Eve. Fouché presented himself, and his station ensured his admission. He soon invited her to accept the post of lady of honour to the Empress.—"I have no inclination for it," she replied in a soft and insinuating tone, as though fearful by too positive a refusal to provoke the vengeance of covert power; for she did not suppose the Emperor a stranger to the intrigue.—"That is the answer of a child," rejoined Fouché; "consider the Emperor's situation, he wants a guide, a female friend—and where can he find one? Amongst the wives of his generals? That is impossible, it would excite scandal."—"And why are you so obliging as to imagine that scandal would spare me?"—"The case is quite different. You are, to be sure, as young as any of them; but your marriage, and the station in which it places you, has established your reputation; it is pure and unblemished. You are privileged to be the Emperor's friend, for it is a friend and not a mistress that he wants;" and so saying his little twinkling eyes ran over the figure of the young Psyche, while her countenance beamed with native modesty, intelligence, and sweetness.

"I know the cravings of the Emperor's heart," he added, "I know he is unhappy at not being understood, and that he would gladly exchange hours of victory and noisy acclamations which play round the ear without reaching the heart, for a few minutes of social and confidential converse. He is weary too of daily encountering scenes of jealousy, from which the pure and sacred connexion I wish to see established between you and him would be exempt."—"But," objected Madame Recamier, quite unconvinced by these profound arguments, "how can I ascertain that it would be agreeable to the Emperor that I should accept this situation; but especially how would it please the Empress, whose whole household is named, that I should displace either her niece or her friend, Madame de Larochefoucauld. But moreover, shall I tell you, I love my liberty."—"I recommend nothing to you that will interfere with your liberty; you are not requested to undertake any burdensome duty. Your post in the household will be that of the Empress's friend, but particularly the Emperor's. The friend of Napoleon! the friend of the Emperor! consider a little! reflect on my proposition, and I am certain, if you are not prejudiced, your noble and generous soul will accept it with delight."

Madame Recamier was a mortal, and it must be acknowledged

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that the friendship of Napoleon was at tha time an ignis fatuus capable of dazzling any being not wholly ethereal, even to ruin. The idea of swaying with a kindly influence the destinies of so many millions of men—of sometimes arresting a devastating torrent—might well extort a smile! Seduction is ingenious: the serpent, like that of Paradise, displayed his shining scales of purple, azure, and gold. His syren voice spoke music; and never was temptation more cunningly presented to the female heart.

While these discussions were pending, Madame Recamier received an invitation from one of the Emperor's sisters to breakfast at her hotel. There the conversation turned on friendship, and the charms of such a sentiment between a man and a pure and virtuous woman. —"The Emperor is worthy of such happiness," said the Princess, 'and fully capable of appreciating it; but he has no such friend. And how is one to be selected for him from amongst the multitude of our court ladies?"

Shortly afterwards the Princess inquired whether Madame Recamier liked the theatres, and which she preferred. She was partial, she replied to the French Comedy. "Oh! then," said the Princess, "my box is at your service, it is in the lower tier, therefore requires no ceremony of dress; promise me to make use of it." Madame Recamier promised, and the next morning received the following note:—

"The managers of the French Comedy are informed that her Imperial Highness the Princess * * * gives Madame Recamier admission to her box. They are likewise informed, that when Madame Recamier uses the box she is to choose her own company; and that no person is to be admitted, even though a member of the Princess's or the G . . . . D . . . . . 's household, without Madame Recamier's special permission.

L . . . . . PS,

"Secretary of her Imperial Highness the Princess."

Madame Recamier's unsuspecting mind received a new light from the perusal of this billet; she returned thanks, but never made use of it. The box faced the Emperor's. Will it now be said that men take no revenge? I hope, and would fain believe, that the Emperor was not concerned in all this. But Fouché by promoting her exile, revenged the overthrow of many ambitious projects. He would gladly have restored the halcyon days of Louis XIII. or of Louis XIV. and Mademoiselle de la Fayette; and himself, by retracing one step only, might have enacted a second Père Lachaise, though I believe the red satin would have been more agreeable to his inclinations.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

New campaign in Germany— Battle of Austerlitz—Bombardment of Vienna—Death of Marshal Lannes—The Roman states annexed to the French empire—Bull of excommunication—Marshal Soult determines to accept the attributes of royalty—New disasters in Portugal—Captain Schiller and the Countess W—g—. —*General Danube*—Prince Eugène at Leoben—Peace with Austria—The Emperor's return—Opinion at Paris—Inauspicious omens.

While I was wandering amongst the lovely valleys of the Pyrenees, whither I had been ordered by my physicians, the plains of Germany were again ensanguined with war, and her furrows visited with those disastrous scourges, whose aggravated wounds were reserved with fearful usury for us. Massena was crossing the Inn, burning Scharding and reviving in our memories the hero of Genoa and Rivoli. Napoleon himself sowed the laurel seed before all his generals, leaving them only the trouble of stretching out their hands to reap the harvest. The Emperor was a thunderbolt of war at the commencement of that campaign. Enraged that the enemy had the audacity, though tremblingly, to forestal him, he rushed upon them with the fury of a lion, and if I may use the expression, *sawed* the Austrian army asunder; compelling it to retreat precipitately and in confusion amongst the defiles of the Bohemian mountains; where incessantly harassed by the swift succeeding strokes of that ponderous club which the fair and delicate hand of Napoleon so efficiently wielded, they could scarcely for ten days recover breath to fly before him who again commanded the ancient ramparts of Vienna to bow down. This campaign, however, was not like that of Austerlitz, crowned with laurels interspersed with flowers: mourning followed in the train of triumph, and every bulletin plunged a thousand families in tears! for Napoleon's puissant voice could still command the soldier to march! and he marched—to die! and he died. The forty-sixth regiment of the line marched from Scharding to Ebensberg, a distance of twenty-six leagues, in five and thirty hours.

We frequently received letters from head-quarters, and the army was still advancing. Vienna resolved on defence, and sustained a severe bombardment for thirty hours; but the attention of the Aulic

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council was directed less to fortifying than provisioning the capital; for when taken, she furnished supplies sufficient, as one of our inspectors declared, for a whole campaign. The Archduke Charles met Napoleon at the battle of Essling; and death was rife in both armies; ours lost its bravest chief in Marshal Lannes. The butchery was horrible. The Archduke proclaimed a loss on his own side of four thousand three hundred killed and twelve thousand wounded. From this admission of the enemy, generally below the truth, our loss may be estimated.

From Vienna was issued the Imperial decree for annexing the Roman states to the French empire, leaving to the Pope the choice of residing at Rome, and a revenue of two millions of francs. The Emperor had long vehemently declaimed against the danger of a foreign Prince exercising spiritual authority in France. Besides, it was argued that the Roman states were bestowed by Charlemagne and only resumed by Napoleon. Pius VII., forgetting that himself had consecrated the head he now devoted to perdition, fulminated a bull of excommunication. "Let monarchs once more learn that by the law of Jesus Christ they are subjected to our throne, and owe obedience to our commands; for we also bear sovereign sway, but it is a far more noble sovereignty," etc. Alas! the avenging blow which at last too surely struck him, came in a more substantial shape than this impotent bull. It is inexplicable, or to be explained only by the dizziness which such stupendous and still extending power produced, that the Emperor, aware of the situation of Spain, should at such a time have courted new difficulties, by violating the domicile of St. Peter, for the futile ambition of appointing prefects of the Tiber and the Rhine! Ah! how dearly did he pay for that pale and melancholy glory! How are his laurels soiled, how gloomy is their verdure! Policy must not be arrested in its course! True! Neither could that fatality which swept onwards to his destruction, when in 1814 an unequal struggle against overwhelming numbers too sadly convinced him how costly was the sacrifice of four hundred thousand men to the demon of fanaticism in Spain.

Meanwhile the French army in Arragon, thanks to the condition in which Junot had left it, obtained some success. General Suchet, who fully justified Junot's expectations, completely defeated General Blake at Belchitte. The *adventure* of the second expedition to Portugal happened about the same time; I call it an "adventure," because the facts were perfectly romantic. That gleam of ambition, the undefined shadow of which was thrown across his path by one of his captains, was one of the most extraordinary incidents of Napoleon's

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reign. A member of the English parliament justly observed, that it was the policy of the English government to support, or even to incite the inclinations of Soult; to place in his hand and on his head the attributes of royalty. In the English work of Colonel Napier, this important affair is passed over in one line, just declaring that there is no truth in it. The colonel, I am persuaded, drew his materials from an authentic source; and had he condescended to communicate them, they would doubtless have proved as satisfactory to his readers as to himself: but he will excuse my objecting, that a single line is inadequate to such an affair.

There exists a biography of Marshal Soult, published at Brussels, under the fictitious name of Julien, though its real author is an eminently gifted friend of the Marshal's, which gives a totally different version of the story, asserting that the Emperor in delivering his final instructions told the Marshal: "Monsieur le Maréchal, the Duke of Abrantes, by my order, has declared that the house of Braganza had ceased to reign. Repeat the proclamation; and if for the preservation of Portugal it is necessary to give her a new dynasty, I shall see yours with pleasure." This version may be correct, and is even plausible, but it should either have been suppressed or supported by substantial proof. Those, however, who were about the Emperor at Schoenbrunn, when Loison arrived, and related, with the venom of a serpent, the whole disastrous history of Soult's army, well know the effect the news produced upon him; he turned pale and was seized with one of those nervous affections to which he was occasionally subject. Subsequently, in the course of the same day, he spoke of the affair in a tone of raillery which he certainly could not have adopted had he been its instigator; and said laughing, but with that bitter laugh, that was far from embellishing his expressive countenance:—"Ah! ah!—King of Portugal!—yes—King of Portugal, truly!—Nicholas 1st—Is not his name Nicholas?—Nicholas!—it should rather have been Nicodemus!" Some people have affected to deny this whole scene, because the Emperor could not call Soult Nicholas, when his real name was John. Did he really believe the name to be Nicholas, or did he merely choose to place it in juxtaposition with that of Nicodemus. This question I cannot resolve, but I can positively vouch for the words.

Alas! we had not yet done with that unhappy Portugal; another army was yet to be engulphed in that all devouring abyss. When accompanying my husband into Spain, the evidence of my own senses confirmed the frightful disasters of Soult's retreat, which one of my best friends, then colonel of a cavalry regiment, had painted to me in

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colours which made me shudder and weep with pity and indignation. This retreat contrasted well with the convention of Cintra, and showed the relative abilities of our chiefs under their respective circumstances. It is indeed boasted that we did not negotiate the second time —but the alternative is something like that of the Countess W———g, in the campaign of Sobieski, who being young and beautiful, the Turks waylaid her on her road to Bavaria with the design of presenting her to the Grand Vizier. "But I escaped them," said she triumphantly, "the Turks did not even see me."—"And how did you manage it?" —"I encountered Captain Schiller, who detained me six weeks with him."—This famous Captain of pandours made little distinction between friends and enemies in affairs of gallantry.

The death of Marshal Lannes created a great impression, not only in the army, but throughout Europe. But in France, probably this misfortune was less felt than it would have been, had it occurred at any other time. The battle of Essling was one of those fatal occasions in which death strikes with such multiplied and indiscriminate blows, that, in the universality of private grief, a public loss, such as that of Marshal Lannes, makes less impression. The Emperor had been warmly attached to Lannes, but he had also been often offended by him: and now perhaps involuntarily showed that his regret was that of the sovereign for a man of talent, and that as a friend he was little affected. He even jested upon the battle of Essling; observing, that the Austrians had this day met with an ally they had not reckoned upon: and that *General Danube* had proved himself the best officer of this army. It was to the destruction of the bridges that the Emperor referred; but I knew not why, I never could accustom myself to his forced laugh; there was no mirth in it, neither was there any thing ridiculous.—I feel, even in the recollection of it, as in an unnatural atmosphere. I seem to breathe with difficulty, and only recover from the oppression by looking up and contemplating him on the summit of that column, forged from the hostile cannons which he threw so lavishly into the furnace.

Still victory was faithful to our arms. Prince Eugène beat Fellachich at Leoben, a place equally memorable to Austria and Napoleon. The consequence of this victory was the easy junction of the armies of Germany and Italy.

In France great uneasiness was felt respecting the grand army. The Emperor suffered nothing to arrive but what it was his pleasure to send; and every one knew that the words of the bulletins were not to be taken for gospel. I was at the time in the Pyrenees, and had more authentic information than was generally possessed, because

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my letters came direct from Germany, and I read no newspaper. I had regular communications from Junot, who commanded the Saxon and Bavarian troops, but I kept them to myself when they did not agree with the bulletins; as in the case of the battle of Essling. Prince Eugène's victory over the Archduke John, at Raab, in Hungary, is one of the events of this campaign in which the Emperor had the greatest cause to rejoice, but he spoke of it merely as an ordinary affair; its consequences, however, were immense.

At length the Emperor made peace with Austria. The treaty was signed by the Duke of Cadore and Prince Metternich, father of the present chancellor. This peace was a terrible stroke to Austria, but she signed it without murmuring! vengeance was not far distant! The Emperor, who only stopped a few days at Munich on his journey, re-entered Paris amidst the first burst of joy at the return of peace, yet he might easily perceive a change of sentiment in his capital. The campaign had been so murderous, the victory so obstinately disputed, that France began to consider her laurels too dearly purchased: then, for the first time, a hostile ball found its way to Napoleon's person. It was at Ratisbon; the ball was a spent one, and it struck his heel,—but the heel was Napoleon's, and the ball came from the enemy. The whisper arose, *What if the ball had struck two feet higher?* Then the death of Lannes—that of Lasalle, by assassination from the hand of a young fanatic. Death thus roaming, under different forms, about the person of the Emperor, seemed, though it dared not touch him, to say, Take care of thyself! All these were inauspicious omens.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Approaching divorce—Conversation with the Empress -Her distress—Fête at the Hotel-de-Ville—The ladies appointed to receive the Empress countermanded—Her Majesty's sufferings at this ball—The Emperor and the Queen of Naples—Berthier—The divorce pronounced—Affecting incident—Josephine at Malmaison—The Rhenish deputation—A Pasquinade.

ANOTHER interest blended itself with politics, with which it was closely combined: this was the divorce of the Emperor; no one dared speak openly of it, but nevertheless it was a very general subject of confidential discussion. The drawing-rooms of Paris were then in a singular state of restraint, which men even of thirty years

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of age cannot now understand; for as they were of course dismissed to the nursery or to their beds before the hour of assembly, they are not aware that politics were an interdicted subject, except when spoken aside or mysteriously; but so many private interests were bound up in this divorce, that they were too strong for restriction, and it was talked of—in a low voice, it is true—but still it was talked of.

I had an interview with the Empress at Malmaison; I went thither to breakfast by invitation, accompanied by my eldest daughter, Josephine, to whom she was much attached. I had sent her a plant from the Pyrenees, and she wished me to see it in the hot-house. But in vain she attempted to employ herself with those objects which pleased her the most; her eyes were frequently suffused with tears; she was pale, and her whole manner marked indisposition. "It is very cold!" she repeated, drawing her shawl about her; but, alas! it was the chill of grief creeping about her heart, like the cold hand of death. I looked at her silently, for respect prevented my opening such a subject of conversation. It was my duty to wait till she spoke first, which she soon did. We were in the hot-house; the child running through its galleries of flowers, and the Empress and I following slowly in silence. She suddenly stopped, gathered some leaves of a shrub near her, and, looking at me with a most melancholy expression of countenance, said: "Do you know that the Queen of Naples is coming?" It was now my turn to look pale, but I answered immediately, "No, Madame."—"She will be here in a week." Another pause. "And Madame Mère, have you seen her since your return?" —"Certainly, Madame; I have already been in waiting." Upon this the Empress drew closer to me; she was already very near, and, taking both my hands, said, in a tone of grief which is still present to my mind after an interval of four and twenty years: "Madame Junot, I entreat you to tell me all you have heard relating to me. I ask it as an especial favour—you know that they all desire to ruin me, my Hortense, and my Eugène. Madame Junot, I again entreat as a favour that you will tell me all you know."

She spoke with the greatest anxiety; her lips trembled, and her hands were damp and cold. In point of fact she was right, for there could be no more direct means of knowing what was passing relative to her, than by learning what was said in the house of Madame Mère. But it was indiscreet perhaps to ask these questions of me; in the first place I should not have repeated the most insignificant sentence which I had heard in Madame's drawing-room; in the second, I was quite at ease upon the subject, for since my return from the Pyrenees,

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I had not heard one single word respecting the Empress pronounced by Madame. I gave her this assurance upon my honour; she looked at me with a doubtful expression: I repeated my assurances, and added, that I might positively affirm that since my return I had not heard the word *divorce* uttered by Madame or the Princesses. The strength of mind of the unfortunate wife failed totally on hearing the dreadful word pronounced; she leant upon my arm and wept bitterly. "Madame Junot," she said, "remember what I say to you this day, here—in this hot-house—this place which is now a paradise, but which may soon become a desert to me—remember that this separation will be my death, and it is they who will have killed me!"

She sobbed. My little Josephine running to her pulled her by the shawl to show her some flowers she had plucked, for the Empress was so fond of her as even to permit her to gather flowers in her green-house. She took her in her arms, and pressed her to her bosom with an almost convulsive emotion. The child appeared frightened; but presently raising her head, and shaking the forest of light silken curls which clustered round her face, she fixed her large blue eyes upon the agitated countenance of her godmother, and said, "I do not like you to cry." The Empress again embraced her tenderly, and setting her down, said to me, "You can have little idea how much I have suffered when any one of you has brought a child to me! Heaven knows that I am not envious, but in this one case I have felt as if a deadly poison were creeping through my veins when I have looked upon the fresh and rosy cheeks of a beautiful child, the joy of its mother, but above all, the hope of its father! and I! struck with barrenness, shall be driven in disgrace from the bed of him who has given me a crown! Yet God is my witness that I love him more than my life, and much more than that throne, that crown which he has given me!" The Empress may have appeared more beautiful, but never more attractive than at that moment. If Napoleon had seen her then, surely he could never have divorced her.—Ah! in summing up the misfortunes of this fatal year, that divorce must be added to render them complete.

This conversation, of which I have only reported the principal features, made a deep impression upon me. On my return to Paris an hour afterwards, I repeated it to Junot, and I still wept while relating to him that deep but gentle grief, so affecting to the feelings. I also told Junot that the Empress desired to see him at the Tuileries at noon the following day.

It was now the 25th of November, and every thing was prepared

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for celebrating the double anniversary of the coronation and the battle of Austerlitz. The city of Paris determined to take the lead in the rejoicings, and Count Frochot had made the most sumptuous preparations for the entertainment at the Hotel-de-Ville. The court of the Hotel was to be as usual transformed into an immense ball-room, to which the old gallery formed a superb avenue. Though indisposed, I prepared to fulfil my duty, and on the 2d of December arrived amidst a general sadness which affected the whole court. The Emperor himself, while he put on a show of gaiety, set an example of constraint:—a misfortune was foreseen, and, in truth, the separation of Napoleon Bonaparte from Josephine must ever be considered a very great one.

The Emperor had expressed a wish that the ball should commence early, because it was his desire to see every one, and especially as few court dresses as possible: he repeated, "I see them daily at the Tuileries; the city of Paris gives me a fête, and it is the city of Paris I wish to meet." I left home at three o'clock, because I had been told that the Emperor and Empress would dine at the Hotel-de-Ville, and if so, I was to wait upon the Empress. At the Hotel-de-Ville I found every thing in the most admirable order, but had not much opportunity of inspecting the preparations, as the rooms were already filled with the ladies invited. I proceeded to the small saloon beside the staircase, where I found the ladies assembled whose names had been sent in to me. They were mostly young, pretty, and very elegant, or at least very polite and pleasing. We remained in the saloon. I knew that the Queen of Naples had arrived in the morning, but I knew nothing more. Junot, whom I questioned above ten times, did not know what answer to make; he was in the condition of a man who, having had a very agreeable dream, awakes and wishes to find the reality. I was therefore quite ignorant of any change of plan until M. de Ségur came into the room. Calling me into the recess of one of the windows, which in this ancient building are as deep as a small room, he said in a low voice, "The face of affairs is changed; your beautiful attendants may take their departure to the upper part of the room, and yourself also, my fair gouvernante.—You have nothing further to do here.—The Empress," he continued, in a still lower tone, "is to be received by Frochot only. Do you hear what I have been saying?" He had reason to ask the question, for I stood like a statue. "And why this prohibition?"—"I know not; or rather I do know, but I do not choose to say." He laughed,—but I could not join the laugh; this strange command sounded in my ears like a bell tolling the knell of the unfortunate

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Empress. Napoleon, while he braved public opinion, was always desirous of ascertaining it, and though he did not suffer it to direct his proceedings, it had its weight in his decision. He seized the opportunity, therefore, of this popular fête to infuse the idea that the divorce was contemplated; he wished it to be entertained as a doubtful opinion, to be commented upon in whispers, and not as an authenticated event admitting of no revocation. Such were the impressions which passed rapidly through my mind, and I believe they are correct.

I was returning to my companions to explain to them the necessity of our immediately taking the places reserved for us in the throne-room, when Junot and M. Frochot entered together. "What can be the matter?" said Frochot, addressing me; "you are perfectly blue; are you cold?" On the contrary, I was burning hot. I explained to them the whole affair, and both were thunderstruck; but at the same moment we heard a movement out of doors, and Junot observed, "You have not a moment to lose; if you should *follow* the Empress into the throne-room, although you had not gone to meet her, the Emperor will consider it the same thing, and will be angry. You, and these ladies, must therefore proceed immediately to your places." I know not what Frochot said to them, but they were content, and I was excused interfering. We went up to the throne-room, and had scarcely taken our seats before the drums announced the Empress's arrival. Never shall I forget her appearance on that day, or the costume which so admirably became her; her countenance, always gentle, was on that occasion veiled in grief. She had not expected the solitude she had encountered on the staircase; Junot, however, met her there at the risk of displeasing the Emperor, and so, by his contrivance, did some ladies, who did not know for what purpose they were there. The Empress was not deceived; and when she entered the grand saloon, when she approached that throne upon which she was about to take her station in the presence of the great city, perhaps for the last time, her legs failed her, her eyes filled with tears, and she seated herself immediately. No wonder that she did so; for after passing through that long gallery, and all the preceding apartments, in the state of mind which every thing since she alighted from her carriage was calculated to produce, she must have felt ready to sink; yet her face was clothed in smiles! Oh, the tortures of a crown! She was followed by Madame de la Rochefoucauld, her lady of honour, and two ladies of the palace, whose names I do not remember, for on that day I saw only her. I sought her eyes the moment she sat down, and would willingly have

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fallen at her feet, to tell her how much I felt for her. She understood, and cast upon me a look of the deepest melancholy, which, perhaps, her eyes had never expressed since that crown, now robbed of its roses, had been placed upon her head. Junot was beside her. "Were you not afraid," I afterwards asked him, "of the wrath of Jupiter?"—"No," said he, with an air of gloom that affected me, "I never fear him when he is wrong."

The drums beat again, and in a few moments the Emperor appeared, advancing with a hasty step, and accompanied by the Queen of Naples and the King of Westphalia. I have already said that a change of sentiment, respecting the Emperor, pervaded the capital. He had conquered indeed a hostile monarchy, but tottering and mutilated as that monarchy was, it had risen against us with such tremendous might, that France was covered with ensigns of mourning. His laurels began to be less verdant. Again the establishment of eight fortresses, which would serve as state prisons, were talked of—a divorce was in agitation; Josephine was beloved, and the good citizens of Paris murmured at the proposition. The Emperor's countenance, as he entered the Hotel-de-Ville, very plainly expressed that he was aware of all this.

The Queen of Naples, whose gracious and condescending smile seemed to demand from the Parisians a welcome on her return amongst them, spoke to every one with extreme affability. The Emperor, desirous also of being agreeable, walked round the ball room, conversing, asking questions, and followed by Berthier, who, dangling after his master, filled the office of chamberlain rather than of grand constable. A slight circumstance, in which Berthier was an actor in the course of that evening, contributed to give me pain. The Emperor rose from his chair of state, and descended the steps of his throne, to make a last visit to the ball-room; at the moment of rising I saw him incline towards the Empress, probably to desire she would follow his example. He stood up first, and Berthier, in his precipitation to follow him, entangled his foot in the Empress's train as she rose. He narrowly escaped falling himself, and though he caused the Empress to stumble, hurried on to join the Emperor, without one word of apology. Certainly Berthier had no intention of being disrespectful to her, but it was carelessly done; he was in the secret, and knew the drama that was about to be represented; certainly he would have had more consideration a year earlier. The Empress stood for a moment with remarkable dignity; smiling at his awkwardness, while her eyes filled with tears, and her lips trembled.

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Though the weather was bitterly cold, the heat in these thronged apartments was excessive. The Emperor made the tour of the grand gallery, talking to persons on the one side, while the Empress took the other.

At length the divorce was announced*—and though expected, the

* The divorce was, unquestionably, a melancholy reverse of fortune for Josephine, which she felt most severely, but she bore it with magnanimity The particulars of the interview between her and the Emperor are very affecting; when Napoleon mentioned the necessity of a divorce, he approached Josephine, gazed on her for a while, and then pronounced the following words: "Josephine, my excellent Josephine, thou knowest if I have loved thee! To thee, to thee alone do I owe the only moments of happiness which I have enjoyed in this world. Josephine! my destiny overmasters my will. My dearest affections must be silent before the interests of France."—"Say no more," she replied, "I was prepared for this; but the blow is not less mortal!"

Josephine on hearing from his own lips the determination of the Emperor, fainted, and was carried to her chamber. At length the fatal day arrived.

On the 15th of December, 1809, the Imperial Council of State was convened, and for the first time officially informed of the intended separation. On the morrow the whole of the family assembled in the grand saloon at the Tuileries. All were in court costume. Napoleon's was the only countenance which betrayed emotion, but ill concealed by the drooping plumes of his hat of ceremony. He stood motionless as a statue, his arms crossed upon his breast; the members of his family were seated around, showing, in their expression, less of sympathy with so painful a scene, than of satisfaction that one was to be removed who had so long held influence, gently exerted as it had been, over their brother. In the centre of the apartment was placed an arm-chair, and before it a small table with a writing apparatus of gold. All eyes were directed to that spot, when a door opened, and Josephine, pale but calm, appeared, leaning on the arm of her daughter, whose fast falling tears showed that she had not attained the resignation of her mother. Both were dressed in the simplest manner. Josephine's dress of white muslin exhibited not a single ornament. She moved slowly and with wonted grace to the seat prepared for her, and there listened to the reading of the act of separation. Behind her chair stood Hortense, whose sobs were audible, and a little farther on towards Napoleon, Eugène, trembling as if incapable of supporting himself. Josephine heard in composure the words that placed an eternal barrier between her and greatness, between her and the object of her affection. This painful duty over, the Empress appeared to acquire a degree of resolution from the very effort to resign with dignity the realities of title for ever Pressing; for an instant, the handkerchief to her eyes, she rose, and with a voice, which but for a slight tremour might have been called firm, pronounced the oath of acceptance; then sitting down, she took the pen from the hand of the Count Regnault St. Jean d'Angely, and signed it. The mother and daughter now left the saloon, followed by Eugène, who appeared to suffer most severely of the three.

The sad interests of the day had not yet been exhausted. Josephine had

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effect which the news produced in France baffles description;—amongst the populace and the middle class especially. It was like their guardian genius deserting them. The upper class were for the most part indifferen., but still there reigned even here a sentiment, a sympathizing melancholy; the ladies of the court, whose life of ceremony is apt to deaden the affections, were actuated at least by their personal interests, and did not know how these might be affected by the new comer. Already Josephine's goodness was regretted; for her kindness none can ever attempt to deny; and indulgence, the only objection to be made against her in this respect, being the too general extension of her goodness and recommendations. The effect of all these varying shades of feeling, whether of affection or self-interest, was to produce a certain degree of stupor in society. I was profoundly afflicted, and went the very next day to Malmaison.

One incident, in particular, gave a still more dramatic effect to the melancholy close of a career, so distinguished by the favours of fortune. Prince Eugène, whose affection for his mother is well known, being at the time in Paris, found himself necessitated, by his office of Archchancellor of State, to carry to the Senate the message which announced his mother's divorce: "The tears of the Emperor,"

remained unseen, sorrowing in her chamber, till Napoleon's usual hour of retiring to rest. He had just placed himself in bed, silent and melancholy, when suddenly the private door opened and the Empress appeared, her hair in disorder, and her face swollen with weeping. Advancing with a tottering step, she stood, as if resolute, near the bed, clasped her hands, and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy seemed at first to have arrested her progress, but forgetting every thing in the fulness of her grief, she threw herself on the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Napoleon also wept while he endeavoured to console her, and they remained a few minutes locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears, until the Emperor perceiving Constant in the room, dismissed him to the ante-chamber. After an interview of about an hour, Josephine parted for ever from the man whom she so long and so tenderly loved. On seeing the Empress retire, which she did in tears, the attendant entered to remove the lights, and found the chamber silent as death, and Napoleon sunk among the bed-clothes so as to be invisible. Next morning he still showed the marks of suffering. At eleven, Josephine was to bid adieu to the Tuileries never to enter the palace more. The whole household assembled on the stairs, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they loved, and who carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence. Josephine was veiled from head to foot, and entering a close carriage with six horses, rapidly drove away, without casting one look backwards on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness.—*Memes' Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, p. 337.

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said that noble young man, "do honour to my mother." And his own, which flowed profusely through this dreadful day, were a consolation in the midst of her sufferings.

The Empress received at Malmaison all who chose to pay their respects to her. The drawing-room, the billiard-room, and the gallery were full of company. The Empress never appeared to greater advantage. She sat at the right of the chimney, beneath Girodet's fine picture, simply dressed, with a large green capote upon her head, which served to conceal her tears, which would flow whenever any one came who particularly reminded her of the happy hours of Malmaison and the consulate. It was impossible to see, without emotion, the strong impression of grief which marked her countenance. She raised her eyes to every one who approached, even smiled at them; but if the visitor was one of her old associates, the tears immediately stole down her cheeks, but quietly and without any of those contractions of the features which make weeping inimical to beauty. No doubt Josephine's despair must have been painful to the Emperor; whether he could have resisted her mute expression of mental agony, I know not.

I went again to Malmaison a few days afterwards with my little Josephine, whom her godmother had desired me to bring: this time, as I was alone with her, she did not scruple to open all the sorrows of her heart, and she spoke of her grief with an energy of truth quite distressing. She regretted all that she had lost; but it is justice to say, that far above all she regretted the Emperor. The attentions of her children in those days of suffering were admirable.

At this time of painful feeling to the Emperor—for he loved Josephine—Napoleon received visits from the whole Rhenish confederation; the King of Saxony, the King and Queen of Bavaria, the King of Wirtemberg; all, in short, came to Paris to make him a visit, which would scarcely admit of more than one construction—for not only was the divorce in process, but the official authorities had pronounced his marriage null. The wits of Paris made merry at the expense of these recent royalties; amongst other specimens of the light in which they regarded them, was a placard affixed one night to the railing of the Tuileries, on which was written, *Fabrique de Cires* —manufactory of waxwork: or with a slight change of orthography and none of sound, *manufactory of sires.*

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CHAPTER XXXV.

The German Kings at Paris—The Queen of Naples at the Tuileries—Her parties unsociable—Duets with the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg—The King's visit to Josephine at Malmaison—The Carnival—The patrimony of St. Peter with drawn from the Pope—Negotiations superintended by Lucien Bonaparte—The Pope carried off from Rome—General Miollis at Rome—Expatriation—A storm—Port of Cagliari—Lucien and his family prisoners to the English—Malta—Palace of the Grand-master—Captain Warren—Arrival at Plymouth—Castle of Ludlow—Lucien's removal to Thorngrove—Domestic scenes—Lucien's literary pursuits—Visit of the Duke of Norfolk.

I KNOW not whether this unlucky divorce influenced our tempers, but Paris was never so dull as at that moment—amidst the finest fêtes the empire witnessed, except those of the marriage and the coronation. All those kings who encumbered the avenues of the palace froze our spirits, without inspiring the distant respect which should be the attribute of royalty. In our ill-humour we found fault with all of them. The court was disunited; there was no central point of union. In vain the Queen of Naples lodged in the Tuileries; the household of her brother did not like her; and though pre-eminent as flatterers, we make but sorry hypocrites. Queen Hortense was really loved; all was freedom in her society; she set every one at ease. Music, conversation, drawing, billiards, whatever each person liked best; in short, every one was amused—which never happened under the auspices of the Queen of Naples, except on occasion of a ball; and except, indeed, when she sang duets with the Grand Duke of Wurtzburg. Never in my life have I heard any thing so ridiculous as the combination of their voices; neither of them had the smallest notion of diffidence, nor the smallest idea of singing; yet they sang on, both together, as if they really had voices! They were princely voices at best. It was said of La Forest, one of the opera singers, that he must have a wooden voice; this would not have been ill-applied to the royal duettists. Oh! those concerts of her Imperial Highness the Princess were odd affairs! yet she had some ladies in her household who might have taught her what good music was. I have often, for example, wondered how it happened that Madame Lambert did not belong to the establishment of Queen Hortense, where her talents for

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music and painting, and her love of the arts, would have been justly appreciated.

All the crowned heads, majesties and highnesses, assembled at Paris at the commencement of the year 1810, paid their respects to the Empress at Malmaison; and while consolatory, as indicating the Emperor's will that she should be respected as the wife of his choice, yet these visits were oppressive to her,—such, at least, they appeared to me to be. In my visits to Malmaison, the Queen of Naples was always the subject of our conversation. Her conduct since her return to Paris evinced a great desire to please; she made superb presents to all the ladies of the court. My daughters, though young children, received from her each a suit of coral ornaments, one of which, wrought in relief, was very beautiful. It was in this visit that she presented to the Emperor the well-known superb set of chess-men, in Vesuvian lava and coral.

The carnival approached; the Emperor commanded that it should be gay and brilliant; the authorities of Paris prepared to obey the Imperial mandate, and ball succeeded ball without intermission. But how different was the winter from its predecessor! Mourning was universal, and every one entered into society to divert the feelings from melancholy retrospection. Nothing was real, and no pleasing remembrances remain of the forced festivities of this spring; almost every one with whom I have conversed upon the subject agrees in the same recollection of it.

While Napoleon was procuring at Paris the dissolution of his marriage, his affairs went on badly at the court of Rome. He found there a powerful antagonist in Lucien, who, grateful for the asylum which the Pope had nobly granted him, was indignant at seeing him despoiled of his possessions by the Emperor. He endeavoured to infuse a new vigour in the councils of the Vatican. For several months the correspondence between the cabinet of the Tuileries and that of Rome was active and important; its object was to refuse all further concession to Napoleon, and to dispute the possession of such of the Papal dominions as he had already seized: and when at length an Imperial decree was launched from Vienna, commanding the Pope to descend from St. Peter's chair,—for to command him to surrender the Roman territory was much the same thing,—Cardinal Gonzalvi, stimulated by Lucien, wrote under his dictation a letter calculated to astonish the Emperor. Without speaking of the supremacy of the court of Rome, which Lucien no more wished than Napoleon to re-establish in France, it asserted with justice that the Pope would not be despoiled of his own dominions. But all this resistance had no

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effect, the states of the Church were united to the French empire, and the situation of the Pope became alarming.

Murat, then at Naples, transmitted to General Radet at Rome, Napoleon's orders for the removal of the Pope to France; and on the 5th of July, 1809, the General called upon His Holiness to obey the Emperor's commands. The Pope replied, that his double dignity of Sovereign and Chief of the Church, placed him beyond the jurisdiction of the French Emperor. "His predecessors," said he, to the envoy, "have saved mine, but this gives him no claim, except on my gratitude." He shut himself up in the Quirinal, and, clothed in all the pontifical ornaments, seated himself in a chair of state, peaceably to await the coming of General Radet. The French functionary presented himself in the middle of the night, at the principal door of the palace, and finding it closed, forced his way into the apartments of the Sovereign Pontiff by a window on the ground floor, took possession of his person, compelled him to enter a carriage, and instantly drove off on the road to Grenoble, according to his orders. Passing the next morning through Viterbo, Radet perceived an alarming degree of fermentation in the popular mind; he hurried the postilions through the necessary operation of changing horses, and hearing on all sides cries which threatened an interruption to his important mission, he called out, "On your knees! the Holy Father is about to give you his blessing." The people prostrated themselves in an instant, and when all their faces were in the dust, Radet himself violently applying the whip to the horses, drove off with the rapidity of an arrow, and without the assistance of the postilions, leaving the inhabitants of Viterbo to vent, in harmless maledictions, that rage against us, which in another minute would have probably exhibited itself in a more dangerous manner.

Pius VII. remained but a short time at Grenoble; he was soon transferred by the Emperor's orders to Savona, where, kept a close prisoner, almost in sight of his gaolers, he was only allowed the liberty of performing mass. General Miollis arrived at Rome to take the command of the queen city. Lucien then found himself in a strange position. From the commencement of his exile the fine arts, literature, and the education of his children had formed his sole occupations and amusements. The Mæcenas of every man of talent in Rome, he was adored by the artists, whom he employed and understood, for Lucien was never moderately beloved; he is a being of superior worth! Immediately on the departure of the Holy Father he retired to Tusculum, where he superintended his excavations, and where General Miollis watched him, with an inquisitory intrusiveness

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which Lucien soon found intolerable. With no other title than that of the proscribed brother of the Emperor, for his exclusion from the order of succession threw him as it were out of the family circle, seeing the imperial domination crossing the Alps and Apennines to seek him in his studious retreat in the bosom of his numerous family, he determined to quit Europe, and wrote to the Duke of Rovigo, then minister of police, to ask passports for the United States of America.

The Emperor was aware of the demand, without doubt; but he did not appear in the affair, and the answer of the Duke of Rovigo, was the transmission of the passports, sanctioning Lucien's expatriation, but exile in fact. He then wrote to Naples, requesting Murat to send him an American vessel, released from all embargo. Murat sent the vessel with the most gracious promptitude. Lucien it seems frightened them all! The American ship soon arrived at Civita Vecchia. The entire gallery of Lucien, all the treasures he had found in his researches at Tusculum, were carefully packed up under the inspection of M. de Chatillon, who superintended the department of the arts in Lucien's household. But the cases were not all put on board, the greater part was left with Torlogna, the chief banker of Rome. Lucien carried with him all his numerous family portraits, together with that of Pius VII.: "He has been a hospitable friend to me," said he, "I must not forget him." At length in the month of August, 1810, the exiled family quitted Civita Vecchia. It was truly a singular spectacle, to see the brother of Napoleon abandoning Europe to seek an asylum in the new world, carrying thither a heart devotedly French and a purely patriotic spirit.

The captain set sail in spite of contrary winds, but had not long cleared the coast before a tremendous storm arose which threatened the ship with utter destruction. Lucien, always possessing the calmness of true courage, required of the captain to put into the port of Cagliari, which they were approaching. The Princess and children were ill, assistance and repose were therefore necessary, and Lucien had letters from the Pope recommending him to the protection of the sovereigns on whose territories he might chance to touch in his exile. On reaching Cagliari, M. de Chatillon landed, and carried to the Sardinian minister a certificate of the illness of Lucien's family, requesting permission for him to land, for the purpose of recovery. This affair, which if it had concerned a French family of unknown name, would have been settled without difficulty, became strangely complicated by the name of Lucien Bonaparte. The Sardinian minister humbly replied that such questions concerned Mr. Hill, the British envoy, and that to him alone its decision belonged. In vain M. de

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Chatillon declined the authority of England; Mr. Hill decreed that M. Lucien Bonaparte, the American vessel, and all that it contained should be captured in the port of Cagliari. Lucien turned pale on hearing this decision, and exclaimed, with truly French feeling, "I will not submit to it!" That heart of iron and fire, susceptible also of all the tender emotions, swelled with unutterable grief and indignation as he cast his eyes on his proscribed family, and felt that he ought to sway a sceptre for their protection. Notwithstanding the illness of his wife and children, he would not permit them to land, and thus passed fourteen days,—the most distressing perhaps of his life. "We must go," he said at length, "and let us see if they will dare to execute their threat."

The American ship sailed out of the port; the two English frigates seeing its preparations, had stood out the preceding evening; and scarcely had the American advanced a mile, before one of the frigates, the Pomona, Captain Barry, fired a shot, and commanded the captain to lay to. The American was only a merchant ship, but the captain's spirit revolted from thus surrendering a passenger who had intrusted his person and family to his care. "I will not bring to," said he to his lieutenant. Captain Barry, receiving no answer, launched his boat and came himself with two officers, alongside the American ship, which he knew to be incapable of defence. The captain, however, intended to defend himself; on perceiving the English captain in his boat, he waited till he was within pistol-shot, and then would have fired, if Lucien had not suddenly given him a smart blow on the arm, which compelled him to drop the pistol. With much difficulty he was persuaded to surrender, and the English captain announced to his prisoners, that he should convey them to Malta. Captain Barry was then, what he probably still is, if the cannon, sword, and tempest, have spared his life so long, that perfectly agreeable character, which is natural to an English gentleman: for I may truly affirm, that in all my intercourse with the various nations of Europe, I have nowhere found individuals so perfectly pleasing and polite in language, manners, and habits as the really well-bred Englishman. In the interval between their capture and their arrival at Malta, he paid the family every attention that kindness and respect could suggest, and a voyage in the Mediterranean permit. On reaching Malta, they were conducted to the Lazaretto; Lucien solicited permission to remove his wife and children, but was refused by the governor, General Oakes, with an obstinacy worthy of St. Helena. It would seem that the British government prides itself in being represented by men capable

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of every act of cruelty! The object of this policy I cannot understand.

Lucien was condemned to three days' quarantine; and this useless vexation over, was permitted to take up his residence in the fort Riccazoli, where he found only damp walls, without an article of furniture, and was obliged, at his own expense, to procure even chairs and bedding from the town of Valetta. Even the naval officers were indignant at such unworthy treatment; and Lucien, however unwilling to complain, felt it due to the name of a Frenchman to submit his wrongs to the British government. Its answer arrived at length; ordering that the prisoner should be removed to the castle of St. Anthony, the residence of the grand-master in the proud days of the order, and treated him with the utmost consideration, until it was determined in what manner he should be finally disposed of. In this Gothic castle, which his elevated mind led him to teach his children rather to consider as a retreat than a prison, he and Madame Lucien employed themselves in protecting their young family from *ennui*, and, in so doing, defended themselves also from its attacks. Surrounded by a locality full of romance, where every tower had its tale, and every stone seemed the memento of some illustrious name, Lucien compelled new traditions to take their place beside the old, and consoled his wounded spirit by a closer acquaintance with the muses; here he proceeded with his poem of Charlemagne—venting the grief of exile in words of harmony.

Towards the close of the year Captain Warren arrived in the frigate the President, to convey Lucien and his family to England. He requested as a favour that he might be allowed to sail for England accompanied by M. de Chatillon, and to leave his wife and children till the spring, hoping that a personal application to the Prince Regent would have the effect of restoring the liberty of which he had been illegally deprived. But again he met with a refusal; in vain he urged the natural fears of a husband and a father, in committing the safety of his tender charges to the mercy of the elements at so inclement a season. "I have my orders," was still the reply of Captain Warren. Every thing on board the frigate was arranged with attention to their comfort, and the conduct of the officers was respectful and accommodating; but the cold and haughty character of Captain Warren increased the disagreeableness of a six weeks' voyage in the midst of winter, and dreadful weather. Its tediousness was caused by the great round they were compelled to make to avoid the coast of France; Captain Warren's orders being peremptory to keep out to sea, perfectly armed, and on no account to surrender his

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prisoner. They reached at length the harbour of Plymouth in frightful weather; here again he encountered inhospitality; the ship was not permitted to anchor, and rode out through the night in so tremendous a storm, that the hazard was every moment imminent of being wrecked on the rocks of that dangerous coast.

How grateful was Lucien for the protection of heaven, when, after that tremendous night, he landed in safety with his children at Plymouth. He here found Mr. Mackenzie, a state messenger, authorized to offer him an asylum, and the rights of hospitality in their most extended sense. Lucien, with his usual nobleness, returned his thanks with dignity and coldness, and continued: "I have been made prisoner illegally, and I protest against every thing which myself and family have undergone since we quitted the port of Cagliari: I demand to be allowed to pursue my journey; and beyond that, sir, I refuse all the offers of your government; for I can accept nothing from a nation which is the enemy of mine, nor from a government that makes war upon my brother."—"Then," replied Mr. Mackenzie, coldly but politely, "I am obliged to fulfil my commission." The following day Lucien was conducted to the castle of Ludlow, and placed under the charge of Lord Powis, Lord Lieutenant to the county of Salop, and father-in-law of the Duke of Northumberland. He was recommended by all means to induce his prisoner to put himself in direct opposition to the Emperor. His constant refusal produced a more rigorous captivity, and he was confined to a circuit of two miles round Ludlow, the antique and gloomy castle of which was of sinister omen, having been the habitation of the unfortunate children of King Edward. He obtained, however, at length, permission to quit Ludlow, and to take up his residence at Thorngrove, on the road to Worcester, a charming mansion, which he had himself purchased of M. Lamotte, a Frenchman established in England, for eighteen thousand guineas; it is surrounded by a park, enclosing a garden and hothouse, and possesses all those exterior and interior comforts so peculiar to the home of an English family.

Having tastefully completed the arrangements of his new habitation, and hung the drawing-room with his family portraits, he laid down rules for the domestic life he intended to lead here. His love for the arts and sciences gained strength in this friendly retreat; he had always been fond of astronomy, and now pursued it with ardour. He visited Herschel,* and purchased his famous telescope for fifty

* It was during this visit that Lucien became acquainted with Miss Caroline Herschel, sister of the astronomer, who occupied herself in writing the

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thousand francs; he then built an observatory, calculated ephemerides and announced a new planet in the milky way; he was not mistaken, and has the prior right to the merit of this discovery. Thorngrove became a Lyceum. Lucien composed several comedies, which were acted in his domestic theatre; also the tragedy of Clotaire, a work of real merit, which was performed before an audience of more than two hundred persons, nearly all chosen from the middling classes of the neighbourhood,—for, considering the ministry as his enemies, he would have no intercourse with Tories. As the author, he chose to judge of the effect of the piece, and would therefore take no part in it; M. de Chatillon performed Clotaire; Madame Lucien played well in the becoming costume of Clotilde; the two children were represented by her young sons, Charles and Paul; the wife of Clotaire by Lucien's eldest daughter Charlotte, now Princess Gabrielli; and Sigerie, the confidant of Clotaire, by Christina, also his daughter by his first wife, and now married to Lord Dudley Stuart, who, in the scarcity of actors in the family, was obliged to take a male part. It seems to me that Ludlow, the first prison of Edward's children, must have suggested to Lucien the plot of this tragedy.

The drama, however, was not the only subject of his muse during his residence at Thorngrove; here he completed his poem of Charlemagne, and produced that of Cirneide. The Princess of Canino also, stimulated by example, composed a poem on the subject of Bathilde, Queen of the Francs; it is well sustained, in six cantos, with verses of ten syllables in varied rhymes. I shall have occasion to speak of it again with relation to an extraordinary fact, of which I do not believe the Emperor capable; but which proves, at least, the extent to which a base inclination to flatter his imputed wishes was carried by those around him. M. Chatillon was employed, at the same time, upon a small poem called the Odyssey of Lucien, or the Exile; he also sketched forty-eight designs for the illustration of Charlemagne and Bathilde; these sketches, which must necessarily imbody the intentions of the authors, as they were drawn under their superintendence, were being engraved in London, by the celebrated Heath, when the restoration interrupted the series.

Every member of the family of Thorngrove was actively engaged. Every Sunday the works of the week were brought forward; an examination took place, also a competition for prizes; the day was closed with a concert, in which the young ladies sang, M. Chatillon played the violin, and Father Maurice the piano.

calculations made by Sir William and Lucien. This lady is well known in the literary circles.

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Thus did Lucien embellish his retreat with every thing that could tend to make time pass pleasurably; living like a really wise man without any false pretensions to philosophy. His style of life excited much curiosity in England, but he studiously retired from observation in a calm and natural dignity which inspired general respect. The Duke of Norfolk, desirous of becoming acquainted with him, visited Thorngrove; where, cheerful, agreeable, and witty, he attracted the affections of the whole family during the three days he passed with them.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Napoleon's marriage with Maria-Louisa—Union of the Papal States with France—Nuptial festivities in Paris—Maria-Louisa's regret at leaving Vienna—Her favourite dog—Berthier's scheme—Arrival of the Empress in France—Her interview with the Emperor—A surprise—The Emperor and Empress visit Belgium—Abdication of Louis, King of Holland—Projected treaty with England—M. de Labouchere's mission to London—Louis accuses Napoleon of bad faith—Fouché—The Intrigue unravelled—Dreadful accident at Prince Schwartzenberg's ball—The Empress's courage—The Emperor's exertions to assist the sufferers—Princess Schwartzenberg burnt to death—Escape of Prince Eugène and the Vice-Queen—Death of the Princess de la Leyen—Madame de Bre . . .—Letters from France—Duchy of Oldenburg—Remarkable expression of the Emperor Alexander—Maury's opinion of Maria-Louisa—Soirées at the Tuileries—Male visitors prohibited.

I WAS at Burgos when I received the first intelligence of Napoleon's intended marriage with Maria-Louisa. A friend who wrote to me from Paris, spoke of the disastrous influence which a marriage with an Austrian Princess was likely to exercise on the destiny of Napoleon. He was, it is true, Emperor of the French, but he was likewise *General Bonaparte*, who had gained more than twenty pitched battles over Austria; and who had twice forced the Imperial family to fly from their palace. These were injuries which could not but leave indelible stains behind them. The sacrifice which the Emperor Francis was now about to make, bore an odious stamp of selfishness. It appeared by no means improbable, that at some future time the voice of his daughter, when appealing to him in behalf of her son and her husband, would be no more listened to, than when she remonstrated for herself. It was evident that Austria, humbled and mutilated as she was, greeted this marriage only as a temporary balm

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to her wounds. Napoleon's object was to consolidate his northern alliances, already well secured on the part of Russia, and to prosecute still further his fatal operations in the Peninsula.

It was likewise during my stay at Burgos that I heard of the union of the Papal States with France. It would be difficult to describe the effect which this intelligence produced in Spain. It was speedily followed by the circulation of thousands of copies of the Bull of excommunication. Children, even in the tender age of infancy, were taught to lisp the most horrible imprecations on the French. Only those who were witnesses to the reaction which took place in Spain at this period, can form a just estimate of the error which Napoleon committed in taking possession of the city of Rome, and making the Pope his captive.

Meanwhile Paris was enlivened by fêtes in honour of the Imperial nuptials. The letters which I received from my friends were like the descriptions in romances and fairy tales. As I was not in Paris at that time, I will not enter into a detail of matters which I did not witness; but I cannot forbear relating the following anecdote connected with Napoleon's marriage: Berthier, Prince de Neufchâtel, was sent to Vienna to conduct the Empress to Paris. After she had been married by proxy to her uncle Prince Charles, and all the forms and ceremonies were gone through (which in Vienna is a work of no little time), the day of departure was fixed. The young Archduchess often shed tears of regret, at her approaching separation from her family. In the Imperial family of Austria, the bonds of relationship are sacredly revered; and even in the reign of Maria-Theresa, and under the cold and artful policy of Kaunitz, family ties were held dear. Maria-Louisa had been educated in these feelings: she wept to leave her sisters, her father, and her mother-in-law, and perhaps also she wept at the thought of being united to a man who must have been to her almost an object of terror. At length the day of departure arrived. The young Empress bade farewell to all the members of her family, and then retired to her apartment, where etiquette required that she should wait till Berthier came to conduct her to her carriage. When Berthier entered the cabinet, he found her bathed in tears. With a voice choked by sobs, she apologized for appearing so childish; "But," said she, "my grief is excusable. See how I am surrounded here by a thousand things that are dear to me. These are my sister's drawings, that tapestry was wrought by my mother, those paintings are by my uncle Charles." In this manner, she went through the inventory of her cabinet, and there was scarcely a thing, down to the carpet on the floor, which was not

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the work of some beloved hand. There were her singing birds, her parrot, and, above all, the object which she seemed to value most, and most to regret—a little dog. It was of course known at the court of Vienna how greatly the Emperor used to be annoyed by Josephine's favourite pet dogs, with *Fortuné* at their head. Therefore Francis II., like a prudent father, took care that his daughter should leave her pet dog at Vienna. Yet it was a cruel separation, and the Princess and her favourite parted with a tender *duo* of complaint.

But these regrets, childish as they may appear, Berthier regarded as proofs of a kind and affectionate heart; and when he beheld the tears of the young Archduchess, whom he had expected to find all radiant with smiles, a scheme entered his mind which he tacitly resolved to carry into execution.—"I have merely come to acquaint your Majesty," said he, "that you need not depart for two hours to come. I will therefore withdraw until that time." He went immediately to the Emperor and acquainted him with his plan. Francis II., who was the most indulgent of fathers, readily assented to the proposition. Berthier gave his orders, and in less than two hours all was ready.—The Empress left Vienna and soon entered France; she found herself surrounded by festivals and rejoicings, and almost forgot the parrot and the dog. She arrived at Compiegne, and was there met by the Emperor, who stopped her carriage, stepped into it, and seated himself by her side; they proceeded to Saint Cloud, and thence to Paris. There fortune bestowed one of her last smiles on her favourite son, when, leading into the balcony of the Tuileries his young bride whom he regarded as the pledge of lasting peace and alliance, he presented her to the multitude who were assembled beneath the windows of the palace.*

On retiring from the balcony he said to her, "Well, Louise, I must give you some little reward for the happiness you have conferred on me," and leading her into one of the narrow corridors of the palace, lighted only by one lamp, he hurried on with his beloved Empress, who exclaimed, "Where are we going?"—"Come, Louise,

* "The Empress Maria-Louisa was nineteen years of age when she married Napoleon: her hair was of a light colour, her eyes blue and expressive, her walk was noble and her figure imposing. Her hands and feet were formed in perfect beauty, and might serve for models. Health, youth, and a florid complexion, were joined to much timidity: this latter occasioned the Empress to appear haughty before the ladies of the court; in private, however, she was amiable and even affectionate. She appeared to love the Emperor, and was devoted to his will." CONSTANT

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come, are you afraid to follow me?" replied the Emperor, who now pressed to his bosom, with much affectionate tenderness, his young bride. Suddenly they stopped at a closed door, within which they heard a dog that was endeavouring to escape from the apparent prison. The Emperor opened this private door, and desired Louise to enter: she found herself in a room magnificently lighted; the glare of the lamps prevented her for some moments from distinguishing any object; imagine her surprise, when she found her favourite dog from Vienna was there to greet her; the apartment was furnished with the same chairs, carpet, the paintings of her sisters, her birds, in short, every object was there, and placed in the room in the same manner as she had left them on quitting her paternal roof. The Empress, in joy and in gratitude, threw herself in Napoleon's arms, and the moment of a great victory would not have been to the conqueror of the world so sweet as this instant of ecstasy was to the infatuated heart of the adoring bridegroom. After a few minutes had been spent in examining the apartment, the Emperor opened a small door; he beckoned to Berthier, who entered. Napoleon then said, "Louise, it is to him you are indebted for this unexpected joy: I desire you will embrace him, as a just recompense." Berthier took the hand of the Empress, but the Emperor added, "No, no,—you must kiss my old and faithful friend."

Some weeks after his marriage, the Emperor took the young Empress with him into Belgium. Maria-Louisa received the homage that was paid to her with a certain air of indifference, and there then seemed little reason to expect that she would do the honours of the court with the grace and amiability which she subsequently displayed. But an event which caused me more astonishment than all that was going on in Paris, was the *forced* abdication of Louis, King of Holland. Louis had been a dear friend of my mother, and his kind and amiable temper made me esteem him very highly. His conduct, which some have blamed and others approved, was in my opinion always that of an honest man. He had a circle of friends devotedly attached to him, and these friends were also mine. I received through them the details of the revolution in Holland—for the abdication of Louis must be termed a revolution. Louis comprehended his brother's continental system; but he understood better the interests of the people he had been called upon to govern. These people, who were strangers to custom-house duties, and who were at one period of their history the most flourishing commercial nation in the world, were languishing beneath the terrible system of confiscations and prohibitions. Louis refused to be any longer the instrument of a system of tyranny which

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was a death-blow to the prosperity of Holland. Hereupon, the Emperor directed an army, commanded by General Oudinot, to advance into Holland. Louis then abdicated, but only in favour of his son. This abdication was rejected. Marshal Oudinot entered Amsterdam, and Europe learned that Holland was incorporated with the French empire.

When Napoleon found that his brother would not bend to his will, he requested or rather ordered his abdication. Louis was of an amiable and pliant disposition; but when he was required to take a step which he could not consent to without injuring his children and his subjects, he displayed a remarkable degree of firmness. He consented to abdicate, but only on certain conditions. He proposed to his brother that overtures should be made to England, and by rendering the affair of Holland the basis of a treaty, peace might be obtained, provided France was willing to concede in the way that Louis wished. The Emperor consented to this, and the King of Holland sent M. Labouchere to England to open negotiations. The Marquis of Wellesley was then at the head of the English ministry. M. Labouchere was well known as one of the first bankers in Europe. His transactions with England were extensive and honourable. Every facility was consequently afforded him for effecting the desired object. The affair proceeded as well as could be wished, when in an interview which the King of Holland had with his brother, I think at Antwerp, he asked the Emperor why, in an affair which concerned his happiness and the honour of his crown, he behaved with such bad faith, and exposed him to such treatment on the part of England. The Emperor stared at him with astonishment, and knew not what he meant.

"Whilst," continued the King of Holland, "I have in perfect good faith sent to England an honourable man, whose presence is a sufficient guarantee of my intentions, you have sent an obscure intriguer, for no other would accept such a mission, to treat for you without my concurrence."—"It is false!" exclaimed the Emperor, his eyes flashing with rage; "I say it is false!"—"And I repeat that it is true," continued his brother. "M. Labouchere has been informed of the fact."—"In the devil's name," exclaimed the Emperor, "to whom do you allude? I know nothing of him! . . I have sent no one!" "But your minister Fouché has," said Louis. "I repeat, that the individual I allude to is at present in London, negotiating for you, and discussing those very interests which were to form the basis of our treaty. Is this all the confidence I can place in a brother's promise?"

The Emperor was greatly agitated; he turned pale, and pressed his forehead with his hand, threw himself into his chair, and then rose

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up again. At length stepping up to his brother, he said: "I perceive there is some plot here; but I know nothing of it. As a sovereign and a brother, I pledge my word of honour that I am ignorant of it.—Do you believe me?"—"I do," replied Louis; "but it behoves you to seek out the author of this foul intrigue. It is a duty you owe to me as well as to your own honour. Who could have dared thus to act in your name?" To this question the Emperor made no answer, but it was evident that a terrible cloud was gathering in his mind. His brow lowered, his lips were compressed, and every thing betokened a dreadful ebullition of rage. "You may rely on it, I will discover this tissue of deception," said he to his brother, "I have my suspicion of the serpent who has been laying his snare."

On his return to Paris, the Emperor put the affair into the hands of Dubois, who speedily discovered that Fouché sent agents to England much more frequently than the measures of police required. Having found the thread of the intrigue, he soon traced out the whole knot, and the emissary was arrested and sent to the Temple. This man proved to be Chevalier Fagan, a returned emigrant. He confidently believed that he was acting on the part of the Emperor, and had no idea that he was merely an agent of Fouché.—The result of this affair was Fouché's disgrace, the cause of which was entirely unknown at the time.

About the same period, other events equally curious were going on in the north of Europe. Bernadotte was chosen King of Sweden by the States-general, assembled at Olrebro, and Charles XIII. adopted him as his son. When Bernadotte presented himself at the Tuileries to announce to the Emperor his elevation to the throne of Sweden, Napoleon did not appear inclined to allow him to go and reign so far off. Bernadotte observing his scruples, said, "Would your Majesty then elevate me above yourself, by forcing me to refuse a crown?" The Emperor looked confused; but immediately recovering his presence of mind, answered, "Well! well! be it so! Our destinies must be fulfilled." Subsequent events proved that the Emperor's fears of Bernadotte were not unfounded.

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

Dreadful accident at Prince Schwartzenberg's ball—The temporary ball-room—The Empress's courage—The Emperor's exertions to render assistance to the sufferers—Absence of the engines—Princess Schwartzenberg burnt to death—Escape of Prince Eugène and the Vice-Queen—Death of the Princess de la Leyen—Madame de Br . . . . x—The Emperor's gloomy forebodings.

Letters which I received from Paris at this time informed me of the dreadful catastrophe which occurred at Prince Schwartzenberg's ball. I received upwards of twenty letters describing the particulars of that awful event. This disaster, which gave rise to so many sinister forebodings, took place on Sunday, July 1st. Prince Schwartzenberg occupied the old Hotel Montesson, in the Rue de Provence; and the apartments not being sufficiently spacious to accommodate the immense concourse of company, a temporary ball-room was constructed in the garden. It was like a fairy palace. Flowers, perfumes, delicious music, the dazzling splendour of diamonds and rubies, all combined to render it a scene of Oriental enchantment. The walls of the ball-room were covered with gold and silver brocade, and ornamented with draperies of spangled gauze fastened by bouquets of flowers, whilst hundreds of crystal girandoles shed their prismatic lustre over the glittering scene.

When the fire was first discovered the Emperor was passing round the room and conversing with the ladies. There was but one door for the ingress and egress of the company. It was a very large one, opening into the garden, and fronting the throne. At the back of the throne there was a small wooden gallery, which made a communication between the ball-room and the house. It was in the angle of this little gallery that the fire was first discovered. The ball had just commenced, and a great part of the company were dancing. It was at the time remarked as very extraordinary that nobody thought of ascending the gallery above mentioned, and escaping into the house; but it was certainly natural to fly from the flames which issued from the house, or at least appeared to do so. The Empress was in conversation with some ladies at a little distance from the throne, and when the confusion and alarm commenced, she with great *sang-froid*,

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or perhaps it may be called courage, ascended the steps of the throne, seated herself, and waited till the Emperor went to her. As to the Emperor, his conduct on this occasion was beyond all praise. He handed the Empress into the first carriage which he found standing in the court-yard, and accompanied her as far as the Place Louis XV. He then returned alone to Prince Schwartzenberg's hotel, where he actively exerted himself in giving orders, and assisting the persons who had been burnt or otherwise hurt. On the Emperor's return the engines had not yet arrived. The Austrian embassy were loud in their praise of the noble confidence evinced by the Emperor, in returning alone to the scene of terror in the middle of the night. He remained on the spot till half past three on the following morning.

The deeply lamented victim of this catastrophe, the unfortunate Princess Schwartzenberg, was killed by returning to the ball-room in search of her daughter, who, however, had been saved. A lustre fell from the ceiling on the head of the Princess, and fractured her skull. She fell into an aperture, caused by the burning of the floor, and her body, with the exception of her bosom and part of one arm, was burnt to a cinder. She was recognisable only by a gold chain which she wore round her neck, and to which was suspended a locket set round with jewels, whose initial letters formed a motto. She was one of the most charming women of her time: beautiful, amiable, graceful, and accomplished.

Prince Eugène had the good fortune to perceive a small private door behind the throne, which had been made for the use of the servants who handed round the refreshments. The Prince saved the Vice-Queen by conducting her through that door to the interior of the house. The Princess de la Leyen, the niece of the Prince Primate, was burnt in a most frightful manner. Like Princess Schwartzenberg, she had left her daughter dancing, and returned to the ball-room to rescue her. The young lady and her father, after fruitlessly searching for the Princess, concluded that she had returned to Passy, where they resided. On returning home, however, they found she was not there. The family then became dreadfully alarmed. The Prince threw off his embroidered coat and decorations, and hastened back to Paris in search of her. Meanwhile a Swedish officer had carried out from the burning ruins of the ball-room the almost lifeless remains of a female. Her countenance was so blackened and disfigured that it was impossible to recognise her features. The silver mounting of her diamond tiara had melted, and penetrated into her head. Hearing a faint groan uttered by what appeared to be merely a mass of cinder, the officer discovered that life was not yet extinct. He conveyed the Princess

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to a shop in the neighbourhood of the ambassador's hotel, where every attention was rendered to her. After various unintelligible ejaculations, the Princess was heard to utter the word *Passy*. Eager to accomplish his humane task, the officer engaged a *fiacre*, and drove the unfortunate lady to Passy, inquiring at every house of respectability whether any one was missing. At length he reached the abode of the Princess de la Leyen, whose frightful condition exceeded the worst which the fears of her family had pictured. The unfortunate lady expired on the following day, having lingered four-and-twenty hours in indescribable agony.

A lady of my acquaintance, Madame de Bre—x, *dame de compagnie* to Madame Mère, was at Prince Schwartzenberg's fête. On the alarm of fire being given, she endeavoured to reach the door, but in the confusion she was thrown down and trampled on. With great effort, she succeeded in raising herself up, and crawled as she supposed to a seat, but the floor appeared to sink under her, and she fell. She had been unconsciously hurried into the garden, and the hollow into which she fell was a basin, which luckily happened to be dry at the time. By this means her life was saved, but she was dreadfully bruised, and the scars on her arms and neck were indelible memorials of Prince Schwartzenberg's fête. This melancholy accident, in addition to its own immediate and fatal consequences, had the effect of creating a sort of superstitious terror. It naturally called to mind a similar catastrophe which occurred on the marriage of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette.

The letters which I received from France brought me a mass of intelligence, of the most extraordinary kind; for the fact is, I received all at once letters which had been successively forwarded to me during an interval of many months. They exhibited a curious *mélange* of successes, and reverses, losses, aggrandizements, disgraces and favours. First there was the discharge of Fouché, of which I had not previously heard;* next the taking of the Isle of France by the English;—then the pompous opening of the canal of St. Quentin;—then the union of the Hanse Towns, Holland, and several small states with the French Empire. About the same time we took possession of the Valais in Switzerland, which was merely termed *a department*. The French Empire then extended from the 54th to the 42d degree of latitude. All the letters I received concurred on one point: viz., that the Emperor was greatly changed, in every respect, since his marriage. His position was of a nature to produce in his mind some degree of

* I here allude to Fouché's disgrace in 1810.

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inquietude. The more the colossus of the Empire increased,—the further it extended its gigantic members around,—the more anxiety it was likely to excite in him who had created so extraordinary and glorious a power. Affairs had reached that critical point when even a conquest was but a triumph mingled with alarm. For example, when Napoleon took possession of the Duchy of Oldenburg, he did so for the furtherance of his continental system, and his continental blockade of all the coast of the North Sea. But the Emperor Alexander could not be satisfied by these motives. The deposed Prince was his brother-in-law, and when he heard of the event he angrily exclaimed, "The Emperor Napoleon is much too selfish!"—These words are the more remarkable inasmuch as they were uttered in the year preceding the disasters of Russia.

The letters which I received from my friends in Paris naturally made mention of the new Empress. The most various opinions were pronounced upon her; Cardinal Maury sent me a letter in which he said, "I will not attempt to describe how much the Emperor is attached to our charming Empress. This time he may be said to be really in love; more truly in love than he ever was with Josephine, for, after all, he never saw her while she was very young. She was upwards of thirty when they were married. But Maria-Louisa is as young and as blooming as spring. You will be enchanted with her when you see her." Maria-Louisa's brilliant complexion particularly charmed the cardinal. For my own part, I did not see her till after her *accouchement*, and even then, though I was told that she had grown pale, I thought she had too much colour, especially when in the least heated. The cardinal was a great admirer of Maria-Louisa, though he had wished the Emperor to marry one of the Russian Grand Duchesses. "The Empress," added he, "in the letter above mentioned, is gay, gracious, and I may even say *familiar*, with those persons whom the Emperor permits her to receive in her intimate circle; her manners are charming to those who are admitted to the *petites soirées* at the Tuileries. Their Majesties join the company at reversis or billiards. I really wish that you and the Duke could see how happy the Emperor is." I was informed by other friends that one of the amusements of the imperial *soirées*, before the Emperor entered the *salon*, was to see the Empress turn her ear round; for by a movement of the muscles of the jaw, she possessed the singular power of making her ear turn round of itself, almost in a circle. I never heard of any one except Maria-Louisa who could do this.

The Emperor wished to remove as far as was consistent with etiquette, a frequent cause of dissension between him and the Empress

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Josephine, namely, the numerous visitors received by the latter. Maria-Louisa was young and ignorant of the world, and though accustomed to a great deal of court etiquette, yet her private circle had been limited to the members of her own family. Thus the rules prescribed by the Emperor neither surprised nor displeased her. One of these rules was, that she should receive no male visitors. Paër was the only exception, because he was her music-master; and yet it was ordered that one of the Empress's ladies should be present while she received her lesson. One day, while the court was at St. Cloud, the Emperor unexpectedly presented himself in the Empress's apartments. He perceived a man whose countenance he did not at first recognise. This violation of his rule displeased him, and he expressed himself rather angrily to the *dame de service*, who I think was Madame Brignole. She replied that the gentleman was Bennais,* who had come himself to explain the secret spring of a *serre-papier* which he had been making for her Majesty. "No matter," said the Emperor, "he is a man. My orders on this subject must not be departed from, or we shall soon have no rules."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Birth of the King of Rome—The Emperor's altered appearance—Description of the young King—Napoleon at play with his son—His conversation with Madame Junot—Rejoicings in honour of the birth of the King of Rome—His christening—Maria-Louisa's accouchement—Madame de Montesquiou—Apathy of Maria-Louisa—Anecdote—The young King's violent temper—His benevolence—The widow and the orphan—The intended palace.

The birth of the King of Rome was the last smile that beamed over the fortunes of Napoleon. How happy it rendered him! How he blessed himself in it! They alone can judge of the full extent of his joy, who beheld him fondly caressing the lovely boy, and promising by his looks all the felicity which such a man could confer on his race. Only those who witnessed this can form any idea of the sufferings which Napoleon must have endured on his rock of exile, where the portrait of the angelic child he was never more to behold, was all that was left him.

On my return to France I found the Emperor much altered in

* Bennais was goldsmith to the Emperor.

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appearance. His features had acquired a paternal character. What a beautiful child was the young King of Rome! How lovely he appeared as he rode through the gardens of the Tuileries in his shell-shaped calèche, drawn by two young deer, which had been trained by Franconi, and which were given him by his aunt, the Queen of Naples. He resembled one of those figures of Cupid which have been discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum. One day I had been visiting the young King, the Emperor was also there, and he was playing with the child—as he always played with those he loved—that is to say, he was tormenting him. The Emperor had been riding, and held in his hand a whip which attracted the child's notice. He stretched out his little hand, and when he seized the whip, burst into a fit of laughter, at the same time embracing his father.—"Is he not a fine boy, Madame Junot?" said the Emperor, "you must confess that he is." I could say so without flattery, for he was certainly a lovely boy.—"You were not at Paris," continued the Emperor, "when my son was born. It was on that day I learnt how much the Parisians loved me; it is a cruel time for you ladies. I remember well the day that Junot left his home when you were going to be confined; I can understand now why he quitted you. What did the army say on the birth of the child?" I told him that the soldiers were enthusiastic during many days: he had already heard so, but was happy to receive a confirmation of their joy. He then pinched his son's cheek and his nose: the child cried. "Come, come, sir," said the Emperor, "do you suppose you are never to be thwarted, and do kings cry?" He then questioned me about my accouchement at Ciudad-Rodrigo, and asked me if the accounts in the English newspapers relative to it were true. I replied they were too silly to be so. Two years earlier in the life of Napoleon he would not have occupied his mind with such detail.

As soon as the King of Rome was born, the event was announced by telegraph to all the principal towns in the empire. At four o'clock the same afternoon, the marks of rejoicing in the provinces equalled those in Paris. The Emperor's couriers, pages, and officers, were despatched to the different foreign courts with intelligence of the happy event. The senate of Italy, and the municipal body of Rome and Milan, had immediate notice of it. The different fortresses received orders to fire salutes, the seaports were enlivened by the display of colours from the vessels, and every where the people voluntarily illuminated their houses. Those who regard these popular demonstrations as expressions of the secret sentiments of a people, might have remarked that in all the faubourgs, as well as in the lowest and poorest quarters in Paris, the houses were illuminated to the

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very uppermost stories. A fête was got up on the occasion by the watermen of the Seine, which was prolonged until a late hour of the night. Much of all this was not ordered; it came spontaneously from the hearts of the people. That same people, who for thirty-five years previously had experienced so many emotions, had wept over so many reverses, and had rejoiced for so many victories, still showed by their enthusiasm on this occasion, that they retained affections as warm and vivid as in the morning of their greatness.

The King of Rome was baptized on the very day of his birth, the 20th of March, 1811. The ceremony was performed at nine in the evening, in the chapel of the Tuileries. The whole of the imperial family attended, and the Emperor witnessed the ceremony with the deepest emotion. Napoleon proceeded to the chapel followed by the members of the household, those of the Empress, of Madame Mère, the Princesses his sisters, and of the Kings his brothers. He took his station under a canopy in the centre of the chapel, having before him a stool to kneel on. A socle of granite had been placed on a carpet of white velvet embroidered with gold bees, and on the socle stood a gold vase destined for the baptismal font. When the Emperor approached the font, bearing the King of Rome in his arms, the most profound silence pervaded. It was a religious silence, unaccompanied by the parade which might have been expected on such an occasion. This stillness formed a striking contrast with the joyous acclamations of the people outside.

Maria-Louisa suffered a difficult and protracted accouchement. She was for some time in considerable danger. Baron Dubois went to acquaint the Emperor with this circumstance. Napoleon was in a bath, which he had been ordered to calm the feverish excitement under which he was suffering. On hearing that the Empress was in danger, he threw on his *robe-de-chambre*, and ran down stairs, exclaiming to Dubois, "Save the mother! think only of the mother!" As soon as she was delivered, the Emperor, who was himself indisposed, entered the chamber and ran to embrace her, without at first bestowing a single look upon his son, who indeed might have passed for dead. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before he evinced any signs of life. Every method to produce animation was resorted to. Warm napkins were wrapped round him, and his body was rubbed with the hand; a few drops of brandy were then blown into his mouth, and the royal infant at length uttered a feeble cry.

It is somewhat strange that so much doubt existed at the time of the birth of the King of Rome, as to whether he really was a son of Maria-Louisa. We have had in later times a similar negation of the

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authenticity of the Duke of Bordeaux, Henry V. of France. But such is often the fate of heirs to thrones. Was there any thing extraordinary that Maria-Louisa, at nineteen years of age, fresh and blooming, should become a mother after eleven months of marriage? and that this event should take place in the presence of twenty-two persons, actual eye-witnesses to the birth? I cannot conceive how persons of common sense could at the moment, and even since, allow their imaginations to work so wickedly, and this in the face of impossibility.*

Future ages will learn if it be true, that England refused to have placed on the coffin of the victim of St. Helena, that he died of ill treatment at the hands of those who had the care of him. The restoration caused the destruction of prints, medals, and statues, likely to create a hatred or a jealousy: but was the enthusiasm at the restoration of the Bourbons equal to the joy of the people of Paris, when the first gun announced that Maria-Louisa was a mother? The most important affairs, as well as the ordinary occupations and duties, were one and all suspended; the people flocked to the Tuileries, hats were thrown up in the air, persons were seen kissing each other, tears were shed, but they were tears of joy. At 11 o'clock Madame Blanchard rose in a balloon from the square of the military school, to announce to the people in the environs of Paris the birth of the son of the Emperor, yes, of the son of the Emperor Napoleon.

An immense multitude besieged the doors of the palace during many days, to obtain intelligence of the infant and of the Empress. The Emperor, on learning this, directed that a chamberlain should be constantly in one of the rooms to publish the bulletins of the Empress's health as soon as they were delivered by the physicians.

I have already mentioned the Emperor's fondness for his son. He used to take the King of Rome in his arms and toss him up in the air. The child would then laugh till the tears stood in his eyes; sometimes the Emperor would take him before a looking-glass, and work his face into all sort of grimaces; and if the child was frightened and shed tears, Napoleon would say, "What, Sire, do you cry? A king, and cry? Shame! shame!"

The hours at which the young King was taken to the Emperor were not precisely fixed, nor could they be; but his visits were most frequently at the time of *déjeûner*. On these occasions the Emperor

* The marriage of the Emperor and Maria-Louisa took place before the civil authorities at St. Cloud, the 1st of April, 1810, at two o'clock in the afternoon: the following day the religious ceremony was performed in the great gallery of the Louvre.

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would give the child a little claret, by dipping his finger in the glass and making him suck it. Sometimes he would daub the young Prince's face with gravy. The child would laugh heartily at seeing his father as much a child as he was himself, and only loved him the more for it. Children invariably love those who play with them. I recollect that once when Napoleon had daubed the young King's face, the child was highly amused, and asked the Emperor to do the same to *Maman Quiou*, for so he called his governess, Madame de Montesquiou.

The Emperor's selection of that lady for his son's governess was a proof of his excellent judgment. It was the best choice which could have been made. Madame de Montesquiou was young enough to render herself agreeable to a child, whilst she had sufficient maturity of years to fit her for the high duty which the confidence of her Sovereign had appointed her to fulfil. She was noble in heart as well as in name; and she possessed what the world frequently bestows only on fortune and favour—the esteem of all. She was indeed universally beloved and respected.

The attentions she bestowed on the King of Rome during the period of his father's misfortune, would in itself be sufficient to inspire love and respect. Not only had she, from the hour of his birth, lavished on him all the cares of a mother, and a tender mother, but from the day when the unfortunate child was cut off from all his family, and deprived at once of his father and mother, Madame de Montesquiou devoted herself to him, for she alone was left to protect him. To accompany him, she deserted country, friends, and family. Madame de Montesquiou was not liked by the Empress, and the cause has never been satisfactorily ascertained. It has been said by way of compliment to Maria-Lousia, that she never did any one an injury; yet she possessed an apathy of soul, from the influence of which the governess of her child was not exempt. And what sort of love did she show for her own child? I have seen Maria-Louisa, when she was mounting or alighting from her horse, nod her plumed head to him, which never failed to set him crying; for he was frightened by the undulation of her feathers. At other times, when she did not go out, she would repair at four o'clock to his apartment. On these occasions she would take with her a piece of tapestry, with which she would sit down and make a show of working, looking now and then at the little King, and saying, as she nodded her head, "*Bonjour, bonjour.*" Perhaps after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the *august mother* would be informed that Isabey or Paër were in attendance in her apartments; the one to give her lessons in draw-

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ing, the other in music. It would have been as well had she remained longer every day with her child, to take a lesson in maternal feeling from the woman who so admirably supplied her place. But it would have been of little use—feeling is not to be taught.

Every morning at nine o'clock the young King was taken to the Empress. She would sometimes hold him on her lap, caress him, and then commit him to the care of the nurse. And how did she employ herself afterwards? she read the papers. When the child grew peevish, because he was not amused as his father used to amuse him, and cried at finding himself surrounded by serious and formal faces, his mother ordered him out of the room.

When I arrived in Paris on my return from Spain, the Emperor and Empress had just completed a tour in the north of France, in the departments of Calvados and La Manche. The christening of the King of Rome took place on their return from this journey. There have already been so many descriptions of this ceremony, that it would be superfluous to enter into a fresh detail of it. I will merely mention that the young Prince received names which show that the alliances formed by Sovereigns, the vows made at the baptismal font, the adoption by every religious formality and the ties of blood, are mere fallacies. He was christened Napoleon-François-Charles-Joseph! these are the names of his godfathers; they stand upon the register of his baptism, and they also appear on the tomb which closed over him at the early age of twenty-one. Who is there among us who does not recollect those days when he was still gracious and beautiful? There is a print of him which is now very scarce; he is kneeling, his hands joined, and below are the words, "I pray God for my father and for France." To the copy I have, the following are added: "I pray God for France and for my father;" —lower down, "We now pray for thee!"

One of the ushers of the chamber, with whom I was lately conversing wept like a child at his recollections of the young Prince. This man told me that the King of Rome one morning ran to the state apartments, and reached the door of the Emperor's cabinet alone, for Madame de Montesquiou was unable to follow him. The child raised his beautiful face to the usher, and said, "Open the door for me; I wish to see papa."—"Sire," replied the man, "I cannot let your Majesty in."—"Why not? I am the little King."—"But your Majesty is alone." The Emperor had given orders that his son should not be allowed to enter his cabinet unless accompanied by his governess. This order was issued for the purpose of giving the young Prince, whose disposition was somewhat inclined to wayward

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ness, a high idea of his governess's authority. On receiving this denial from the usher, the Prince's eyes became suffused with tears, but he said not a word. He waited till Madame de Montesquiou came up, which was in less than a minute afterwards. Then he seized her hand, and looking proudly at the usher, he said, "Open the door, the little King desires it." The usher then opened the door of the cabinet, and announced, "His Majesty the King of Rome."

A great deal has been said of the young King's violent temper. It is true he was self-willed, and was easily excited to passion; but this was one of the distinctive characteristics of his cousins; they almost all partook of similar hastiness of temper. I have known Achille Murat so violently overcome by strong passion as to be thrown into convulsions; and this when he was of the same age as the King of Rome. Madame de Montesquiou once corrected the young King for these fits of passion. On another occasion, when he was very violent, she had all the shutters of the windows closed, though it was broad daylight. The child, astonished to find the light of day excluded and the candles lighted up, inquired of his governess why the shutters were closed, "In order that no one may hear you, Sire," replied she. "The French would never have you for their king if they knew you to be so naughty."—"Have I," said he, "cried very loud?"—"You have."—"But did they hear me?"—"I fear they have." Then he fell to weeping, but these were tears of repentance. He threw his little arms round his governess's neck, and said, "I will never do so again, Mamma Quiou! pray forgive me."

It happened one day that the King of Rome entered the Em peror's cabinet just as the council had finished their deliberations. He ran up to his father without taking any notice of any one in the room. Napoleon, though happy to observe these marks of affection, so natural, and coming so directly from the heart, stopped him, and said, "You have not made your bow, Sire! Come, make your obedience to these gentlemen." The child turned, and bowing his head gently, kissed his little hand to the ministers. The Emperor then raised him in his arms, and addressing them, said, "I hope, gentlemen, it will not be said that I neglect my son's education: he begins to understand infantine civility."

Young Napoleon was an amiable child, and he became more so as he advanced in age. I know many affecting stories of him, which indicate the goodness of his heart. When he was at St. Cloud, he liked to be placed at the window in order that he might see the people passing by. One day he perceived at some distance a young woman apparently in great grief, holding by the hand a little boy

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about his own age. Both were habitted in mourning. The child held in his hand a paper, which he raised towards the window at which young Napoleon stood. "Why is he dressed in black?" inquired the young King of his governess. "Because, no doubt, he has lost his father. Do you wish to know what he wants?" The Emperor had given orders that his son should always be accessible to those in misfortune who wished to make any application to him by petition. The petitioners were immediately introduced, and they proved to be a young widow and her son. Her husband had died about three months previously, of some wounds he had received in Spain, and his widow solicited a pension. Madame de Montesquiou, thinking that this conformity of age between the little orphan and the young King might move the feelings of the latter, placed the petition in his hands. She was not deceived in her expectations. His heart was touched at the sight of the young petitioner. The Emperor was then on a hunting-party, and the petition could not be presented to him until next morning at breakfast. Young Napoleon passed the whole of the day in thoughtfulness, and when the appointed hour arrived he left his apartment to pay his respects to his father. He took care to present the petition apart from all the rest he carried, and this of his own accord.

"Here is a petition, papa," said he, "from a little boy. He is dressed all in black.* His papa has been killed in your service, and his mamma wants a pension, because she is poor and has much to vex her."—"Ah! ah!" said the Emperor, taking his son in his arms, "you already grant pensions, do you? Diable! you have begun betimes. Come, let us see who this protegé of yours is." The widow had sufficient grounds for her claim; but in all probability they would not have been attended to for a year or two, had it not been for the King of Rome's intercession. The brevet of the pension was made out that very day, and a year's arrears added to the order

Who can have forgotten the day when the Emperor took his son to a review in the Champ de Mars? How his features brightened with pleasure on hearing the joyous acclamations raised by his veteran bands. "Was he frightened?" inquired the Empress.—"Frightened! no, surely," replied Napoleon; "he knew he was surrounded by his father's friends." This expression of the Emperor produced an intoxication of joy amidst the ranks of the soldiers.

* It would seem that the mournful habiliments of the child had made a strong impression on the young prince's mind.

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After the review Napoleon conversed some time with the architect, M. Fontaine, on the subject of the palace intended to be built for the King of Rome, on the elevated ground immediately facing the Mili tary School. The word "Rome" brought to the recollection of the Emperor that he himself had never been in that city; "but," added he, "I shall certainly go there some day, for it is the city of my little King."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Projected alliance between Great Britain and Spain—Count Charles de Châtillon—Napoleon's ideas respecting the war in Spain—Taking of Mount Serrat and Valencia—Napoleon's recollections at St. Helena—Probability of French supremacy in Spain—Confederation of the North—Bad faith of Russia—Treaty of Tilsit—Humiliation of Russia—Embassy of the Duke de Vicenza to St. Petersburg—The Duke de Rovigo—The affair of the Duke d'Enghien—Duke de Vicenza recalled to France—General Lauriston sent in his stead—Fancy quadrilles at court—The Princess Borghèse and the Queen of Naples.

In 1811 Mr. Hamilton, the English minister for foreign affairs, conceived the project of forming an alliance with Spain. This was a bold but excellent plan; yet it was not easy of execution, because no relations then existed between Spain and Great Britain. Mr. Hamilton adopted the following scheme to accomplish his object. He employed a Frenchman who was an emigrant in England. This Frenchman was Count Charles de Châtillon, a man distinguished for his talents and excellent character. I knew him well, and he has frequently related to me all the particulars of this affair. He was directed to go to Madrid, and to inform Joseph that England would recognise him as King of Spain on condition of his sending away all the French who were in the Peninsula, to which Great Britain pledged herself to ensure complete inviolability of territory. Mr. Hamilton was the same minister who had already proposed to Lucien to form a sort of league against France and the Emperor. The disaster of Moscow, however, obviated the necessity of attempting to execute Mr. Hamilton's schemes relative to Spain. As to Joseph, I think I may say with confidence that he loved his brother too well, and prized his own honour too highly, to accede to the proposition.

The Emperor had conceived singular notions respecting the war

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in Spain; he had heard the opinions of men well acquainted with the subject, and yet nothing could break the delusive spell which the hope of that conquest had thrown over him. Thus, the mortification he experienced at a check, was manifested in the reception which he gave to Massena, and the gratification of a triumph was expressed in the reward given to Suchet. It was in allusion to the taking of Tarragona, that the Emperor said, "Suchet—the Marshal's baton is in Tarragona," and Suchet gained it! The Emperor had greatly changed since the time when he commanded the army of Italy. At Lodi, and at Arcola, he threw himself into the midst of the enemy's fire to induce his soldiers to follow him:—now he threw a baton into the trench, and said, "Go and fetch it."

The brave Suchet, as an acknowledgment of the Emperor's bounty, immediately took Mount Serrat, a fortified mountain of which each hermitage was a redoubt, and every hermit a stanch partisan. The kingdom of Valencia next opened before the army of Arragon. The port of Oropesa and its old walls were stained with the blood of Suchet. At length he arrived before Valencia and entered it victoriously. To Suchet, the war of Spain was merely a military tour; and at his resting-places, he planted the national flag on the Moorish or Roman walls of the ancient cities, which are scattered through the provinces of Spain. The Emperor conceived a cordial friendship for Marshal Suchet. He overwhelmed him with marks of favour. Titles, fortune, rank, all were lavishly bestowed upon him. The title of Duke of Albufera was accompanied by a majorat producing a rental of 500,000 livres. This was the richest endowment that Napoleon ever made. The war had long kept the Duke of Albufera distant from Paris; he was absent during seven years. At the expiration of that time he returned to France, which he had left with the rank of a general commanding a division; possessing, it is true, a good military reputation; but still merely a general. When he returned, he was a Marshal of the Empire, a Duke, a Colonel of the Imperial Guard, and Commander-in-chief of the two armies of Catalonia and Arragon. Thus, when the Emperor saw him, he said, "Marshal Suchet, you have grown a great deal since I saw you last." Napoleon said at St. Helena, in those hours of captivity, the languor of which he tried to divert by his recollections of past happiness, "Suchet was a man, the vigour of whose mind and character increased wonderfully." All will admit that words pronounced on a death-bed have so solemn a character that the voice which utters them, however feeble, vibrates for ever in the mind. The words I have above quoted were addressed to Dr. O'Meara, and as I conceive

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that the agonies of death commenced with Napoleon from the day when he set foot on St. Helena, I regard every word he uttered on his rock of exile as those of a dying man. Being questioned one day by Dr. O'Meara respecting his (Napoleon's) opinion of the generals whom he had left in France, he replied, "I give the preference to Suchet. Before his time Massena was the first; but he may be considered as dead. Suchet, Clausel, and Gérard, are now in my opinion the best French generals." The Memoirs of Madame Campan mention that Napoleon speaking of Suchet, once said, "It is a pity that Sovereigns cannot *improvise* men like him. If I had had two marshals such as Suchet, I should not only have conquered Spain, but I should have kept it."

The powerful efforts made by Napoleon to sustain himself in Spain seemed likely, about the close of the year 1811, to lead to the submission of that country. We were established in Catalonia and Arragon by the victories of Suchet; whilst advancing to the gates of Cadiz, we were completing the conquest of the four kingdoms of Andalusia. The passage of the Sierra-Morena—the dispersion of the central Junta—the extraordinary Cortes assembled at the Isle of Leon, issuing every day contradictory decrees—the Council of Regency, still disputing with the other authorities—those troubles which the heads of the new government had not the power or perhaps the will to check—all this placed us in an advantageous posture. King Joseph must have remarked it in his visit to Andalusia, the whole of which he journeyed through, and had ample opportunities of convincing himself, that every where the people were weary of the war. The Spaniards disliked the English, and were averse to any union with them. Consequently, in spite of the victories of Lord Wellington, our precipitate retreat and all the misfortunes of the Arapiles, the probability is, that we might have kept Spain. The Spaniards themselves were of this opinion; hundreds of families returned to the mother country, and accepted office under the new government; and, as was observed by a brave and patriotic Spaniard (Don Gonzalo O'Farrill), applicants multiplied to as great an extent as in the most peaceful days of the monarchy

But when threats were uttered by the Emperor of Russia—when the Emperor Francis forgot that Napoleon was his son-in-law—when Prussia forgot all her solemn pledges of friendship and alliance—when, in short, the formidable league of the North began to count its legions to ascertain whether it was strong enough to resist France—then the ill-feeling of the Peninsula was revived, and the little confidence which our troops had recovered was lost. England, foreseeing

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our disasters in the north of Europe, exerted herself, and increased her efforts in the Peninsula. One of the columns of his empire, on the stability of which Napoleon most confidently relied, was the confederation of the North. This confederation, which was originally conceived by Henry IV. and executed by Napoleon, would have been a glorious work, had it been accomplished for other purposes than those which Napoleon had in view. He committed another grand mistake in utterly neglecting the German people. He courted the confederate Sovereigns, whilst their subjects were the real power which he ought to have conciliated.

A treaty had been concluded between Russia and the Porte, and it was alleged that Napoleon knew nothing of it. Whether this was or was not the fact, may be a matter of doubt; but it is certain that Russia had begun to evince ill faith. She kept up the mask of friendship which she had assumed at Tilsit, merely because she did not think the moment was yet favourable for raising the standard of war. When the treaty of Tilsit was signed between Alexander and Napoleon, it will scarcely be imagined that the latter could be so far imposed upon, as to place faith in an alliance founded only on pretended sentiments of esteem and friendship. The natural conclusion is, that there was some degree of sincerity in the sentiment so loudly proclaimed by the Emperor Alexander. The fact is, that from the moment when Napoleon forced Russia to sign a treaty which was calculated to degrade her in the eyes of the whole world, he ought to have fairly expected a reprisal. Massena, by beating Korsakoff on the Limuth, had dimmed the brilliant legacy of glory left by Catherine II., Austerlitz further obscured it, and the Polish war and the treaty of Tilsit completed the humiliation. Napoleon was therefore guilty of imprudence, to use no stronger term, in withdrawing his forces from the north to transfer them to Spain and Italy, thus leaving the field open to Alexander.

The whole of the year 1811 was spent in the interchange of fruitless communications. On the 5th of April, the Duke de Bassano was appointed minister for foreign affairs. On the 6th, he addressed a note to Prince Kourakin to demand explanations. In his answer, the Prince again spoke of the Duchy of Oldenburg. He might as well have talked of the dowry of Queen Mandane. The Prince was asked what was meant by the army of 80,000 men who were assembling by order of the cabinet of St. Petersburg? The ambassador, like a pacific man as he was, replied that the Duke de Bassano was probably jesting with him, that he knew of no army, and that such questions were very annoying to the Emperor, his master.

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The cause of several of our misfortunes—I may perhaps say, our greatest misfortunes during the year 1811, may be traced to the embassy of the Duke of Vicenza to St. Petersburg. This will not appear surprising when I relate the following particulars:

Napoleon had sent the Duke de Rovigo to St. Petersburg, not in the quality of ambassador, but merely as extraordinary envoy. The attentions which the Emperor Alexander had shown the Duke at Austerlitz and Erfurth, led Napoleon to presume that he could not make a better choice of an envoy. But it was necessary to think of an ambassador. The Emperor, who had his caprices like every body else, attached great importance to external qualifications in making a choice of this kind. The Duke de Vicenza was a man of handsome figure and dignified deportment. His manners were as elegant as those of any man in France. He was noble in himself, and he had been ennobled by Napoleon. These considerations, joined to others, which I do not pretend to know, caused the Duke of Vicenza to be appointed ambassador from France to St. Petersburgh. But no sooner was this appointment known in the salons of St. Petersburgh, than it was unanimously resolved that M. de Caulaincourt should *not be received by any body*. This determination was dictated by no feelings of hostility to France; for the Duke de Rovigo was cordially received in every circle. One day the subject being alluded to in the presence of the Duke de Rovigo, he inquired what there was objectionable in the new ambassador, when he was informed that M. de Caulaincourt could not be received in any house of St. Petersburgh on account of the terrible affair of the Duke d'Enghien.

Savary had his faults, but he also had merits, which in some measure counterbalanced them. He was a good Frenchman, and was sincerely attached to the Emperor. On hearing a charge which struck immediately at his master, and whose counter-stroke rebounded upon his comrade, he became irritated, and several warm altercations ensued between him and some individuals of the court of St. Petersburgh. On one of these occasions he lost all self-command, and addressing himself to a gentleman who had spoken in an offensive way on the subject in question, said, "You are mistaken, sir, the Duke of Vicenza had nothing to do with the affair of the Duke d'Enghien. It was I,—I, who now have the honour of addressing you, who ordered the Prince to be shot." The person to whom these words were spoken stood almost petrified, and could not utter a word in reply. On his return to Paris, the Duke de Rovigo found M. de Caulaincourt preparing to set out on his embassy, and he frankly told him all the difficulties he would have to encounter, together with the cause in which they

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originated. M. de Caulaincourt was alarmed; for though brave on the field of battle, he had not the spirit requisite to face danger in private life. He thought of resigning his appointment, but that was impossible. How could he present himself to the Emperor and say, "Sire, I cannot go to St. Petersburgh, because I am accused of having *delivered up* the Duke d'Enghien to you!"

In his perplexity he flew to consult B . . . . r, and, after a long deliberation, the following plan was determined on to relieve the Duke of Vicenza from his embarrassment. A series of instructions were drawn up, so as to appear as if they had been given by B . . . r in the Emperor's name, at the time of the death of the Duke d'Enghien, and the Duke of Vicenza set out provided with his defence. On his arrival at St. Petersburgh he found, as Savary had announced, a formidable league raised against him. No visit was paid to him; and when any one was under the necessity of saluting him, it was done as coldly as possible. The Duke of Vicenza was too high spirited to submit to this sort of treatment. He appealed to the Czar himself, and demanded justice. The Emperor Alexander expressed such violent displeasure against the offenders, that he seemed ready to send the whole of his court to Tobolsk. The Duke of Vicenza thought this was the proper moment for presenting his justification. "This accusation is the more painful to me," said he to the Emperor, "inasmuch as I am not guilty, which I can easily prove."

Thereupon he put his hand in his pocket and drew out his defence, which he constantly carried about with him, and, presenting it to the Emperor, begged he would read it; but Alexander was more than satisfied. An ambassador from Napoleon! a Duke of the Empire! a grand officer of the crown of France was kneeling before him, and praying not only that he would protect him, but compel his subjects to show honour to him! The Duke of Vicenza did not comprehend the peculiar positions in which the Emperor Alexander and he himself stood; but the Czar was shrewd enough to judge them at a glance. He profited by his advantage; he raised the Duke of Vicenza, and thought he could not do better than grant him his friendship. By securing a claim on the gratitude of Napoleon's ambassador, the position of that ambassador became an affair which he had at his disposal. He therefore spared no efforts to conciliate the feelings of a man who could never have been induced to become a traitor. It was, indeed, with the most entire devotedness to the Emperor Napoleon that M. de Caulaincourt ruined the interests of his master.

A person who was an eye-witness to this scene of the grand drama of 1812 assured me that it was curious to see the impatience of M.

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de Caulaincourt, when he was urged to bring the cabinet of St. Petersburgh to an explanation on the subject of the army of eighty thousand men which was now being organized. "No such thing is in agitation," he wrote to the Duke of Bassano. "It is the more to be lamented that these reports should be suffered to reach the Emperor Napoleon, since the Emperor Alexander is much displeased even at the appearance of his distrust." His blindness was inconceivable to those who were ignorant of the plans which had been laid, not to corrupt, but to seduce him. When the Duke of Vicenza presented to Alexander the pretended instructions of B . . . . r, the Emperor said: "M. de Caulaincourt, I will not read them. I have long since been acquainted with every thing that can be known relative to the unfortunate death of the Duke d'Enghien. The Duke of Baden is my brother-in-law; his court is, in some degree, a portion of mine. You may, therefore, be certain that I know the truth of all that concerns you. I know your innocence. I affirm this on my word of honour, and I hope that pledge will be received." So saying, he smiled, and presented his hand to the Duke of Vicenza. From that moment M. de Caulaincourt was devoted to the Emperor Alexander. The latter was too adroit, and it may be said too generous, to render by halves the justice which he had promised should be complete. What he had said in his cabinet he repeated publicly in his court, and from that moment the affair of the Duke d'Enghien was never alluded to, except for the purpose of affirming the innocence of M. de Caulaincourt.

When the French minister for foreign affairs addressed to the Duke of Vicenza a very urgent note relative to the assembling of the Russian troops, a petulant answer was returned, and these words were used: "I shall make no further reply to inquiries which appear to me to be absurd." Such was the course pursued by our ambassador, when levies of troops were being made in every part of Russia;—when the cabinet of St. Petersburgh was arranging the basis of a treaty with the Divan;—when Sweden solicited and obtained the promise of Norway for her treason;—when, in short, every thing was flagrant and positive. In spite of his prepossession in favour of M. de Caulaincourt, Napoleon saw that, though his principles were correct, his policy was not so; or rather, it was so far incorrect as to render it advisable to appoint another ambassador to take his place. M. de Lauriston was therefore sent to St. Petersburgh to supersede him. Lauriston had received special orders from Napoleon to obtain an immediate audience of the Emperor Alexander, and to bring him to an explanation on the subject of the army. The audience was granted.

"Monsieur de Lauriston," said Alexander, "I am much vexed to

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observe that seeds of discord are sown between the Emperor Napoleon and me; they can produce nothing but evil fruit. It is strange that I should be suspected of intentions so perverse as those which are attributed to me in France. I assemble an army, sir! Where is it? Eighty thousand men cannot be assembled in secret. If you will have the goodness to appoint officers who will serve as guides to mine, they shall go together to reconnoitre this army which is said to be entering upon my territory, without my knowledge, without the knowledge of my subjects. You must confess the thing is absurd!"

Lauriston was greatly perplexed on leaving the cabinet of the Emperor Alexander, and he wrote a most strange letter to France. He, too, was under the influence of a sort of fascination. The tone of irony, mingled with the positive confidence of the denial, left no room for doubt. But this delusion was not of long duration; Napoleon had received positive information respecting the assembling of the troops; but it was not until some time afterwards that he was made acquainted with the treaty between Russia and Turkey.

The prospect of a new war cast a gloom over society in general, but particularly around the court. It was in vain that the Emperor ordered balls, parties, and quadrilles. Maria-Louisa was surrounded by young and handsome women who were commanded by Napoleon to exert every nerve to render her gay: but these ladies had brothers, fathers, husbands, and lovers, so that the joys of the court were forced pleasures, and not joys springing from the heart. About this time, a fancy quadrille was to be danced in the theatre of the palace in which the two sisters of the Emperor were to act the principal parts. The Princess Borghèse was that evening the most perfect idea of beauty that can be imagined. She represented Italy: on her head she wore a light casque of burnished gold, surmounted with small ostrich feathers of spotless white. Her bosom was covered with an Ægis of golden scales, to which was attached a tunic of Indian muslin embroidered in gold. The most exquisite part of her appearance was her arms and her feet: the former were encircled with gold bracelets, in which were enchased the most beautiful cameos belonging to the house of Borghèse, which is known to possess the most rich collection of gems: her little feet were shod with slender sandals of purple silk, the bands of which were gold; at each point where the latter crossed on the leg, was affixed a magnificent camaieu: the sash which held the Ægide on her bosom, was of solid gold, and the centre was ornamented with that most precious of the Borghèse collection—the dying Medusa: to all this splendour and rich magnificence was added a short pike highly embossed with gold and precious stones,

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which she carried in her hand. Her appearance was that of a fairy apparition, almost without substance, something celestial.

Her sister, the Queen of Naples, represented France; but she was indeed a caricature when beside Pauline. Her figure was naturally inelegant, short, and rather stout: there was no grace in her dress, which was composed of a heavy mantle of purple, and a long robe beneath. She wore also a helmet and plume of feathers; but amidst all this assemblage of gold, of pearls and rich ornaments, we still admired her pretty smiling and fresh face, shining in brilliancy, notwithstanding the grotesque confusion with which it was surrounded.

The same evening a second quadrille was danced, which was also extremely brilliant. M. Charles de Lagrange, who was a very handsome man, an aide-de-camp to Berthier, was dressed to imitate Apollo: M. de Gals de Malvirade, first page to the Emperor, was a zephyr: the charming and beautiful Madame de Mesgrigni represented Flora, or Spring: Madame Legrand was to have personated Love in this quadrille, but her husband, the general, wrote to her on the eve of the gala day, that she should not act the wily part of Cupid at the court quadrilles. Madame Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely, Madame de Rovigo, Madame Duchatel, Madame Gazani, Madame de Bassano, were very conspicuous among a crowd of elegant women who took part in these brilliant scenes.

CHAPTER XL.

The Pope at Savona—The Kingdom of Haiti—Coronation of Christophe—State of Europe—Our allies—Junot sent to Milan—Bernadotte—He rejects Napoleon's overtures of reconciliation—Victories in Spain—Suchet created Duke d'Albufera—The Emperor's departure for Germany—His interview with Francis II.—War between Great Britain and America—The Emperor proclaims war with Russia—Removal of the Spanish Royal family to Rome—Josephine's altered appearance—Her exquisite taste in dress—Madame Mère and Maria-Louisa—The Queens at Aix—Talma and the Princess Pauline—Conspiracy against the Empress Josephine—Madame Recamier at Lyons—My interview with her.

The Pope still remained a prisoner at Savona. He did not come to reside at Fontainebleau till after the departure of the Emperor. In the meanwhile, some curious scenes were passing in another quarter

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of the world. Henri Christophe was crowned King of Haiti, and a capuchin, named Corneille Brell, anointed him with cocoa-nut oil. In 1804, this same capuchin had anointed the Emperor Dessalines. The grand officers of the crown were entitled Duke of *Marmalade*, Count *Lemonade*, etc. The constitution of the kingdom of Haiti was copied from the French constitution of 1804. This parody, on a great empire and a great sovereign, gave birth at the time to many amusing pleasantries. The French portion of St. Domingo was, by the new arrangement of affairs, divided into two states on the death of Dessalines, the monster of the Antilles. The mulattoes wished to change the form of the government of St. Domingo, and to establish a republic with an elective president. Christophe was elected president of the republic of Haiti for four years, and Petion, another mulatto, denounced him. Christophe then placed a crown upon his woolly head, and made toys of sceptres and subjects.

Whilst the pomps and ceremonies of Christophe's coronation occupied the negroes of the Antilles, Europe was threatened with convulsion even to the depths of her ancient foundations. Empires tottered and menaced each other with mutual destruction. France was preparing for the conflict like a victorious warrior. As to Russia, whose hostile intentions could no longer be concealed, she seemed anxious to give the signal for battle. The other powers were still timid, for their yet bleeding wounds reminded them that Napoleon would severely punish perjury. The Duke de Bassano had spent the whole of the past year in endeavouring to gain auxiliaries. Austria, though our ally, seemed unwilling to oppose Russia. Prussia showed herself still less favourably disposed, and M. de Krussmarck, who was then at the head of the Prussian cabinet, appeared unwilling to make any concession. Yet nothing was more important than to secure the alliance of Prussia; it was necessary that she should act with us, or be destroyed. M. de Krussmarck plainly saw that Prussia was lost if France took only a cottage on her frontier. Accordingly, on the 24th of February, 1812, a treaty offensive and defensive was signed between France and the cabinet of Berlin. With regard to Austria, she was our natural ally, but she was still more our natural enemy. We soon saw the fatal result of that alliance, on which the Emperor so confidently relied. Then Denmark and the confederation of the Rhine; all were for us, when the first trumpet sounded the signal for marching. Junot had been taking the baths of Barèges, which had greatly improved his health, and he now earnestly solicited the Emperor to give him a military command. Napoleon sent him to Milan to take the command of the troops who

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were in Italy, and to march them towards the north. Junot was highly satisfied at this appointment, and left Paris at the moment when the treaty offensive and defensive was about to be signed with Austria. That treaty gave us a subsidy of 30,000 men and 60 pieces of cannon. Prince Schwartzenberg was to command the Austrian troops.

On the 26th March the same year, Sweden signed a treaty with Russia. A marshal of France was about to point the cannon of his new kingdom against his own countrymen—against his brother in arms—and against the man of whose glory it had so long been alleged that he was jealous. He sold himself for a province. Norway was promised to Sweden, and immediately Sweden unfurled the standard of war against France. Napoleon made the first advance for a reconciliation with his old brother in arms; but his propositions, though presented through the medium of a friendly hand, and one that the Emperor supposed would be agreeable to King John,* were however not accepted. The King of Sweden resolved to lend his aid in pulling down the colossus. This conduct was not very honourable to him. He alleged in his defence, that on the 26th of January, General Friant had taken possession of Stralsund, on the part of France, and had entered Swedish Pomerania by order of the Emperor; but he did not acknowledge that for ten months previously, continual conferences had taken place, and that *he*, Bernadotte, had rejected every arrangement that was proposed. England, as soon as she learned the defection of Bernadotte, hastened to acknowledge the treaty between Sweden and Russia, by a convention which will prove to posterity, that though Napoleon might have fallen by the effect of his own faults, yet treason and perfidy hurled him into the abyss, on the brink of which he was now standing.

Whilst the reactionary movement was going on in the north, Spain was once more the theatre of our victories. The taking of Valencia by Marshal Suchet was one of our glorious achievements. General Ventura-Caro, the brother of Romana, commanded the forces in the garrison. They consisted of eighteen thousand men, nine hundred officers, twenty generals, and four hundred pieces of artillery, together with immense magazines. Valencia was the central depot of all the resources of the east of Spain; it was a brilliant conquest! The Emperor was well aware of its importance, and by an Imperial decree two hundred millions of francs were assigned to the army of

* The Queen of Sweden remained in Paris, and she undertook the task of transmitting the Emperor's propositions to the King.

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Arragon. It was after the taking of Valencia that Suchet was created Duke d'Albufera. But as if by way of counterbalance to the laurels which Suchet was reaping in the smiling plains of Valencia, Wellington was victorious in the deserts of Ciudad-Rodrigo and Almeira. He had now re-entered the former city. Shortly after this Badajoz was re-taken by the English; and the battle of Tarragona gained by Suchet, was sadly expiated by the loss we sustained at Arapiles.

At length Napoleon departed for Germany, to give the final orders, and to assemble all the forces which were to march: he clearly saw that this campaign must be decisive, and that nothing could balance a reverse.* At this time Paris presented a curious but melancholy spectacle. Husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers, were departing to join the army; while wives, mothers, sisters, and mistresses, either remained at home to weep, or sought amusement in Italy, Switzerland, or the various watering places of France.

Before the firing of the first cannon, the Emperor wished to make one more endeavour to ascertain the definitive resolution of Russia. M. de Narbonne, in spite of all his courtly experience, had not been able to learn any thing in his mission to Wilna. Napoleon entertained greater hope from an interview with the Emperor of Austria, now his father-in-law, and above all, from an interview with M. de Metternich. Napoleon therefore conducted Maria-Louisa to Dresden, under the ostensible pretext of paying a visit to her father, who was then in that city, but for the real purpose of discovering the path he had to pursue in the labyrinth which he was about to enter. The wished-for interview, however, served only to raise new difficulties, and these were increased by the certainty of war between the United States and Great Britain. General Bloomfield, whose head-quarters were at New York, declared, on the part of the American government, war against England. By a curious coincidence, for there could be no previous understanding in the matter, the Emperor declared war against Russia on the very same day (June 22d, 1812), at his head-quarters of Wilkowsky, near Gumbinen, in eastern Prussia.

At this period a circumstance took place in France which was but little noticed, because all eyes were directed to the great European Congress;—I allude to the removal of the Spanish Royal Family to Rome from Marseilles, where they had resided since they quitted

* The population of Europe according to Humboldt, who is the most correct of calculators, amounted at this period to 182 millions, of which Napoleon had under his domination 85 millions: his control extended over 19 degrees of latitude, and 30 of longitude.

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Bayonne. My brother, who was then lieutenant-general of police at Marseilles, and who had the illustrious and unfortunate prisoners in some measure under his safeguard and responsibility, was well pleased at their removal, for Charles IV. had suffered in health from the sedentary life which he was forced to lead at Marseilles; while at Rome he might have the opportunity of renewing his active habits, and enjoying his favourite field sports. The Empress Josephine was a great favourite of the King and Queen of Spain. I have heard from their principal equerry, that she was often the tutelary genius of the unfortunate Royal Family, particularly when in the Emperor's absence their pecuniary allowances were very tardily paid. She used to exert her influence, and make the requisite applications to get these payments settled. I did not see the Empress Josephine till some time after my return from Spain. When I arrived in Paris she was at Navarre, which place she was forced to leave in the autumn in consequence of the damp. The Empress had already severely suffered from the humidity of Navarre, the disadvantages of which were only balanced by the beauty of the place during two months of summer; viz., from the end of June to the end of August. I observed that Josephine had grown very stout since the time of my departure for Spain. This change was at once for the better and the worse. It imparted a more youthful appearance to her face; but her slender and elegant figure, which had been one of her principal attractions, had entirely disappeared. She was now decidedly *embonpoint*, and her figure had assumed that matronly air which we find in the statues of Agrippina, Cornelia, Levia, &c. Still, however, she looked uncommonly well, and she wore a dress which became her admirably. Her exquisite and judicious taste in these matters contributed to make her appear young much longer than she otherwise would. The Emperor, who seldom made remarks on female attire, except when a court dress happened to strike him as having been worn too often, nevertheless frequently admired the elegance of Josephine's costume. The best proof that can be adduced of the admirable taste of Josephine, is the marked absence of elegance displayed by Maria-Louisa, though both Empresses employed the same milliners and dressmakers, and Maria-Louisa had a large sum allotted for the expenses of her toilet.

I have hardly mentioned that Madame Mère was very reserved in alluding to the Empress Maria-Louisa. She observed the same rule with respect to her second daughter-in-law, as she had observed towards her first; that is to say, she seldom spoke of her, and was always anxious to establish friendly feelings among her numerous children. In her relations with the latter, Madame Mère admirably main

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tained the dignity of her own position. During the first few months of her marriage, the new Empress seemed to imagine that the only individuals of the Imperial family worthy of her attention, were Napoleon and the Queen of Naples. Madame Mère, whose excellent understanding pointed out to her the impropriety of creating any discord through complaints, which after all must be unavailing, determined to depend on herself alone for securing the respect of her young daughter-in-law. One day Maria-Louisa went to visit Napoleon's mother.

"Madame," said she, "I have come to dine with you.—But I do not come as the Empress—I wish merely to pay a friendly visit to you." Madame, drawing Maria-Louisa towards her and kissing her forehead, replied, "I shall treat you with no ceremony. I shall receive you as my daughter, and the Emperor's wife shall share the dinner of the Emperor's mother." The Empress Josephine was less attentive than Maria-Louisa to Madame Mère; and in this she was ill-advised. The Emperor did not externally show his mother much attention, but he was always deeply offended when he heard that any one had slighted her.

I departed for Aix in Savoy on the 15th June, 1812, accompanied by my friend Madame Lallemand, my brother-in-law, and my eldest son,—the latter was then three years of age. Aix was that year exceedingly crowded with company, and it was difficult to obtain houses. I was fortunate enough to find a very good house in the principal square. The Queen of Spain resided opposite to me, and was not so well accommodated. There were present Queens of almost every description. The Princess of Sweden was expecting to be Queen; the Queen of Spain was exercising the right and title of Queen; Josephine had been a reigning Empress, while Talma was king of the theatres.

The Queen had but a very limited suite; she seemed anxious to avoid the least appearance of *éclat*. The Empress Josephine, too, had but few attendants. I forget who were the persons who accompanied her; but I think Madame d'Audenarde was one of them. Madame Mère had brought only one lady of honour with her; this was Madame de Fontanges. I offered to resume my attendance upon Madame, though, in consequence of my ill health, my services had been dispensed with; but Madame would not hear of this.

Talma was among the visitors to Aix this year. He had gone thither by order of his medical attendants to drink the waters and recover his health; but he seemed likely to grow worse instead of better; he was condemned every evening by the Princess Pauline to read scenes from Molière, to divert the Princess and her company.

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Talma at first could not venture to refuse a request made by the Emperor's sister. It was certainly very amusing to hear him imitate a female voice and repeat, almost as well as Mademoiselle Mars: "*Excusez-moi, monsieur, je n'etends pas grec.*" Then he would assume a gruff tone of voice and growl like the *Avare*. This was all very well for a little time, when Talma himself, tired of playing the Emperor, the Prince, and the Grand-Turk, seemed to be amused at taking a new line of characters; but he soon grew weary of it. "This will kill me," said he to me one day. "I cannot hold out much longer; she will compel me to leave Aix, which I am sorry for, because I like the place; but I cannot endure the fatigue of those rehearsals every evening, for the Princess is learning the part of Agnes in the *Ecole des Femmes*, and that of Angélique in *Les Femmes savantes*."

The Empress Josephine arrived at Aix before I left, and I had the honour to dine with her. At that time there was a conspiracy formed to oblige her to quit France. An endeavour was made to induce me to join this conspiracy; but I would not listen to any suggestion of the kind, but quitted Aix on the 28th September to return to France. There, symptoms of disquietude had begun to pervade the public mind. Intelligence of brilliant successes was transmitted from Russia, but the tenor of the private letters was of a very different nature. At this disastrous period women were not exempt from the horrors of persecution. Madame Recamier had been exiled for having paid a visit to Madame de Staël at Coppet. The cause of her exile was too honourable for a woman like Madame Recamier, no less celebrated for the goodness of her heart than for her ravishing beauty, to endeavour to shrink at the consequences of her devoted friendship. She repaired to Coppet, notwithstanding the warnings given her by Junot and many other friends. She had scarcely reached her destination when she received notice that the gates of Paris were closed against her. On the departure of Madame de Staël, Madame Recamier left Switzerland and proceeded to Lyons, for the sake of being a little nearer Paris. Her companion in misfortune was another lady who had excited the Emperor's displeasure, but who was the less entitled to sympathy, because her object was merely to gain popularity. This was Madame de Chevreuse. In her case her mother-in-law was the true heroine; the conduct of the Duchess of Lynes was admirable in every point of view.

As soon as I arrived at Lyons I proceeded to the Hotel de l'Europe, for I was aware that Madame Recamier lodged there. I was desirous of being as much with her as possible during my stay at Lyons; and indeed, my journey thither had been undertaken chiefly for the pur

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pose of seeing her. I cannot describe the painful nature of my feelings on entering a vast chamber, parted into two divisions by a screen. This was the only apartment occupied by Madame Recamier! She whom I had seen in her magnificent hotel in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, surrounded by all the luxuries that wealth could procure, was now residing in an apartment at an inn, but still as beautiful, as cheerful, and as graceful as ever. She employed herself in acts of benevolence, and received the visits of a few faithful friends, who occasionally left Paris to spend some weeks with her. Among these friends were M. Adrien de Montmorency, the present Duke de Laval, Matthieu de Montmorency, Benjamin Constant, M. de Catelan, and a host of others.

When I entered, Madame Recamier was sitting at her embroidery frame. "Are you not dull?" said I, as I looked round her solitary abode. "Dull?" replied she, in her soft tone of voice. "I do not know why I should be so. I have various occupations to engage me; but sometimes, indeed, my unfortunate fate presents itself to my mind. Then I feel myself solitary and I weep; for I will not boast of a stoicism I do not possess. I could not be happy away from France!" All this she said with so natural an air, and looked so lovely, that I could not help turning to Madame Alexander Doumerc, to ascertain what impression it had made on her. The looks we exchanged were expressive of profound admiration at the sight of adversity supported with so much courage.

Madame Recamier had in the apartment a piano-forte, drawing materials, work-frames, books, etc. These alternately occupied her time; but could not entirely exclude melancholy recollections. Madame Doumerc ran her fingers over the keys of the piano-forte, and produced those sweet tones which she so well knew how to draw from the instrument. "Ah!" exclaimed Madame Recamier; "revive some of the recollections I share in common with you both! sing me a song; but let it be French, not Italian!" Madame Doumerc requested me to accompany her in one of Boieldieu's romances, the words of which were written by M. de Longchamp, when he was banished to America by the Directory. They are expressive of the deepest melancholy, and I could perceive they drew tears from the eyes of the fair exile.

I parted from Madame Recamier with regret. I wished to have stayed longer with her, but I could not. I was anxious to return to Paris to see my children again. My two daughters I had placed at the Abbaye aux Bois before I left Paris, as I could not safely leave them at my hotel in the care of their English governess, who was too

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young for such a charge. I found my family all well. I wrote to Junot to inform him of this; for he loved his children as tenderly as I did.

CHAPTER XLI.

Napoleon's despotism—Mrs. Spencer Smith—History of her arrest at Venice by order of Napoleon, and of her romantic escape with the Marquis de Salvo.

In the year 1806 it was difficult to find over the whole continent of Europe, a single corner which afforded shelter against the despotism of the Emperor, when it was his pleasure to exercise it. Italy was in his power, Germany almost subjugated, and even as far as the *steppes* of Russia, there was no place which could be said to secure a refuge for the proscribed. French domination extended even to the lion of Saint Mark. The "Code Napoleon" punished the gondolier of the Brenta, and prohibited him from singing his barcaroles. Amongst the numerous foreigners then residing at Venice, was the Marquis de Salvo, a Sicilian nobleman, about twenty years of age, who had quitted Sicily and Naples, and was travelling in Italy. The Marquis was even at this early period of his life distinguished for his talents and knowledge of the world, and he was most cordially received by all the foreigners of rank then in Italy. Of this number was the Countess Attems, the daughter of Baron Herbert, Internuncio from Austria to Constantinople, whose house was the resort of the best company in Venice. A younger sister of the Countess had arrived a short time previously from Germany, for the purpose of recovering her health. This lady was Mrs. Spencer Smith, whose husband was the ambassador from England to Stuttgard. Mrs. Smith seldom quitted her apartment, but those who knew her declared that she was distinguished for grace and beauty, that her mental attainments were of a very superior kind, that she spoke seven languages with perfect purity, was an excellent musician, and was familiar with the literature of every language she spoke. All that the Marquis de Salvo heard respecting this young lady rendered him extremely desirous to become acquainted with her. On the occasion of the performance of a new piece at the theatre, Mrs. Spencer Smith accompanied her sister to her box, when the Marquis, apprised by the Countess of her intention to be present, was gratified by the introduction he so anxiously sought.

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Shortly after the Marquis de Salvo's introduction to Mrs. Smith, General Lauriston, one of Napoleon's aides-de-camp, arrived in Venice to exercise the functions of governor. M. de la Garde then filled the post of director-general of the police. One evening the Marquis de Salvo went to pay a visit to the Countess Attems,—he found her drawing-room deserted. Astonished at this solitude, he inquired the cause of it, and was informed that M. de la Garde had that evening sent an *invitation* to Mrs. Spencer Smith, requesting her to *call on him next morning at his office.* The effect of this invitation, which Mrs. Smith in her frankness had thoughtlessly made known, was a signal for every one to desert her, as a person whose society it was almost dangerous to frequent, since she had drawn upon her the attention of the director-general of the police of Venice. The Marquis, indignant at this desertion of Mrs. Smith, generously offered to escort her to the office of M. de la Garde. The director-general of the police received her with every mark of respect, and took pains to dispel the alarm she appeared to be in, assuring her that the suspicions which attached to her name in Paris, evidently originated in some mistake: probably from the circumstance of her sister receiving so much company. He concluded by suggesting the propriety of her quitting Venice, and recommended her to reside near Padua, where her sister could easily visit her. Mrs. Smith readily promised to take his advice. Her satisfaction at this dreaded interview terminating so calmly, was, however, soon disturbed.

On the following evening, the house of the Countess was abruptly entered by some gendarmes with a brigadier at their head, who unceremoniously ordered Mrs. Smith to confine herself to her own room, where they should guard her as a prisoner. M. de la Garde informed the Marquis de Salvo, who waited upon him without delay, to ascertain the cause of this unexpected harsh measure, that shortly after his interview with Mrs. Spencer Smith on the preceding day, he had received fresh instructions from the cabinet of the Emperor himself. These orders required him to remove the lady from Venice, and to conduct her with an escort of gensdarmes to Milan. There she was to be interrogated by the Viceroy and afterwards conveyed to France—probably for the purpose of being imprisoned in the citadel of Valenciennes. "The name of Smith," added he, "is probably one cause of the severity shown to this lady, who is the sister-in-law of Sir Sydney Smith, and the wife of Mr. Spencer Smith, the ambassador from England to Stuttgard. Recollect the affair of Drake, and you will then have a key to circumstances which appear mysterious."

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The Marquis de Salvo, shocked at the contemplation of the rude trials that this charming woman was threatened with, resolved at all hazards to secure her escape. He found it no easy matter to obtain Mrs. Smith's sanction to his project, the generous devotion of which she fully appreciated. She wrote a letter intreating him to abandon his intention, reminding him of the hopelessness of the attempt and of the inevitable ruin to himself, and characterised the plan as the offspring of the ardent and impassioned imagination of a man of twenty, whose services never could be repaid by her gratitude.

The doubt thus slightly glanced at of the purity of his intentions, was emphatically disavowed by the Marquis. He referred to her relationship to Sir Sydney Smith, at that time engaged in protecting his own Sovereign, as a sufficient cause for his risking any danger in her behalf. He should by this service be showing his gratitude to England, the country which had done so much for his unfortunate master. With respect to his own personal sentiments, he assured her that he regarded her with no other affection than that of a brother. He pledged his sacred word of honour, that as soon as she should be in safety and restored to her family, he would leave her without asking to remain another hour near her. The Marquis was the more confirmed in his determination to secure Mrs. Smith's escape, since he well knew that she must otherwise be imprisoned in the citadel of Valenciennes. The Emperor's displeasure had been excited against her in consequence of Drake's affair. Her husband had, happily for him, reached England: but Napoleon had received intelligence, either true or false, which represented that his wife was on the Continent, as the agent of her husband. Her extraordinary talents, and the number of languages which she spoke with facility, added to her beauty—which was in itself a powerful fascinator—all tended to confirm the Emperor's suspicions, and prompted him to adopt measures so extremely severe towards a female. The Marquis de Salvo reasonably feared that the lady's captivity would be rendered most rigorous, and these apprehensions having been confirmed by something which he heard prior to leaving Venice, he renewed most emphatically to the Count and Countess Attems the solemn assurance that he would save their sister. The Countess overruled her sister's scruples, and the Marquis at length received permission to make arrangements for the execution of his project. He possessed great courage and coolness. One of his first steps was to secure the safety of the two sons of Mrs. Smith, one of whom was seven and the other five years of age, and who might have been retained as hostages after the escape of their mother. It was then about the 15th of April

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That season of the year is most delightful in Venice, and Mrs. Spencer Smith's children were frequently to be rowed in a gondola. One day the Marquis accompanied them to Fusina. Having reached that place, he said to their tutor, "Here are one hundred louis, take a post-chaise, get into it with your two pupils, and proceed as speedily as possible to the Countess of Strassoldo's at Gratz in Styria; remain there until Mrs. Smith shall again join her children. Depart without delay." The tutor, an honest German who was devoted to his patrons, obeyed the Marquis and fulfilled his commission.

On his return to Venice, the Marquis advised Mrs. Smith to write to the principal authorities, stating that she did not consider it safe to undertake so long a journey with no companion but her female servant, and requesting permission for a friend of her family to accompany her—that friend being the Marquis de Salvo. In answer to Mrs. Smith's letter, General Lauriston replied, "That he was most happy to find his instructions did not oppose his ready acquiescence in her demands." The Marquis de Salvo accordingly renewed per mission to accompany Mrs. Smith. On the 25th of April, 1806, Mrs. Spencer Smith quitted Venice for Milan, escorted by four gendarmes, and a brigadier named Amédée. This latter rode in the carriage of the prisoner, together with the Marquis, and Louisa, the waiting woman. General Lauriston and the director-general of the police, in consideration of Mrs. Smith's state of health, had authorised the gendarmes to stop in the fortified towns, when the prisoner should request them to do so, and even to halt for several days if required.

It was at Verona that the Marquis counted on carrying into effect his plan of escape. There was in that city a friend of his childhood whom he loved as a brother, and upon whom he believed he could implicitly rely. This friend was Count Grimani. The Marquis had directed the Countess in English, to say that she was fatigued and required rest. On alighting from the carriage, the Marquis de Salvo hastened to the hotel of Count Grimani. It was closed! He learned from the porter at the gate that the Count was in the country, more than three leagues distant. He immediately wrote a letter to the Count Grimani, in which he said, "An affair, in which my life and my honour are engaged, compels me to appeal to your friendship. I have need of your assistance; but it is necessary to keep this a profound secret; and since you are not in Verona, it is also requisite that our interview should not be known. Come here to-night. At one o'clock, you will find me in the Arena." The Marquis repaired at the hour fixed by him to the place of rendezvous, and found, to his

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dismay, that his friend was not there. After waiting some hours during a stormy night, he returned home in despair. In passing the post-house, he stopped to inquire for his postillion, who he found had arrived. He had brought the answer of Count Grimani, who had discovered by the incoherent style of the Marquis' letter that the affair in which he requested his assistance might possibly compromise him. He did not deem it prudent to serve his friend at the risk of his own safety. The Marquis de Salvo angrily tore in pieces the letter of Grimani. "And this is what is called a friend!" cried he, bursting with indignation.

Next morning, at breakfast, the Marquis had to inform Mrs. Smith that the hopes of that night had been thwarted. She endeavoured to calm him, as he was much irritated at the conduct of his friend. They stayed at Verona till the following morning. Then the little caravan took the road to Brescia, where it arrived on the 1st of May, 1806. The refusal of Count Grimani was the more vexatious, as there remained for the fugitives no asylum to elude pursuit, allowing that they could steal away from the gendarmes. This circumstance above all others increased the difficulties; for it was in the chateau of Count Grimani that the Marquis reckoned upon concealing Mrs. Smith. Suddenly, however, a thought crossed his mind. The Lake of Guarda occurred to him, with its shady banks, and above all, its boats—those boats which had so often, during the preceding year, conveyed him to parties of pleasure at Riva. A few moments sufficed for him to arrange every thing in his mind, and he communicated his plan to Mrs. Smith in English. On arriving at Brescia, he endeavoured to obtain lodgings which might be favourable to the execution of his project. He wished to obtain apartments on a ground floor; but in this he did not succeed, and he was obliged to content himself with a very inferior lodging at the Due Torre inn. It was on the first floor.

The next step was to put the brigadier of the gendarmes off his guard. Luckily Amédée was of a gay, easy temper, and the Marquis soon succeeded in cajoling him. He pretended that he was apprehensive of being observed by Prince Eugène, to whom he was under obligations, in the act of escorting a state-prisoner. That he was anxious on this account to separate from Mrs. Smith at this point, and to rejoin her after she had passed through Milan. Amédée, flattered by the confidence thus shown him, readily promised to break the matter to the lady, and to allow the Marquis to bid her farewell afterwards without the presence of a witness.

The Marquis immediately procured a horse, rode to Salons, and

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hired two boats. One of these boats was for himself and Mrs. Smith; the other was to convey the post-chaise, which was also ordered with the horses. These arrangements occupied nearly three hours. On the other bank of the lake were the passages of the Tyrol, Saltzbourg, and the frontier of Styria. The Marquis returned to Brescia, made several purchases, wrote a long letter explaining all to Mrs. Smith, and then went to her. Amédée kept his word; she was alone, though still guarded. The Marquis then gave his instructions, the most important of which was, that Mrs. Smith should fasten a cord to her window at nine o'clock that night, for the purpose of drawing up a packet and a rope-ladder. The Marquis, after leaving the lady, employed the rest of the day in preparing this ladder. Before evening he had completed one of ten or twelve feet long, and sufficiently strong to bear the fugitive. At nine at night he repaired to a little narrow obscure passage, opposite to the inn of the Due Torre. From thence he saw a light in Mrs. Smith's apartments. The window on the left belonged to the chamber adjoining her room, and which the gendarmes never quitted. Her own window was softly opened when the nearest clock struck nine, and the Marquis saw the cord descend. He approached with caution, but it was scarcely necessary, the street being deserted at that hour, and the weather being bad. The Marquis tied a packet to the cord, and it was quickly drawn up again. He then returned to his hiding place. This was a barn, in which was the cabriolet and the horse, which he had hired for forty-eight hours. The barn was close to the gate through which they must pass to go to Salons. The Marquis threw himself upon the straw to endeavour to sleep, for he foresaw that if he was not shot the following morning he must remain many days without rest. The packet which he had carried to Mrs. Smith contained a suit of boy's clothes, the rope-ladder, the letter explaining every thing she would have to do, and a phial, in which were five-and-twenty drops of laudanum. The laudanum was intended as a narcotic potion for the waiting-woman, if she should decline to aid the flight of her mistress. The hour appointed for Mrs. Smith's escape was eleven. At length the clock struck half-past ten, and the Marquis ventured from his retreat. He had on a large military cloak and hat; he walked with the greatest confidence, in order to avoid suspicion.

On reaching the narrow lane opposite the inn of the Due Torre, which had already served to conceal him, he trembled, and fancied for a moment that all was discovered. The window next to that of Mrs. Smith, which belonged to the room occupied by the gendarmes,

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was open, and no light appeared. Was this done the better to surprise them? At this instant eleven o'clock struck from all the churches of Brescia. The Marquis then saw a light glimmer through the white curtains of Mrs. Smith's window. The sash was raised, and the lady appeared in the balcony dressed in male attire. Louise threw a packet to the Marquis, and then lowered a casket which contained Mrs. Smith's jewels. All this was done in profound silence. At length came the moment which the Marquis dreaded. Mrs. Smith, after a short prayer, got over the balcony, and, placing her feet on the ladder, began to descend; but the unsteadiness of the ladder, the height of the window, the danger to which she was exposed, all made such an impression upon her, that she felt her senses failing. Agitated by the dread of falling, and the fear of being discovered, Mrs. Smith let go her hold of the ladder, and dropped into the arms of the Marquis, who fell to the ground with her, but without sustaining any hurt. Whilst they were both recovering themselves, two men passed singing on the other side of the street, without even noticing them. In a few moments the fugitives reached the barn in safety. Mrs. Smith wept. "Oh, poor Louise! if you knew how nobly she has acted. She at first wished to follow me, but afterwards, when she saw that was impossible, she told me that lest she should make any answers which might lead to a discovery of my track, she had drank the laudanum. "This," said she, "will make me sleep, and will prevent my saying a single word which may endanger you. And before I could prevent her," continued Mrs. Smith, "she had swallowed the whole contents of the little phial. I am alarmed for the consequences."

After they reached the barn, the Marquis recollected that he had left the rope-ladder at the window of the inn. He hoped that Louise had removed it before break of day; but after what he had just heard, he thought it was not likely she could have done so, and the first person passing by might give the alarm. He ran to the inn of the Due Torre; but the ladder was gone from the window. After looking about he found that it had been cut, and was lying on the ground below the window. Louise had returned to the balcony to see if her mistress was out of danger, and perceiving the ladder, she immediately understood all that was to be done. On his return Mrs. Smith remarked that it was nearly three o'clock, and proposed to depart immediately. "How can we?" said the Marquis; "Brescia is a closed town. We cannot get out before the opening of the gates. But, stay! a thought strikes me!"

He took from the cabriolet a blue cloth cap with a gold band and

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tassel, and having put it on his head, he handed the lady into the cabriolet. Mrs. Smith, it will be recollected, was in male attire. He seated himself by her side, wrapped up in his cloak, and the cabriolet was in a few moments at the gate of the city. "Hollo! how is this?" exclaimed the Marquis, with an oath. "What! the guard of the gates not at his post! I will cashier him!" The man appeared, half undressed, with the key in his hands. "Who is there?" cried he, in an affrighted tone.—"The colonel of the third regiment," answered the Marquis, assuming a gruff tone of voice. "You received notice last evening that I was going into the country to-day. I will punish you."—"Colonel, I assure you that I knew nothing of the matter."—"Go and open the gates, and do not stand babbling there." The guard opened the gates, holding his cap in his hand, and having again closed them he returned to bed, whilst the fugitives drove rapidly to Salons. On arriving there they entered their boat, and took the direction of Riva. They now breathed again, and were able to render thanks to Heaven.

But new disasters awaited the fugitives. In order to obtain fresh horses at Trent, it was necessary that Mrs. Smith's passport should be shown. That of the Marquis bore his real description, but it contained the word *cameriere*, which he had altered to *cameriera*. Mrs. Smith having resumed her female attire, the officer would probably have let them pass, but it happened to be the commissary of police who examined the passport. Probably out of humour at being roused from his bed, he examined the passport very minutely, and discovered that it was a false one. However, as he must have a more careful examination of the parties, and as by not giving the order for the horses which were required, he was very certain to find them again on the following morning, he postponed until eight o'clock the further examination of the passport, and returned to bed. "There is no time for hesitation," said the Marquis, "we must proceed on foot, otherwise we are lost." Mrs. Smith was overcome with fatigue; but on seeing the imminent danger in which she stood, she determined to follow the advice of the Marquis. He had observed the countenance of the master of the inn; he appeared to be a kind-hearted man. He went to him and made some other inquiries about the road they were to take. The worthy man observed, "It is impossible that the young lady can undertake the journey on foot in the middle of the night. You are not here under any *surveillance*," added he; "if you will give me your word of honour that you have committed no offence against the government of my country, I will furnish you with a cabriolet. I can also spare you a horse, which

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will very well bear a long journey. Depart, then, and may Heaven protect you!"

He himself put the horse to the vehicle, and having assisted the lady and the Marquis into the carriage, mounted it himself in order to answer with his name to the guard at the gates. In this manner they passed without difficulty. It was two o'clock in the morning when they left Trent. The good landlord of the inn left them at a distance of one league from the city. Mrs. Smith was greatly incommoded by the jolting of the vehicle. At intervals they heard at a distance an indistinct sound like the rolling of a carriage, and the smacking of a whip. This sound proceeded from the direction of Trent. At length it came so near upon them that Mrs. Smith became greatly terrified. They were then on a summit above a very deep valley, in which flowed a little river, or rather a torrent. On the other side was a steep and well wooded mountain. The Marquis did not hesitate; he saw at some distance behind him a calèche full of men in uniform. Were they then pursued? This was probable, if not certain. From the position of the two carriages, the Marquis could clearly distinguish every thing, whilst the sun shone in the eyes of those that approached, so that they could not perceive him. "Do not be alarmed," said he to Mrs. Smith, and, taking the horse by the bridle, he led him down rapidly to the bottom of the valley, and having urged the animal across the little torrent, he entered a thicket formed by the young trees which grew at the foot of the mountain. The rolling of the carriages was soon heard on the heights. The noise was at first loud, then it became more distant, and at last it ceased all together. The Marquis sallied forth to reconnoitre. On his return, he said, "I have found a footpath, it may almost be called a road. The carriage can pass through it; we must take this way, for it is advisable we should avoid the towns and high roads." He then explained to Mrs. Smith that his object was to gain the frontier of Styria, by passing along the border of the territory of Saltzbourg. The trial which they had made of their passport at Trent, was not calculated to give them confidence on passing through the cities. It was necessary then to proceed by by-roads, and above all things to guard against being met and recognized. The escape had been known for three days past. A description had been circulated of their persons, and the situation of the fugitives was in every respect more perilous than it had been before their flight from Brescia. Mrs. Smith was aware of this, and she gave renewed proofs of that fortitude of mind which she had evinced throughout her misfortunes. She ascended the mountain on foot

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When they had reached the summit, they perceived with delight a solitary house which appeared to be a farm. The heat was excessive, and the unfortunate lady had nothing to quench her thirst but a little water, so heated by the sun, that it was scarcely drinkable. They arrived at length before the door of the house. It was closed, and the barking of two or three dogs was at first the only answer they could obtain. At length, a window above the door was opened, and a young woman asked them in no very gentle tone what they wanted.

She was, after a short parley, induced to let them in, and placed before the exhausted travellers some refreshment. They had scarcely finished their repast, when a man of repulsive manners, and armed as is the custom on the mountains, made his appearance. This was the master of the house. He eyed the guests with suspicion, and questioned them very closely; presently his attention was directed to Mrs. Smith's little casket of jewels, which he suddenly seized upon and opened. The sight of its contents confirmed him in the idea that the strangers were adventurers—possibly thieves, and even murderers.

This unfavourable opinion he very coarsely expressed, and poor Mrs. Smith was overcome with terror.

"You are not common travellers," exclaimed he. "It is my duty to arrest you, young man, and to go to the neighbouring town for assistance to conduct you to the prison of Trent."

He advanced towards the Marquis, whose pistols were in the cabriolet, and who now trembled on thinking of the consequences which might result from being conveyed under such suspicious circumstances to Trent, whence he had fled on the preceding night. "Hear me," said he to the man, drawing him aside, "take care of what you are doing." And with ready invention, fabricating a story, he told him that they were emigrants, that the jewels were his wife's property, and concluded by offering him twenty piastres to allow them to depart. "If you would give me forty, I would not," answered the man. "It is plain that you are eluding justice. Come, go before me," added he, at the same time taking one of his pistols. "Obey, or I will shoot you."

The Marquis refused to move, and the man was about to take him by the arm to force him forward, when his wife, moved by the tears of Mrs. Smith, interceded so urgently in their behalf, that at length her husband's pity was moved, and he himself put the horse to, with which they were to resume their journey. It was already late; but in spite of all the offers and entreaties of Mrs. Smith, he refused to allow them to pass the night in his house. "Begone!" he said. "All

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I can do for you is to let you depart. May heaven pardon me if you are guilty!"

The Marquis and Mrs. Smith resumed their journey; it was then quite dark. They travelled on until nearly day-light amongst the mountains, and in the morning found themselves near a fortified farm, of which there were many at that period in the Tyrol. At this farm they breakfasted. They then again set out on their melancholy and dangerous pilgrimage. They bent their course towards Berthold-Scalden, which is a watering place. It was necessary to avoid passing through the town. The Marquis was slightly acquainted with the suburbs of Berthold-Scalden, and drove towards the lake of Zell. They arrived at a small inn situated on the margin of the lake, where there happened to be lying a variety of journals upon the table. Eager to see if any description had been given of them, the Marquis seized the first which lay before him. It happened to be a Trent paper. He read under the head Milan, that the police of Trent declared Mrs. Spencer Smith and the Marquis de Salvo to be fugitives, and authorised any of the inhabitants of the kingdom of Italy to arrest them, if they should be discovered, and to send them under a safe escort to Milan, where the Marquis would be brought to trial for having favoured the escape of a prisoner of state of the French Empire. Unwilling to alarm Mrs. Smith by explaining to her the new danger that had arisen, he merely informed her that they must immediately depart. At this moment the sound of military music was heard. The Marquis advanced to the window, and beheld in a little meadow near the house several squadrons of cavalry. On inquiring of the landlord of the inn, he learned that they were troops that had been about a week in Berthold-Scalden, and that they occasionally came to exercise on the banks of the lake. The Marquis knew a great many officers in the Bavarian as well as in the French regiments. He was obliged to renounce all idea of passing these troops;—a fatality seemed to pursue the unfortunate fugitives. "What is to be done?" ejaculated Mrs. Smith weeping. "I will deliver myself up, and do you save yourself into the Tyrol: a man may easily escape." The unfortunate lady knew nothing of the Trent journal, which the Marquis had thrown into the fire. "We must cross the lake," said he, "and find refuge in the neighbouring mountains. Courage, I beg of you, and all will be well again." But at that moment he himself had not much hope.

They crossed the lake, and steered their boat towards the hermitage. The Marquis's plan was to solicit an asylum of the recluse, which he knew he could grant without peril to himself. This was their only alternative. They passed two days in the chapel. which was sit

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uated in the midst of a wood of fir trees, and but little frequented by the inhabitants of Berthold-Scalden. In the evening of the second day they heard the sound of military instruments. As soon as the sun had gone down the Marquis crossed the lake to obtain some information. The regiments had continued their march towards Saltzbourg, and the fugitives could now proceed. They determined to depart immediately, and, cautioned by the advice of the hermit, they avoided Berthold-Scalden, by going round it. Next day they passed through Rastadt, a large town, in which they stopped to dine. They were then not more than two leagues from the frontier of Styria. "At length we are safe!" ejaculated the Marquis.

Alas! they were now less safe than ever. After having dined they cheerfully resumed their route, and reached without difficulty an interior barrier which opened on the road to Styria. They confidently presented their passport. The guard read it, then began to laugh, ran to his desk, took out another paper, compared them together, and again laughed very heartily. When people laugh, there is generally nothing alarming; nevertheless the fugitives inquired the reason of this hilarity, and the man, still laughing, presented to them the paper which he had compared with the passport, and on reading it they commenced laughing as heartily as he did. The Marquis thought they were mystifying him. At length he learned the truth, which was sufficiently amusing. The young Princess de F . . . . g had fallen in love with a bookseller's clerk at Vienna. This feeling of tenderness was mutual, and the two lovers had fled in order to escape from the power of the lady's family, and from the Imperial authority, which is always exercised to punish unequal matches of this kind. The Austrain government had sent a description of the two fugitives to all the large cities of Germany, France, and Italy, accompanied by an order to the chief authorities to transmit the description of the two individuals to all the places through which they were likely to pass. The guard of the barrier of Styria had received this description in common with others. It represented the young lady to be fair, and the young man dark. This circumstance had excited his risibility; for he thought it droll that they should have come so unsuspectingly to deliver themselves up; especially the young man, who had reason to apprehend severe chastisement. Mrs. Smith, showing to the guard the two descriptions, explained to him that the fair and the dark complexions were the only points of resemblance between the fugitives and themselves, who were inoffensive travellers. The man was convinced of the truth of what she said, but nevertheless would not take upon himself the responsibility of letting them go. He proposed their going to Saltz

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bourg, where their passport could be examined. In this dilemma no other resource seemed to offer itself to the Marquis than that of disguising themselves as shepherds. At that season of the year the sheep were moving in large flocks to their summer pastures, and the Marquis thought they might easily pass as belonging to some party of shepherds. Mrs. Smith submitted, though with some reluctance, and the Marquis returned to Rastadt to purchase their disguises. As ill luck would have it the man of whom the dresses were purchased was attached to the police. He questioned the messenger employed by the Marquis, and elicited the truth. He said nothing, but sold the two dresses. However, when the fugitives were about to set out, in gay spirits at the apparent success of their manœuvre, they were rudely seized and taken back to the inn they had just quitted, where they found a commissary of police. He eyed the lady for a long time with an air of insolence. "What is your name?" he at length inquired.—"Mrs. Spencer Smith, the daughter of Baron Herbert, the Internuncio from Austria to Constantinople, and the wife of the ambassador from England to Stuttgard." Mrs. Smith immediately perceived that she could only serve herself and her companion by avowing the truth. She was now upon the Austrian territory. The government might not be sufficiently strong to save her; but the subal terns might be overawed by her tone of authority, and let her go. In fact, the commissary seemed for a moment overwhelmed by this litany of great names, though he looked as if he did not believe she was telling truth.—"And why this costume?"—"Because I choose to wear it. That is a matter which does not concern you!"—"Humph! and where are you going?"—"To the residence of my sister, the Countess Strassoldo, at Gratz, in Styria."—"Who is this man who accompanies you?"—"My valet-de-chambre."—"I cannot come to any decision in your case," said the commissary. "You must accompany me to St. Maria." All this time the Marquis was under guard in an adjoining chamber. But he had heard the questions and answers, and that was sufficient for his guidance in his examination. Next morning they all departed for St. Maria; Mrs. Smith in a carriage, and the Marquis on foot between two soldiers. St. Maria is a very small garrison town of the Tyrol. On arriving there the commissary related the affair to a superior officer, who was commandant of the town, whose first impression was that this female was an adventurer; he went to Mrs. Smith, and interrogated her himself with that politeness which a man naturally shows to a pretty and engaging woman, but he seemed to change his tone when she described herself to be Mrs. Spencer Smith. "You assume a respectable name, Madam," said he, "and

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this imposture may bring you into trouble. You are not Mrs. Spencer Smith. Tell me the truth, and perhaps I may serve you."—"And am I not Mrs. Spencer Smith, sir?" said she, with a smile. "Have you then so treacherous a memory? Can you have forgotten, sir, that when Mr. Spencer Smith, the English ambassador at Stuttgard, came last year to Inspruck, his wife who was with him gave a ball, to which many officers were invited? Several of them could not get admittance in consequence of the smallness of the apartments; and that one of these gentlemen, Baron de ...., yourself, sir, came recommended by a lady of Inspruck. Through that recommendation you obtained a perference over many of your friends." The Baron now recognised the graceful form of the lady to whose hospitality he had been so much indebted, and eagerly endeavoured to make amends for his recent ungallant treatment of her by offering her his utmost aid. He went to the commissary of police, to whom he certified, upon his word of honour, that this lady was Mrs. Spencer Smith.—"Indeed!" said the commissary, "so much the worse for her; I have just been reading the Trent Gazette, which my secretary has handed to me. Read this paragraph." The Baron here read the paragraph which the Marquis had seen at the inn on the lake of Zell. He knew not what to do. France could reach her victims wheresoever they might fly. "We must not compromise ourselves in this affair," said the commissary of police; "I must send the lady and her valet-de-chambre to Saltzbourg. But it is needless to make enemies anywhere; therefore you had better conduct her thither as a mark of respect."—"Not I," said the Baron. "I will not play the part of a gendarme to so lovely and amiable a woman."—"Would you wish her to have four soldiers and a corporal for her escort?"—"Certainly not."—"It must be you or they, there is no choice. I will inform her that we cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of allowing her to proceed."

They departed for Saltzbourg, which, by the recent treaty of Presbourg, belonged to Austria. The Marquis mounted the box along with the coachman, and during the journey, which lasted a day and a half, he waited at table as expertly as if he had been accustomed to the duties of a valet. On arriving at Saltzbourg, the prisoner, for such she still was, was conducted to the principal inn in the town, and the baron went to apprise the authorities of Mrs. Smith's arrival, having first placed two sentinels at her door. The director-general of the police at Saltzbourg was a shrewd, clever man. He probably thought it ridiculous that a woman should be charged with political offences, and, though very polite, he threw a little sarcasm into his interrogatory. "Who is the man who accom

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panies you, madam?"—"My valet-de-chambre."—"His name?"—"Francesco Raimondo."—How long has he been with you?"—"Three months." The director-general left the apartment, making a very low bow.

The Marquis was guarded in one of the chambers of the house. He was conducted to the hotel of the police, where an interrogatory was commenced which threatened to prove dangerous to him. At the termination of which a tall thin old man entered, who by his bunch of keys might be recognised as a jailer. The Marquis was consigned to his safeguard, and in a few moments he found himself in a chamber ten feet long by seven wide, under the castle, at two hundred feet below the ground. They brought him some soup, bread, and water, and then left him to enjoy himself at his ease. Towards evening a man entered into his prison, and said to him in Latin, "Your mistress is saved, my friend; she has departed for Lintz."—"Is it true?" exclaimed the Marquis. "Heaven be praised!"—"Truly," said the man, smiling at the facility with which the prisoner understood his Latin, "you are a very attached, very devoted servant; but for yourself, who will save you, my friend?"—"God," answered the Marquis, making an allusion to the motto of his house.* Some moments after, he was ordered to attend the cabinet of the director. "Do you know the Marquis de Salvo?" he inquired abruptly. "Certainly. I know him well. He is my master," said the Marquis, without appearing disconcerted. "Why did you leave him?"—"By his order, to follow Mrs. Smith, and to endeavour to save her; and my only regret is that I have not entirely succeeded."—"At what town did you leave your master?"—"At Venice." They remained in silence for some time; the director of the police then rang a bell in a peculiar way, as he had done on the first occasion, and immediately a man came in whose looks were not more propitious than those of the other jailer. He conducted the Marquis to another place of confinement, which was entered by a low wicket door. The dungeon contained only two seats and a litter of straw; it had all the appearance of a place whence a prisoner could hope to be released only by death. For the first time M. de Salvo felt his confidence begin to fail him. He stretched himself on the straw litter, and fatigue and anxiety of mind soon threw him into a profound sleep. He had slept for a considerable time when the jailer entered, and respectfully requested him to follow him to the director of the police. The latter, as soon as the Marquis entered his cabinet,

* *In Deo Salus.* The device of the Salvo family, and the origin of their name

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flew to embrace him. "My dear Marquis," said he, "why did you oblige me to treat you with such severity? This was not fair." The Marquis, fearing that this was a snare to entrap him, at first denied that he was himself. But the director showed him a letter from Mrs. Smith, who had arrived at Lintz, where she was to remain until the receipt of Count Stadion's answer, and where the Marquis was to join her. Nothing could have happened more luckily, for the Marquis had well-nigh paid for all, inasmuch as the police of both Venice and Milan were in pursuit of him. A description of his person had been posted up in all the public thoroughfares, and those who should conceal him were threatened with severe punishment. He was now liberated, and he immediately set off for Lintz, where he joined Mrs. Smith, and after the lapse of two or three weeks the answer arrived from Vienna. It was arranged that Mrs. Smith should assume the name of Muller, and embark at one of the northern ports. She immediately left Lintz and proceeded to Gratz, where she joined her sister, the Countess Strassoldo.

It will be recollected that when at Venice Mrs. Smith rejected the offer of the Marquis de Salvo, he assured her of his disinterestedness, by promising that as soon as he should have restored her to her family he would not even ask the reward of spending another hour in her society. As soon as they arrived at Gratz, the Marquis hired a post-chaise and went to fetch Mrs. Smith's children, who were at some little distance from the town. Presenting the two boys to their mother, he said, "Here are your children and your sister; you are now safe under the roof of your family: I therefore bid you adieu. I leave you, and I hope I have convinced you that a man of honour is capable of performing a generous action without the hope of reward."

Mrs. Smith, overpowered by her feelings of gratitude, held out her hand to him. She begged that he would remain in safety under her sister's roof, and not again expose himself to the dangers which he had incurred for her sake. He complied with her request. Shortly afterwards they proceeded to Russia, and embarked at Riga on her return to England. On his arrival in London the Marquis de Salvo received the thanks of Mrs. Smith's family, and Queen Charlotte, the consort of George III., publicly expressed her satisfaction of his conduct.

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CHAPTER XLII.

The Russian Campaign—Consequences of the battle of the Moskowa—Kutuzow—Mallet's conspiracy and execution—Napoleon imitating Haroun-al-Raschid—The alabaster shop in the Passage du Panorama—The Emperor's loose coats—Maria-Louisa's permission that he should dress as he pleased—Mlle. L.—The Medicis vases—An invitation to the Elysée Napoleon—Maria-Louisa—Her apathy on the subject of Mallet's conspiracy—Cambacérès—His sharp reply—The King of Rome and the *Enfans Trouvés*.

I HAVE mentioned the fatal credulity of the Duke de Vicenza relative to the troops which the Emperor Alexander was assembling on the Russian frontier. M. de Lauriston was, fortunately, less credulous; but he managed to darken the inextricable labyrinth into which we were about to enter, and augmented the confusion. Meanwhile the Russian campaign commenced, and the misfortunes of Napoleon obscured his glory and his happy star. In 1812 the Emperor should have acted more prudently than when, less dazzled by fortune, he found himself in 1806 in the presence of the Russians, who were flying from him to avoid a conflict. Then he halted, took up a formidable position on the Vistula, prepared for the approaching campaign, established intrenched camps at Thorn and Praga, as well as bridge-heads on the Vistula, the Bug, and the Narew, and finally, the battle of Friedland brought about the treaty of Tilsit. I am aware that, in answer to these remarks, it may be said that in 1812 the army had nearly reached Moscow, at a period of the year (7th September) when the cold was not severe; but was it not natural that Moscow, with a population of 400,000 inhabitants, would defend itself?

The victory of the Moskowa, gained by the talent and courage of Marshal Ney, proved as disastrous in its consequences as a defeat. What a fearful list of killed and wounded appeared after that battle! The Scythian Kutuzow, who had the presumption to declare that he had gained the victory, was rewarded by a title rarely given in Russia, that of field-marshal. Kutuzow, after all, might reasonably be excused for saying he had conquered an enemy whose loss was so much more disastrous than his own. The carnage of that day was incalculable. I have been assured that more than one hundred and thirty thousand cannon were fired in the course of the battle. If we

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were conquerors, it was only for the vain honour of remaining masters of a field of battle strewed with the bodies of the dead, and saturated with their blood: "That night," said Junot to me, "was one of the most horrible I ever passed!—We had no provisions—the cold rain poured incessantly—we had no wood to kindle fires—and groans and cries of agony resounded on every side."

We entered Moscow, and in the mean time the Russian army of Friedland landed at Riga. The army of Moldavia gained Brese on the Bug.—This latter force threatened to cut off our communications with Warsaw. We now began to awaken from our dream of good fortune.—That waking was terrible. In spite of the precautions adopted for preventing the disheartening intelligence from reaching Paris, letters were received. The unauthenticated reports which got into circulation created more anxiety than bulletins which would have candidly told the truth,—they were even more distressing than the first bulletin after the retreat from Moscow! There were at that time in Paris a number of malecontents, as there always are. The police had kept a watchful eye upon them; but for a time its vigilance seemed to have abated. In truth, since the retirement of Count Dubois, the police of Paris had been very indifferently conducted. Of this, an event which occurred at the period here alluded to, is an undeniable proof. In after times, it will scarcely be credited that in Paris a man, by his own unassisted attempt, was on the point of overthrowing the government and establishing a new order of things, neither wanted nor sought for; and that that man *himself* placed under arrest the minister and the lieutenant of police. Yet all this really happened on the 23d of October, 1812.*

* Of General Mallet's singular conspiracy, to which Madame Junot here alludes, an interesting and minute account is given by the Duke of Rovigo, and introduced in the third volume (p. 185) of the English edition of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon, published in 1836, to which we refer our readers. Mallet, and his accomplices, Guidal and Lahorie, were unanimously condemned to death after a trial which lasted three days and three nights. The prisoners were sentenced to be shot; and, on the 27th of October, at three in the afternoon, were conducted to the plain of Grenelle. Mallet walked with a firm step towards the place where the file of soldiers was drawn up. "They are very young," said he, looking at the conscripts who were to fire at him. The prisoners were ranged all three abreast, and the detachment fired at once. After the first discharge, General Mallet still remained standing! He was wounded, but not mortally. On the second discharge he fell, though not quite dead. It has been alleged that the soldiers struck him with the butt-ends of their muskets to extinguish the lingering spark of life.

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The following adventure occurred in the brilliant days of Napoleon's empire:

It is well known that he was fond of going about Paris early in the morning, accompanied only by the Duke de Frioul, and was always greatly pleased when he escaped being recognised. About six o'clock one morning in the month of March or April, he left the Elysée early, in company with Duroc. They bent their course towards the Boulevards, and on arriving there, the Emperor observed that they had got out very early, as all the shops were yet closed. "I must not play the Haroun-al-Raschid so early," said he; "besides, I believe it was always at night that he wandered forth with his faithful Giaffar." When they arrived at the Passage du Panorama, some of the shops were already opened. One of them particularly attracted the Emperor's attention. It was the celebrated *magazin* of Florence alabaster, which was kept then, as it is now, by M. L—— and his sister, natives of Switzerland. There was at that moment nobody in the shop, but a servant girl who was sweeping it, and whose movements were much constrained by the fear of breaking any of the brittle, but valuable articles around her. The Emperor was amused at the cautious way in which she performed her task, and after he had stood looking at her for some time, he said, "*Ah ça!* who keeps this shop? Is there neither master nor mistress here?"

"Do you want to buy any thing?" said the girl, suspending her labour. Then leaning on her broom, she rested her chin on her two hands, and stared the Emperor full in the face, apparently half inclined to laugh at his eccentric appearance. Certainly it would be difficult to imagine a more comical figure than Napoleon presented in his Haroun-al-Raschid costume, as he used to call it. He wore the famous gray frock-coat;* but it was not the coat itself, it was the make of it which rendered it so singular. The Emperor would never allow his clothes to be in the least degree tight; and consequently his tailors made his coats as if they had measured them upon a sentry-box. When he married Maria-Louisa, the King of Naples prevailed on him to have his clothes made by his tailor. The Emperor wore them most courageously for a short time; but he could endure the torture no longer, and he begged for mercy. He submitted the question to the decision of the Empress, who, as long as she could ride on horseback, and take four or five meals a day, was always good-humoured and willing to agree to any thing. She therefore granted Napoleon full power to dress according to his own

* Latterly he frequently wore a blue one.

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fancy; saying, that she liked the Emperor *as well one way as another.* Perhaps she would have spoken more correctly, had she said, *she dis not like him any better one way than another.*

With the loose frock-coat above described, the Emperor wore a round hat slouched over his forehead, to prevent his being recognised. His unfashionable appearance, joined to his abrupt and unceremonious manner, led the servant girl to conclude, at the first glance, that he wished only to purchase some trifle worth about ten or fifteen francs, and that it was certainly not worth while to call her young and pretty mistress for so paltry a customer. But the Emperor thought differently, and after looking about him for a few minutes, he asked in an authoritative tone whether there was any one to whom he could speak. Mademoiselle L——, who had just risen, at that moment came down stairs. On seeing her, the Emperor was struck by her beauty and her elegant appearance; and in truth she might well have vied with the finest woman of the imperial court. "Parbleu, Madame," said the Emperor, touching the brim of his hat (for he could not venture to take it off lest he should be known), "it would appear that you are not very early folks here. A good shopkeeper should look after her business better."—"That would be very true, sir," replied Mademoiselle L——, "if business were going on well. But as it is, it matters very little whether we are in our shops or not."—"Is trade then so very bad?" said Napoleon, examining various things on the counter. "Ruined, sir, totally ruined. I know not what will become of us."—"Indeed! I had no idea that France was in so pitiable a condition! I am a foreigner. I wish to make a few purchases, and at the same time I should like to learn from so agreeable a person as yourself, some particulars respecting the state of business in Paris. What sort of vases do you call these?"—"Those are the Medicis form," replied Mademoiselle L——.—"They are very beautiful. What is the price of them?" Mademoiselle L—— opened at once her ears and her eyes. The vases were marked at three thousand francs. She told Napoleon the price of them; but he merely nodded his head, and then said, "Pray what is the reason that trade is so bad?"—"Oh, sir, as long as that *little man* our Emperor is so madly intent on war, how can we hope to enjoy either prosperity or happiness?" As she spoke these words, Mademoiselle L—— threw herself into a chair, and the Emperor stood looking at her with the admiration and respectful interest which her beauty was calculated to excite. "Is your husband with the army?" inquired the Emperor. "I am not married, sir; I live here with my brother, whom I assist in carrying on his business. We are not

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French, we are Swiss."—"Ah! ah!" said the Emperor; and he uttered these exclamations with as much indifference as if he had been yawning. "Well, I will purchase these two Medicis vases. I will send for them at eleven o'clock. Take care to have them ready."

With these words, which were delivered in a truly Imperial tone of authority, he touched the brim of his hat, and darted out of the shop, beckoning the Duke de Frioul to follow him. "That girl is very interesting," said he to Duroc, as they left the Passage du Panorama. "When she told me she was a Swiss, I fancied I beheld before me one of the wives or sisters of the heroes of the Reutly.* Do you think she knew me?"—"I am confident she did not, Sire. Her manner was too calm and too self-possessed. She had no suspicion in whose presence she was." The Emperor remained silent and thoughtful for a few moments; then, as if suddenly recovering from his abstractedness, he looked round him with an air of calm dignity. Duroc, who described the whole of this scene to me, said he was certain that some unworthy thought had for a moment crossed the Emperor's mind, but that he had immediately banished it.

At eleven o'clock, two porters, accompanied by a footman in Imperial livery, arrived at the shop of Mademoiselle L——. The footman was the bearer of a little billet, requesting that the lady would herself accompany the vases and receive the payment for them.

"And where am I to go?" said Mademoiselle L——, trembling; for on seeing the Imperial livery she began to regret the freedom with which she had spoken to her customer in the morning. "To the Elysée Napoleon, Mademoiselle," said the footman. The vases were carefully packed and delivered to the porters, and Mademoiselle L——, accompanied by her brother, followed them, trembling like an aspen-leaf; yet she was far from suspecting the whole truth. On arriving at the Elysée Napoleon, they were immediately ushered into the Emperor's cabinet. He took three bills of a thousand francs from his desk, and, presenting them to Mademoiselle L——, said with a smile, "Another time, Mademoiselle, do not be so ready to murmur at the stagnation of trade." Then wishing her good morning, he retired into his interior apartment.

The brother and sister were both sensibly alive to this generosity. Mademoiselle L—— used to relate the adventure with the most

* The field in which William Tell, Walther, Furst, and Stauffacher took the oath.

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charming simplicity and feeling. It had taught her a lesson; and since that morning she readily admitted that the depression of trade may exist without any fault being chargeable to the head of a government. The *little man*, too, had grown wonderfully great in her estimation; not because he had purchased from her a pair of vases worth three thousand francs, but because he had forgotten a remark which many others in his exalted station would have regarded as an unpardonable offence.

Mallet's conspiracy produced an agitation which was felt in the most remote provinces of the empire. Maria-Louisa was at that time at Saint Cloud. She showed no signs of alarm, but took her daily rides on horseback in the surrounding woods, which, for aught she knew, might have been the haunt of conspirators. Only General Mallet and his two accomplices had been arrested; and it was at first believed that they must have confederates, who would subsequently be discovered. This was not courage on the part of Maria-Louisa; it was her natural apathy, and a disinclination to trouble herself about a matter which probably she did not very well understand. "What could they have done to *me?*" she said, with an air of *hauteur*, to the arch-chancellor, when he went to Saint Cloud to acquaint her with the affair. It seemed as though she meant to say, "I should like to know what they could have done to the daughter of the Emperor of Austria?" But the arch-chancellor was not the man to be much overawed by great airs and high-sounding words; for he himself had sat in judgment on a king. And this same Francis II.—this same Emperor of Austria—had been twice compelled to fly before the arms of France. Such things help to dispel the illusion which envelopes thrones. Death and flight are two events which show mankind as he really is—submitting to the common laws of fate. Cambacérès, departing a little from that cool solemnity which seldom forsook him, replied rather sharply, "Truly, Madame, it is fortunate that your Majesty regards these events with so philosophic an eye. You were doubtless aware that General Mallet's intention was to throw the King of Rome upon public charity; that is to say, in the *Enfans Trouvés;* and as to your Majesty, you were to be disposed of afterwards."*

* In the pocket of Mallet was found a plan settling what was to be done with the members of the Imperial family. The King of Rome was to be disposed of in the manner mentioned above. Maria-Louisa was never informed what was to be her fate: it was by no means flattering to the pride of the daughter of the Cæsars.

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CHAPTER XLIII.

Burning of Moscow—Discouragement of the French army—The retreat—Napoleon on his return to France—His narrow escape from a party of Cossacks—His arrival at Warsaw—The Abbé de Pradt—Napoleon's interview with the King of Saxony at Dresden—His arrival at the Tuileries—The Emperor's peculiarities of feeling—General Kutusow and General *Morosow*—The European tocsin—Proclamation of the Emperor Alexander—Napoleon's speech to the Legislative Body—Alexander as Pacificator of Europe—Sixth coalition against France—Defection of Prussia—Marshal Soult in Spain—Bernadotte's letter to the Emperor—War declared against Prussia—Amount of the French army—Supplies granted by the Senate—The guards of honour—Death of Lagrange—Enthusiasm of France—Marshal Macdonald abandoned—The King of Naples—Misunderstanding between Murat and Napoleon—Quarrels of the King and Queen of Naples—Murat's demand—Napoleon's decree—Letters from the Emperor to his sister and Murat—Injudicious articles in the Moniteur—Maria-Louisa's indifference to the critical nature of affairs—King Joseph falls back on France—Battle of Vittoria.

THE news which reached us from the army of Russia was as scarce as it was discouraging. No letters passed; we were deprived even of that consolation which is so soothing to absent friends. Such was our painful situation in the years 1812 and 1813. At that time the first rumours reached Paris of the burning of Moscow*—that horrible catastrophe, which the blind rage of Napoleon's enemies led them to characterize as an heroic deed, and which would have been furiously anathematized had the deed been perpetrated by his order. When the deadly cold succeeded the flames of Moscow—those flames whose devouring tongues spread through the Holy City with her forty times forty cupolas—when the greater part of that army, surprised in the midst of security, saw that a return home was almost impracticable—then a fatal discouragement took possession of those brave men who had so often faced the most formidable dangers. Too soon our reverses began to assume a more decided aspect. In vain did the Emperor endeavour to conceal the real state of affairs by pretended confidence, and by issuing decrees respecting the theatres, dated from

* See the Memoirs of the Comte de Ségur, who gives the most ample details of this disaster.

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Moscow. Nothing could prevent the truth reaching the army; and nothing could prevent it coming to us, notwithstanding our distance from the scene of the terrible drama.

Kutuzow, wishing to prevent the junction of Marshal Victor, attacked the King of Naples at Winskowo, and defeated him in spite of his obstinate and courageous defence. Napoleon then determined on his retreat. Thus, the whole of Europe in arms—more than a million of men slaying each other—a capital burned and ravaged—widows and orphans weeping—graves opening to receive those who fell, even as they set foot on their native soil—all this tragedy was at length terminated by a calamitous retreat. After forty days' occupation, Napoleon abandoned Moscow—Moscow which he expected to see in all her Muscovite and Gothic glory, with her Oriental wealth, her gardens, her cupolas, and her roofs of gold—her palaces, and her boyards.—All these he found buried beneath a heap of ashes.

Napoleon had determined on his return to France amidst all the disasters of the retreat. He first mentioned his intention to Duroc. "If you had heard him," said the Duke de Frioul when relating this conversation to me, "you would have admired him more than in any other circumstance of his life." Napoleon next intimated his intended return to the Duke de Vicenza, who had lost his brother in the general mortality, and who was desirous to return into France to console his mother. Napoleon told him that he should travel under his name. The matter was also communicated to Berthier, who, with the Dukes of Frioul and Vicenza, were the only persons to whom the Emperor imparted his secret. On the 5th of December he set off for Smorgony, after a long conference with General Hogendorp, the Governor of Wilna, whom he ordered to make every possible exertion to collect provisions and ammunition in the last-mentioned town. "*I shall have more weight* on my throne at the Tuileries than at the head of the army," said he, to the few persons who were near him at the moment of his departure;—and he was right.

On the following night he had a narrow escape at Ochsmiana. This was a small town, half fortified, and occupied by a party of Kœnisberg troops. On the Emperor's arrival, a party of Cossacks who entered the town by surprise, had just been repulsed. It was a chance that the Emperor was not taken.* On his arrival at Wilna,

* This must have been a most unpardonable instance of neglect on the part of the officer who had the command of the town. The great Condé said, "The most able general may have the misfortune to be beaten, but never to be surprised"

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Napoleon stopped a short time to see the Duke of Bassano, for whom he entertained a most sincere friendship and esteem. He asked the duke some questions respecting the condition of Wilna, then a point of the utmost importance to the army. At Warsaw, where he arrived at one in the afternoon, he would not alight at any private house. He went to the Hotel d'Angleterre, and immediately sent for M. de Pradt, who had been despatched to Warsaw to collect information, and draw up reports on the state of the country. M. de Pradt remained for some time with the Emperor in a little parlour on the ground floor of the Hotel d'Angleterre, for Napoleon would not allow any other apartment to be prepared for him. It is a curious fact that in this same parlour, in which the Emperor dined on the day of his arrival at Warsaw, the dead body of Moreau was for a moment deposited when the traitor's remains were conveyed into the country for which his perfidious hand had pointed cannon against his countrymen and brothers in arms. The funeral convoy passed through Warsaw, and rested at the Hotel d'Angleterre, and the coffin was placed in the little parlour in which Napoleon had dined a few months previously.

Nine days after his departure from Smorgony, Napoleon was at Dresden, where he had a short interview with the King of Saxony. From Dresden he proceeded to Erfurth. There he left his sledge, and got into the travelling-carriage of M. de Saint-Aignan, the minister from France to the Duke of Weimar, and brother-in-law of the Duke of Vicenza. He afterwards passed through all the towns of the frontiers, even Mentz; and on the 19th of December, a quarter of an hour after midnight, he arrived before the front gate of the Tuileries. Since Mallet's conspiracy, unusual vigilance had been observed in all that regarded the Police of Paris, and the guard of the palace. The Empress was about to retire to bed when the Emperor's calèche stopped at the gate. The guards did not at first recognise him in the little vehicle, in which he was seated with the Duke de Vicenza, who after a fortnight's *tête-à-tête*, escorted the emperor to the door of Maria-Louisa's chamber, and he himself hastened to take that repose of which he stood so greatly in need. Before daybreak on the following morning (the 20th of December), the cannon of the Invalides announced to the city of Paris that the Emperor had returned. I was then too ill to go to the Tuileries. I despatched my brother thither, as I was very anxious to have intelligence of Junot. Albert on his return informed me that the Emperor's levee had never been so splendid nor so numerous. As to Napoleon himself, he was most kind and affable, sympathizing in all the anxiety which prevailed, and in the most touch

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ing manner soothing the fears of fathers and brothers who came to obtain intelligence of their relatives.

Napoleon, like all Sovereigns, felt a pride in being beloved. Yet it is strange that in general he never thought of conferring any but worldly recompenses on the men who were most sincerely devoted to him; as if a single kind word, coming sincerely from the heart, would not have repaid such men better than a rich principality, such as he conferred on Davoust, who was not on that account the more attached to him. On these subjects the Emperor had singular ideas; and yet, at the time to which I refer, he must well have known what it was to suffer uneasiness of mind. A fermentation then going on in Paris caused him to feel a degree of inquietude which, in spite of all his fortitude and self-command, he could not conceal from those who knew him well. When the Empress Josephine shared with him that thorny seat called a throne, he could make her the confidant of his vexations, and that confidence relieved him. With Maria-Louisa, on the contrary, he was always obliged to keep up a sort of mask, and to conceal from her the cloud which would sometimes gather on his brow; "for," thought he, "she may write to her father; and the Austrian family, who hate me, would rejoice to learn that I have my turn of uneasiness and fear."

Whilst Napoleon was dejected by the first frowns with which fortune had visited him, the Russians were triumphantly chanting their songs of victory. Overjoyed at an event which they had no reason to look for, and which was indeed almost the effect of chance, they did not even see the sacrifice at which their success had been purchased, nor the fragile base on which it stood. Muscovite vanity was reluctant to acknowledge that *the weather* had had a large share in their victory; though it was a general remark among the common people in Russia that it was not General Kutuzow, but General *Morosow*,* who had destroyed the French army.

Warned of his danger by the tocsin which the powers of Europe sounded on all sides, Napoleon once more summoned the resources of France, whose blood and treasures were never exhausted when either were required in the defence of her glory and honour. To the occupation of Warsaw by the Russians,† the Emperor answered by a Senatus Consultum,‡ which settled the regency during the minority of the King of Rome. To the first step which was advanced to attack him he opposed the assurance of the reversion of his power. To the

* The frost. † On the 8th of February, 1813.
‡ See the Moniteur of the 5th of February, 1815.

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proclamation of Alexander,* which invited the Germans to shake off the yoke of France, he replied, by his speech to the Legislative Body. "I wish for peace," said Napoleon in that speech. "It is necessary to the world. Four times since the rupture of the treaty of Amiens I have made formal propositions for it. But I will never conclude any but an honourable peace, and one that is suitable to the greatness of my empire."

The Emperor Alexander soon undertook to play the part of pacificator of Europe. A manifesto from Warsaw, dated the 22d of February, followed the proclamation of the 10th from the same city. It called upon all the nations of Germany to declare their independence, as if it would have been less honourable to them to answer the appeal of Napoleon, than to bend before the lance of a Cossack! Finally, on the 1st of March, the sixth coalition against France was proclaimed throughout Europe, and for the sixth time she proudly defied her enemies. On the same day Prussia, following up her old system of defection, deserted her falling friend, to form an alliance with one whose fortune was raising. The treaty of alliance between Russia and Prussia was signed at Kalisch. At the same time England and Sweden also signed a treaty for overthrowing the common enemy. A man who was his natural ally—the brother-in-law of his brother, signed the treaty which was to create another enemy to France and to Napoleon; for the Prince Royal of Sweden did all, and Charles XIII. was merely the shadow of a king. This new treaty of 1813 was only a confirmation of preceding treaties (24th of March and 3d of May, 1815); but, on this occasion Sweden was bought. The price of her treachery was twenty-five millions of francs, and the cession of Guadaloupe, which had been abandoned to the English by General Ernouf. A revolting degree of baseness characterized all these treaties and capitulations.

Every day the most disastrous news arrived from Spain. Every letter that reached us brought intelligence of the loss of a friend, a battle, or a province. Marshal Soult, who by superhuman efforts had struggled with his position, which had now been rendered worse by the removal of the best portion of his troops to the North, was obliged to proceed to Valladolid in the north of Spain. This measure, which was indispensable, and which had been delayed but too long, had a serious moral influence both on the enemy and on our troops. It discouraged the latter in proportion as it gave confidence to the former; and our sojourn in Spain became more than ever pre-

* This was dated from Warsaw, 10th February, 1813.

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carious. I think it must have been about this time that Bernadotte wrote to the Emperor, recommending him, *as a friend*, to lay aside his ambition, to moderate that *thirst of conquest* which was fatal to Europe. "I am disinterested," added he, "in this question, and you may believe that nothing but my profound attachment to my country and to you prompts this recommendation."

Can any thing be conceived more preposterous than this!—Bernadotte, Prince of Sweden, telling Napoleon, Emperor of the French, that he ought to sheathe his sword, when he, Bernadotte, draws his. Bernadotte was now allied to all those antiquated Sovereigns which his republican pride had so long spurned;—but among them there was not one whose talent could cope with his. In this respect all. except himself, were null.

Whilst these preparations were making for the denouement of the grand drama, Napoleon was actively organizing his means of defence. The guards of honour at once furnished these means, and became, as it were, hostages for the security of the internal provinces. France, which had been unceasingly insulted by Prussia, at length took a decided step; not traitorously, and in the dark, but openly, in the Senate of the Empire. In that assembly the declaration of war against Prussia was read. This was a painful moment to those who, like Junot and his brothers in arms, were acquainted with the resources of France. They knew, for example, that the French army, at the very time when war was declared against Prussia, consisted of only thirty thousand veteran troops. Its head-quarters were at Statsfurts, near Halberstadt. It was commanded by Prince Eugène, who had taken up a position on the Elbe and the Saale, the scene of our former glory. We were in possession of Magdeburg, Wittemberg, and Torgau.

The Senate granted the Emperor the supplies he demanded for repelling the meditated aggression against France. One hundred and eighty thousand men were ordered to be raised by the Senatus Consultum of the 3d of April, 1813. Among these were the ten thousand guards of honour, who were the occasion of so much outcry being raised against the Emperor. In this, as in many other cases, the Emperor was too well served. He asked the minister of the interior for only two thousand guards of honour, and it was thought to be the most flattering compliment that could be paid to him to send ten thousand. Thus eight thousand families vented their reproaches against the Emperor, and cursed instead of blessing him. In addition to the above supplies, thirty-seven civic cohorts were created for the defence of the maritime fortresses.

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About this time an occurrence took place which deeply affected the Emperor's spirits. It was the death of M. Lagrange, the celebrated mathematician. Napoleon was much attached to Lagrange, and was deeply affected by his death; indeed the event made an impression on his mind which appeared almost like a presentiment. "I cannot master my grief," said he to Duroc; "I cannot account for the melancholy effect produced upon me by the death of Lagrange. There seems to be a sort of presentiment in my affliction." Duroc endeavoured to dissipate these gloomy forebodings, though he himself could not always escape their influence.

France has been reproached with having abandoned the cause of Napoleon in 1814. Perhaps there really was at that time a depression of spirit, which had its influence on the conduct of the French people. But I can confidently affirm that in the preceding year (1813) the public enthusiasm was very great. The country was once more in danger. Napoleon openly proclaimed this, and France heard him. The disasters of the retreat from Russia were frightful; but such was the affection which that man inspired, that the mass of the people breathed not a syllable of reproach. Some few voices might be raised, and occasionally foolish and even clever things might be said; but what of that? France faithfully pursued her glory; and the recollection of twenty years of victory was not to be effaced by a defeat, which might still be excused by the confidence Napoleon reposed in his allies. But he did not seek this justification,—he contented himself with calling his people to arms; and 250,000 men rallied round the national banners whenever the words *foreign invasion* were pronounced.—These words were electrical. Prussia, who was the first, as she ever has been, to give the signal of defection, then perpetrated the odious affair of Taurogen. General York abandoned Marshal Macdonald, who had penetrated victoriously into Samogitria, attacked Livonia, and threatened Riga. He was then constrained to abandon his success, and not only to fall back, but to see his unworthy ally sign a convention with the Russians. Macdonald was obliged to retrograde as far as Lawartz and the Oder, instead of establishing himself in the enemy's territory. But this treachery excited only a louder cry to arms. France became a camp, and every town was an arsenal.

I have already mentioned that the King of Naples departed for his kingdom, consigning to Prince Eugène the command of the army which Napoleon had intrusted to him (Murat). The Emperor had placed a sacred trust in his hands, but he could not appreciate it. He abandoned the precious remains of our brave legions, and cast upon the Viceroy of Italy the whole weight of that responsibility, which

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Napoleon had given as a mark of preference to one whom he though the bravest and most worthy. He retired from the danger, in short. for the truth must be told.—He forsook the army at Posen and returned to Naples. I will here relate a few particulars which throw some light on the obscurity of this part of his life. A rancorous feeling had superseded the sentiments which once united the two brothers-in-law; these sentiments, however, had never been of the most cordial description. Napoleon's partiality for Murat was grounded solely on his courage, and the useful account to which it might be turned. I do not say this from my own personal impression; I state the fact from positive information, divested of all partiality. The Emperor did not cherish for Murat the sincere friendship which he entertained for the other officers of the army of Italy. He used frequently to make him the subject of derision; and many of us have heard him laugh at the King of Naples, whom he used to call a *Franconi King*. This unfriendly feeling was of old date, and its cause was well known to his intimate friends.

The circumstance which rendered King Joachim almost inimical to his brother-in-law, had its rise in what took place at the time of his expedition against Sicily (1809). Murat saw himself braved by the Anglo-Sicilian fleet, and with an impulse of courage which was peculiar to him he exclaimed, *en avant!* without even knowing that he would be followed. He proposed a descent on Sicily. The course was arranged, and one division, that of General Cavaignac, advanced beyond the lighthouse. The other divisions did not follow.—Why, I cannot pretend to say. But the King of Naples explained the matter in a way which reflected great blame on his brother-in-law. This expedition failed. He attributed its non-success to the Emperor, who, he alleged, had given secret orders. He returned to Naples mortified by his defeat, and with revenge rankling in his heart. From that time ill feeling was apparent between Murat and Napoleon, and a bitter correspondence was carried on between the court of the Tuileries and that of Naples.

Queen Caroline, who had been carrying on a sort of opposition to her husband, through circumstances of a purely domestic nature, seeing a fair pretext for war, took part against the King; and the palace of Naples presented the scandalous spectacle of a conjugal rupture. These dissensions extended to the individuals of the court. Every trifle afforded the King and Queen a pretext for annoying each other. There was a physician or surgeon named Paborde, who was a great favourite of the King, and was consequently detested by the Queen; Paborde was on the eve of marriage with a very beautiful young lady

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(Mademoiselle Saint Mème). This affair, which nobody would have cared about, if the King and Queen had not meddled with it, became a subject of deadly feud. Joachim, like all hen-pecked husbands, declared loudly that he would not be controlled by his wife, and that he would not be a *second Bacciocchi*. He regarded the French army as a sort of auxiliary for seconding the Queen; the consequence was, that he demanded the recall of the French troops. The Emperor frowned, and answered by a dry negative. Murat then manifested feelings of the most absurd distrust. The Queen and he became implacable enemies, and the interior of the palace of Naples was one scene of discord. A second demand, equally maladroit and ill-timed, completed the misunderstanding between the two crowned heads. Murat required that all the French in his service should be naturalized as Neapolitans. The thing was ill-judged in every way. "Ah!" said the Emperor, "then it would appear that our brother no longer regards himself as a Frenchman." In his indignation at this proposition of Murat, Napoleon immediately issued the following decree, which Joachim did not easily forget:

"Considering that the kingdom of Naples forms *a portion of the Grand Empire*,—that the prince who reigns in that country, has *risen from the ranks of the French army;* that he was raised to the throne *by the efforts* and the blood of Frenchmen, Napoleon declares that French citizens are *by right* citizens of the two Sicilies."

I had at that time a great number of friends in Naples, several of whom held appointments at the court. All concurred in assuring me that nothing could be more absurd than the conduct of Murat on this occasion. He skulked like a child, tore off his cross of the legion of honour, and the grand cordons of the order. He repaired to Capodimonte, and there the most disagreeable scenes of altercation ensued between him and the Queen. Murat devoted himself to low private intrigues, and frequently passed a greater part of the night in reading police reports, which were the more calculated to alarm him, inasmuch as those who drew them up knew his weak side. To gratify his taste for espionage, he lost sight of what was due to himself; for he would receive and converse with the lowest and most degraded informers. Still, in spite of all his weakness, Murat had some good points in his character. In 1812, when the drums beat to arms, he seemed anxious that the Emperor should summon him. When the summons was given, though he appeared to hesitate, he was nevertheless resolved. He set off for Russia, but it was with a sore heart; and he manifested his grievances at an ill-chosen moment. As the Emperor said of him, he was always brave on the field of battle: and

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in the campaign of Russia, he showed all the greatest valour and determination. He gained battles over the Russians, and added to the glory of our eagles. In the dreadful retreat from Moscow the Emperor was surrounded by a battalion which might justly have been called his *imperial battalion*. In it, colonels discharged the duty of sub-officers, and generals that of captains and lieutenants. Murat was colonel of this battalion. There was something chivalrous in this body of men, decorated with gold epaulettes, thus constituting themselves the guard of their beloved chief; for such Napoleon was to them at that time, though he thought proper to tell me, in the audience I had with him after his return from Russia, that he experienced nothing but ingratitude.

It has been alleged that when Murat received the command from the Emperor, he consented only to lead the army into the Prussian territory, and that as soon as it should reach Königsberg, he was to return to Naples. Those who knew any thing of the Emperor, must be convinced of the inaccuracy of this statement. Is it to be supposed that at a moment when he had serious reason to be displeased with Murat, he would have allowed the latter to dictate terms to him —he, who would never receive a dictation from any of the powers of Europe? The idea is absurd; besides, an article in the Moniteur of the 8th of February, that is, after he learned that Murat had abandoned the command, proves quite the contrary. The following is the article alluded to: "The King of Naples, being indisposed, has been obliged to resign the command of the army, which he has transferred to the Prince Viceroy. The latter is more accustomed to the management of important trusts, and he has the entire confidence of the Emperor." On the 24th and 26th of the preceding January, Napoleon had written the following letter to his sister Caroline. "The King of Naples has left the army. Your husband is very brave *on the field of battle*, but he is weaker than a *woman* or a *monk* when he is not in the presence of the enemy. He has no moral courage." In February or March following, he wrote to Murat thus: "I will not say any thing here of my dissatisfaction of your conduct since I left the army, for that is owing to the weakness of your character. You are a good soldier. You fight bravely on the field of battle; but out of it you have neither character nor energy. However, I presume you are not of the number of those who believe that the lion is dead, and that they may....If you make this calculation you are completely deceived. You have done me all the harm that you possibly could do since my departure from Wilna. But I will say no more of that

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The title of King has turned your head. If you wish to preserve that title, you must look to your conduct."

This letter, which was addressed to Murat in 1813, gave the finishing stroke to his wounded vanity, which had been not a little mortified by the article in the Moniteur. He now became the enemy of Napoleon.

I may here observe that it was singularly injudicious in Napoleon to sanction the insertion of offensive personalities in the Moniteur. He perhaps created more enemies by that unfortunate journal than by his cannon. The article on the Queen of Prussia, for example, which was at once false and unjust;—those on the Prince of Sweden, M. de Stadion, M. de Metternich, etc., together with all that appeared from 1803 to 1814 against the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Truly, it is inconceivable, that so great a man as Napoleon should have resorted to such petty means of punishing those who had incurred his displeasure.

Meanwhile the clouds gathered more and more thickly, and the storm seemed ready to break. At this critical moment how was Maria-Louisa employed,—she who, of all others, might be supposed to tremble when the Austrian cannon were about to roar on the heights of Montmartre?—The Empress occupied herself in working embroidery, and playing on the piano. She visited her son, or had him brought to her at certain hours of the day, and the child, who knew his nurse better than his mother, could sometimes with difficulty be prevailed on to hold up his little rosy face to let the Empress kiss him. Maria-Louisa was not a general favourite with the frequenters of the court. This may be easily accounted for. Her associations were restricted to her own little interior circle, and the Duchess de Montebello was almost the only individual admitted to her familiarity. This choice was doubtless a good one, but still she might have made herself more agreeable at those little *soirées*, to which only about forty or fifty ladies were admitted. These ladies were alternately invited, so that about ten or twelve were present every evening. They were the *dames du palais*, and the ladies of honour to the Imperial Princesses.

Spain had felt the counter-stroke of the disasters of the North. King Joseph, after having exerted every human effort, was compelled to retire upon France. At this juncture, it was especially requisite that our force in Spain should have been headed by such men as Marshal Soult or Marshal Suchet. But the former was still in Saxony, and the latter was occupied in driving Sir George Murray from Tarragona, who at length fled and left us all his artillery. But

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what signified this victory?—Jourdan, who commanded King Joseph's army, was unluckily at the head of it at the fatal battle of Vittoria. All was lost—baggage, artillery, everything fell into the hands of the enemy. The road to France was impracticable; it was necessary to proceed by the way of Pampeluna, and even in that direction the road was covered with guerrillas. It was there that General Foy, with twenty thousand men, stopped almost the whole right wing of the English army at the battle of Tolosa in Biscay.

On hearing of the disastrous battle of Vittoria, the Emperor sent for Marshal Soult. "You must depart for Spain," said he, "in an hour. All has been lost by the strangest mismanagement. Depart, and serve me—serve your country, as I know you can serve her, and my gratitude will be boundless!" Marshal Soult departed from Dresden, possessed of no other information than the total destruction of the army of Spain. He arrived on the frontier just as the expiring wrecks of that superb army had touched their native soil. He rallied them, and attacked the enemy at Roncesvalles. The battle was obstinately contested; but what availed even the talent of Soult? it could not recall the dead to life. After the battle of Vittoria the army had ceased to exist. Its miserable remains retired into France, after leaving upwards of eight thousand men among the mountains of Roncesvalles.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The continental coalition—The Tugend-Band—Proclamation from Hartwell—Prussia declares war against France—Military position of Europe—Napoleon's departure from Paris—The Imperial family at Dresden—Erfurt—Battle of Weissenfeld—Defiles of Poserna—Death of Marshal Bessières—Battle of Lutzen—Napoleon at the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus—The King of Saxony and Prince Eugène—Scene between the Emperor and M. Metternich—Battle of Bautzen—Bernadotte joins the Allies—Visit from Lavalette—Death of Duroc—The King of Naples—His alarm respecting the English—He rejoins Napoleon—Treaties of Reichenbach and Peterswalden—Junot at Gorizia—General Moreau's arrival in Europe—His interview with the allied Sovereigns at Prague—The Emperor Alexander—General J . . . . —The two renegades—Moreau's death—His remains conveyed to St. Petersburgh.

The sixth continental coalition, as I have said, was now formed against France. The Emperor, had, perhaps, provoked the total defection

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of Prussia, by his ill-judged rejection of the propositions addressed, on the 6th of February, by M. Hardenberg to Count de Saint Marsan, our minister at Berlin. These propositions had for their object to make the King of Prussia a pacificator between the two Emperors. The court of Berlin, and especially the King, were perfectly sincere when, in February, 1813, they offered their mediation. Two circumstances of little importance prevented it being accepted, and induced Napoleon to place but little faith in this friendly proposition, the protecting air of which was certainly ill calculated to please him. It is well known that after the battle of Jena the Emperor Napoleon received overtures from the famous association called the *Tugend-Band* (the union of virtue). This association, which had already assumed a formidable character, invited Napoleon to emancipate Germany, and to confer on her representative and liberal institutions. The Emperor committed the impolitic error of refusing; and his refusal was attended by two fatal results to himself and to France. The first was, to convert into an implacable and powerful enemy a force which in his hands might have become the lever of the north of Europe, by placing at his disposal all the youth of Germany. The *Tugend-Band* had greatly augmented its power since the battle of Jena. The cabinet of Berlin was under the influence of that association, and was its organ in important circumstances: it had been instrumental in determining King William to depart for Breslau, where other interests were to come under discussion. The *Tugend-Band* thus became the enemy of Napoleon, through his refusal to espouse its cause. On learning that the King of Prussia was at Breslau, Napoleon smiled, with an expression which enabled those who observed him to guess what was passing in his mind. The note communicated to M. de Saint-Marsan was refused, with some offensive remark. There were two causes which at that time urged the Emperor to a sort of half-revealed hostility towards Prussia:—the certainty he supposed he possessed of the treason of the cabinet of Berlin; and, on the other hand, the extreme confidence he reposed in the cabinet of Vienna.

In 1813, and even, I may say, in the beginning of 1814, the Powers of Europe entertained no intention of re-establishing the Bourbons on the throne of St. Louis. In the circles in which I mixed in Paris, I every day heard conversations in which the dangers of France were freely discussed; but the possibility of the Bourbons being brought back by the Allies was never thought of. At length the famous proclamation of Louis XVIII. was circulated on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany by English cruisers. This proclamation

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was ably written, like every thing which emanated from the pen of Louis XVIII. I cannot describe the astonishment it excited in France —in Paris particularly. The exiles of Hartwell had been forsaken and even forgotten by the English ministers since 1811. The efforts and the gold of the cabinet of St. James's had been tried in another quarter. But seeing all the advantage that might be derived from a diversion in favour of the deposed Bourbon family, Lord Liverpool joyfully embraced the scheme. It succeeded beyond his most sanguine hopes, and proved the death-blow of Napoleon. The reverses of the Russian campaign might have been repaired. The affection of a great people would still have furnished their Sovereign with immense resources; but before Napoleon could ask for proofs of that affection, there suddenly rose up before him an unknown enemy. This enemy appeared like a man rising from the grave to a multitude of persons who had abandoned the white flag, sincerely believing its cause to be lost for ever. Napoleon, who for fifteen years had occupied the throne of France, his claim to which was legitimately acquired by his services and the voice of the people, now heard the appalling words *Usurper!* and *Legitimacy!* That which he justly regarded as the rightful inheritance of his son was now about to be wrested from him in the name of the old cause, which he had every reason to believe was lost and forgotten. This new adversary was more fearful than all the rest.*

Meanwhile, Prussia declared war against France, and proclaimed her accession to the treaty of continental alliance. We were then in a terrible position! The army commanded by Prince Eugène, which constituted our principal force, did not amount to two thousand men —veteran troops! The viceroy performed prodigies during the time he remained without aid, and almost without hope, surrounded only by dissatisfied troops, and by allies ready to desert our cause. We were still in possession of Magdeburg; the Viceroy's head-quarters were at Stassfurth, near Halberstadt; and Rapp, who was shut up in Dantzick, maintained himself like a hero. Junot had departed for

* About this period, March, 1813, a great deal was said about a letter written to the Emperor by the Prince Royal of Sweden. This letter was said to be a sort of lesson read by the pupil to his master; and it was very well known that that master had no inclination to take advice, even from those he loved. Consequently, he regarded the demand made to him by Bernadotte to give peace to Europe as an offence of the gravest kind. Bernadotte was evidently seeking a pretext for a complete rupture with France. He must have known Napoleon well enough to be assured of the effect to be produced on him by advice conveyed in the shape of remonstrance.

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the Illyrian Provinces and Venice, for the English threatened the coast of all that part of the south, and the Emperor saw, in the hour of danger, the advantage of sending thither a man devoted to him like his old friend. Berlin was occupied by the Cossacks. The new city of Dresden was taken by the Prussians. Hamburgh was evacuated, and the forces of the French army, though formidable in appearance, were not calculated to inspire confidence in men capable of appreciating them. The Emperor's departure, which took place on the 15th of April, caused a deep sensation in the city of Paris. On all previous occasions his departure had never given rise to apprehension. Victory had ever been faithful to him!—But fortune had ceased to smile, and alarm had taken the place of confidence. News was looked for with a mingled feeling of impatience and fear. It was known that negotiations were opened;—but what would be the result!

The Imperial family assembled at Dresden. The Emperor of Austria, the best of men and most affectionate of fathers, was happy to see his daughter again, and above all to see her happy; for so she certainly was. At that time the Emperor Francis was not inclined to go to war. Austria was no doubt eager to repair her losses, and especially to make amends for the vast misfortunes which had surrounded her since 1805. Thus, in 1808, the cabinet of Vienna proposed to that of St. Petersburgh the triple alliance of Austria, Prussia, and Russia; which proposition was rejected. But, in 1813, if Napoleon had consented to restore the Illyrian Provinces and some other conquests useless to France, but important to Austria, the latter power would have been, what natural and political laws had ordained she should be—our faithful ally.

Napoleon having left Paris on the 15th of April, arrived at Mentz on the 17th, and on the 25th reached Erfurth. Here he remained a few days, and then proceeded to his head-quarters. The battle of Weissenfels was fought on the 29th of April. Our advanced guard, composed entirely of infantry, for we had no cavalry since the disasters of Moscow, defeated the Russian advanced guard, which was composed entirely of cavalry. Alas! this partial triumph was the precursor of a sad reverse of fortune. The ground was disputed foot by foot. Napoleon was well aware that the issue of the campaign depended on its opening. The conflict was obstinate on both sides, and every little skirmish was attended with vast bloodshed. General Wittgenstein commanded a numerous force of infantry and cavalry, with which he was instructed to defend the defile, or rather the defiles of Poserna. A formidable artillery force augmented the

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strength of this position, which, nevertheless, Napoleon resolved to carry. This was on the eve of the battle of Bautzen, and Napoleon made choice of Bessières for the dangerous enterprise. On the 1st of May, the Marshal, seeing the defiles of Poserna so formidably defended, and knowing how important it was for the French army to gain possession of them, entered the defile of Rippach, which was more strongly defended than the rest, and advanced, sword in hand, at the head of the tirailleurs, whom he encouraged at once by his words and his example. The heights were carried, the enemy was routed, and we were in possession of the defile. At this moment Bessières, who was always the first in the face of danger, received a fatal wound. A ball entered his breast, and he breathed his last before he could be fully aware of the glory that attended his death.

His aides-de-camp, and those immediately about him, for a time concealed the event from the knowledge of the army. A cloak was thrown over the body, and the Emperor was the only person made acquainted with the misfortune. The intelligence overwhelmed him. Bessières's death was an immense loss to Napoleon; he felt it both as a Sovereign and a friend. That same night the Emperor wrote these few lines to the Duchess of Istria: "Your husband has perished for France—and he closed without pain his glorious life."

After this first disastrous loss, a triumph, though won with blood-stained laurels, was ostentatiously announced by the French journals. This was the battle of Lutzen. Napoleon probably wished to revive the recollection of Gustavus Adolphus, who died and was interred at Lutzen. The Emperor arrived at the latter place on the night of the 1st of May. His spirits were deeply depressed. The death of Bessières, which had happened only a few hours before, and which he was constrained to conceal;—the critical circumstances in which he was placed, all tended to cast a gloom on every surrounding object. Napoleon was not usually influenced by external circumstances; but here the moral effect produced a reaction. He visited the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus,* and there, in the silence of night, during the interval between the loss of a beloved friend and the gaining of a victory, Napoleon experienced impressions, which, by his own acknowledgment, appeared to him a sort of revelation. Be this as it may, the battle of Lutzen was won by a sort of phenomenon, or an inspiration of the Emperor's genius, which a mind like his might naturally attribute to a sort of predestination.

* There is an obelisk erected on the spot near the road-side from Weissen fels to Leipsic, where Gustavus fell.

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"This is like one of our Egyptian battles," said he, as he surveyed the ground—"we have infantry and artillery, but no cavalry,—gentlemen, we must not spare ourselves here!" He afterwards remarked, "I have gained the battle of Lutzen like the General-in-chief of the army of Italy, and the army of Egypt!" In the utmost heat of the action Napoleon alighted from his horse, and, to use his own words, he *did not spare himself.* Whole batteries were carried by bayonet charges. Meanwhile Prince Eugène, by a skilful and well-executed march, had opened the gates of Dresden to the good King of Saxony. This was the last exploit of the Viceroy's brilliant campaign. Unfortunately, Napoleon required his services in Italy, whither he returned on the 12th of May—the very day on which the King of Saxony re-entered his capital. On the 18th of May, Eugène was in Milan. By his intelligence and activity he raised a new army, and that army was fighting in Germany in the month of August following. It consisted of forty-five thousand infantry, and two thousand cavalry. All this partakes of the miraculous; within the space of eleven months the army of Italy furnished nearly ninety thousand troops—forty thousand at the beginning of 1812; twenty thousand in the autumn; and twenty-eight thousand at the end of March, 1813. These latter, commanded by General Bertrand, joined the army of Germany on the very day of the battle of Lutzen. The departure of Prince Eugène made a deep impression on Austria. His journey was regarded, though perhaps unjustly, as a proof of distrust; and at that moment, when Austria openly assumed the character of armed mediator, her dignity felt wounded.

Napoleon had a conference with Count Metternich, for at that time he had not been elevated to the rank of Prince. The conversation was warmly maintained, and there appeared reason to apprehend that something unpleasant might ensue. The Emperor began to lose all self-command. He advanced towards M. de Metternich, speaking in an elevated tone of voice, and by a sudden motion of his arm, he struck the hat which M. de Metternich held in his hand, and it fell to the ground. Napoleon saw this, and appeared a little disconcerted at the accident. The interlocutors continued walking about; M. de Metternich maintained his *sang-froid*, and took no notice of the hat. This circumstance, so trivial in itself, had its influence on the mind of Napoleon; he became preoccupied, and looked at the unfortunate hat every time he passed it, in a way that showed he was not a little vexed at his own warmth. "What will he do?" thought M. de Metternich, who was resolved to go away without his hat, rather than stoop to take it up. After two or three

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turns up and down the room, the Emperor, by an artful manœuvre, managed to pass quite close to the hat, so that it came precisely in his way. He then gave it a gentle kick with his foot, *picked it up*, and carefully laid it on a chair which stood near him. In this little affair, so insignificant in itself, Napoleon showed all the address and presence of mind which he so well knew how to exercise in matters of greater importance.

Whilst the army of Italy was engaged in opposing the Russians, the most active communications were maintained between France and Austria. Count Louis de Narbonne, and M. de Caulaincourt, both of whom were very anxious to bring about peace, to which they were likewise convinced Russia was not averse, were appointed to negotiate on the part of France. The battle of Bautzen was fought on the 21st of May. On the 2d of May, the day on which the battle of Lutzen was gained, Napoleon had remarked, "We shall conquer about three o'clock this afternoon." A similar prediction preceded the victory of Bautzen. But what torrents of blood sullied our laurels! Our loss was considerable, though inferior to that of the Russians and Prussians. The Emperor, on his part, acknowledged the loss of twenty thousand men. Nevertheless the advantage attending the victory was immense. It rendered us masters of all the roads leading to Silesia, and thus opened to us the heart of Prussia.

The news of the junction of the Prince Royal of Sweden, circulated about this time, with the coalition of the allies, added to the public disquiet. On the 18th of May, he had landed at Stralsund with 30,000 Swedes. This, on the part of Bernadotte, was an absolute treason to his country, which nothing can ever obliterate. At Stralsund he assembled, under his own command, an army of a hundred and forty thousand men, consisting of Russians, Prussians, and Swedes. This was the army which, after having beaten Marshal Ney at Dumewitz, as well as the brave Oudinot, saved Berlin, by preventing Napoleon from profiting by the advantage gained at Dresden.

Paris was deserted. Those ladies whose husbands were absent with the army, had set off to their country seats, or to the different watering places, and none remained in the capital except those who, like myself, had peremptory reasons for not leaving it. A little circle of friends assembled at my house every evening. Lavalette came to see me on one of these occasions, and I observed that he looked gloomy and chagrined, he who was always so cheerful and good-humoured. "Heavens!" exclaimed I, "what is the matter? You look as melancholy as if you had come from a funeral!" Lavalette changed colour. He put his hand into his bosom, and drew out

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a letter. It was from the grand army, and was in the handwriting of Duroc.—"Ah!" said I, "a thousand thanks for this. I have not had news for so long a time!"

I broke open the letter; it had been written at two separate times, and so rapidly that it was scarcely legible. He had begun to write to me on the eve of the battle of Bautzen, and had finished the letter next day—so at least I imagined.

Next morning, before ten o'clock, M. de Lavalette again called on me. On recollecting his agitated manner the night before, a sinister idea crossed my mind; I thought of Illyria, and running to meet him as soon as he entered, I exclaimed, "What has happened to Junot?"—"Nothing," he replied: and seating himself beside me, he took both my hands in his, and said in that feeling manner, so peculiarly his own:—"My dearest friend, we have sustained a great misfortune, for it is a misfortune common to us all." Then, after a pause, as if fearful to utter the fatal words, he added: "Duroc is dead!—He was killed at the battle of Ripenbach, or rather by one of those fatalities which Providence is pleased to inflict upon us—it was after the battle was ended!"

He then informed me that Duroc, standing behind the Emperor, in conversation with General Kirschner, was killed by the rebound of a ball, which was fired from so great a distance, that it was inconceivable how it should have taken effect. It did so, however, and too fatally, for the second rebound inflicted Duroc's death-blow. This event deeply affected the Emperor. He followed the Duke de Frioul to a cottage, to which he was conveyed, in the village of Marksdorff, at the entrance of which the fatal occurrence took place. Duroc, who was scarcely able to breathe, was laid on a bed, and a sheet was thrown over him. On seeing the Emperor so deeply moved, he said:—

"Sire, leave this scene I entreat you; it is too much for your feelings. I consign my family to your care." Duroc was one of those rare men who are but sparingly sent into the world. He was universally beloved and esteemed, and the favour which the Emperor bestowed on him, never excited envy. His death was an irreparable loss to Napoleon.

I had many friends at Naples, attached to the court of the Queen and King Joachim; and I received from them, about this time, letters which surprised me strangely. The King, I was informed, had received from the Emperor orders to rejoin him in Germany, and it was reported, even in the interior of the palace, that Joachim refused to go. I may here briefly relate the circumstances which followed

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the inexplicable departure of the King of Naples, when he abandoned the French at Posen on the 17th of January, 1813. Murat, doubtless, behaved badly to the Emperor; but a fact which I can certify, because I have proofs of it in my possession, is, that a conspiracy formed in the bosom of his family was the sole cause of his first faults. It was likewise a very artfully contrived scheme, which occasioned his precipitate departure from Posen on the 17th of January. Unfounded alarms were raised in the mind of Joachim relative to the designs of the English on his dominions. Urgent messages were dispatched to him with the intelligence that an English fleet was in sight of the coast of Calabria, and that preparations were making for a landing. This intelligence, together with letters from the Queen, induced him suddenly to leave his head-quarters at Posen. He set off accompanied by his aide-de-camp General Rosetti, and hurried to Naples, in a state of anxiety which almost deprived him of the power of sleeping or taking food. Sometimes he would rub his head, and wildly exclaim, "The English! the English!—Rosetti; you will see that when we get to Florence, we shall find they have landed, and that they are masters of Calabria!"

Instead of repairing to Naples, he proceeded to Caserte, where the Queen and her family then were. The lady who furnished me with these particulars was at that time at Caserte, in the exercise of her court duty. She assured me that the first interview between Joachim and Caroline was exceedingly cold and constrained, and that violent scenes ensued after the King's return. Murat rejoined the Emperor during the armistice of Plewitz. Napoleon gave him the command of the right wing of the army on the day of the battle of Dresden. From that time to the moment of his departure for Italy, which was after the battle of Leipsic, his conduct was worthy of what he had shown himself to be when with the army of Italy, and in Egypt. He seemed anxious to prove that he had no wish to spare his blood in the service of the Emperor.

Our ill-fortune in Spain produced a fatal influence in the North, in spite of the presence of Napoleon. The combined disasters of Russia and the Peninsula inspired our adversaries with renewed confidence. Alliances were signed against us in all quarters. The treaties of Reichenbach and Peterswalden gave to the coalition an army of two hundred and fifty thousand men; and yet, at the commencement of the campaign, England was so destitute of financial resources that she could not grant subsidies. About this time I received a letter from Junot, dated Gorizia. He had set out on a long journey along the shore of the Adriatic; but the information he received led him to

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apprehend that the English would effect a landing at Fiume. He immediately returned to Gorizia; and on the 5th of July the English really presented themselves before Fiume with a small squadron, consisting of an eighty gun ship and several smaller vessels filled with English troops. The ships fired on the city, and, after a short resistance, which was abridged by the defection of some Croatian troops, the English effected a landing.

General Moreau, who had resided for some time in America, embarked on the 21st of June for Europe, accompanied by his wife and M. de Swinine, a person attached to the Russian embassy. Moreau returned to Europe with revenge in his heart, and a determination to wreak it at any price, even that of honour. He landed, I think, at Gothemberg, on the 24th of July, and from thence proceeded to Prague to see the Allied Sovereigns, who awaited him with a degree of impatience which seemed to say,—*We count on you to aid us in our designs on France.* He engaged to direct the operations of the campaign. No doubt he must have felt many bitter pangs of remorse, when he beheld those national colours and those uniforms which he himself had so often led against the Austrians and Prussians. On the eve of the battle of Dresden, the Emperor Alexander came to him and said, "I have come to receive your commands; I am your aide-de-camp." A Russian officer who was present on this occasion, assured me that when the Emperor Alexander uttered the above words, Moreau became deadly pale, and trembled so violently that it was easy to discern the painful state of his feelings. One day he met General J. .., who, owing to some cause of dissatisfaction, had left the French army, in which he had long served. Moreau, though but slightly acquainted with him, was so happy to find some one situated like himself, that he stepped up to him and took him cordially by the hand. General J...., however, withdrew his hand, and replied coolly to the greeting of Moreau. "It is somewhat strange," said the latter to his fellow renegade, but with a certain degree of reserve, for he saw the other was not inclined to meet his advances, "it is strange that we should meet here under circumstances so similar."—"It is one of the whimsical decrees of fate," replied General J...., "but after all, our cases are not so very similar; for you must know I am not a Frenchman." Moreau heaved a deep sigh, and covering his face with his hand, turned away and said no more. This circumstance took place three or four days before his death.*

* He was killed in the following manner: Accompanied by the Emperor Alexander, he was making a reconnoissance before Dresden, on the 27th of

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CHAPTER XLV.

The Duke de Rovigo—Junot's illness and death—State of Spain—Treaty of alliance with Denmark—Congress of Prague—Propositions to Austria—Rupture of the Armistice—Prince Schwartzenburg—Battle of Dresden—Victory—Reverses—Surrender of St. Sebastian—Treaty of Tœplitz—Battle of Katzbach—Wellington enters France—Battle of Leipsic—Death of Prince Poniatowski—Napoleon's visit to the King of Saxony—The French army cross the Rhine—The Emperor's arrival at Mentz—Surrender of Pampeluna—The French driven from Spain—The typhus fever—Treachery of Prince Schwartzenburg and the Prince of Wirtemberg—Evacuation of Holland—Restoration of the House of Orange—Napoleon's arrival at St. Cloud—Murat—Intrigues of England—Admiral Bentinck and the Duke de Vauguyon—The Emperor's laconic letter to Murat.

THE severe shocks I had sustained by the death of my two valued friends, Bessières and Duroc, had produced a serious effect upon my

August, 1813. The Czar, following up his declaration of being Moreau's aide-de-camp, obliged him to pass first along a bridge, which was rather narrow. A ball fired from the French army struck Moreau, and shattered his right knee, then, after passing through the body of his horse, it carried away a part of his left leg. Consternation prevailed throughout the Russian camp. The Czar was deeply affected. As to Moreau, he suffered a martyrdom of agony. A litter was formed, which was supported on the Cossacks' pikes, and in this manner Moreau was borne from the field of battle. He was conveyed to a house, where the Emperor Alexander's chief surgeon amputated his right leg. He bore the operation courageously, and when it was over he said to the surgeon,—"But the left, sir, what is to be done with that?" The surgeon looked at him with surprise.—"Yes," pursued Moreau, "what is to be done with this fragment of a limb? It is perfectly useless." The surgeon replied that he feared it would be impossible to save it.—"Then cut it off," said General Moreau, coolly; and he extended his leg with a stoicism which would have been truly sublime, had he received the wound *for* his country. He suffered the most terrible agony. The Emperor Alexander was deeply afflicted at the terrible death of the man whom he had called his friend, and taken as his counsellor. He shed tears upon his deathbed. The whole of the allied army might be said to have received a wound in the person of General Moreau. It seemed as though the ball had been multiplied, and had struck all the commanders at once. The army was beaten at every point, and completely routed. The torments endured by General Moreau might almost be regarded as a retributive punishment. An aide-de-camp of the Emperor Alexander informed me that he was assailed by an intolerable thirst, and that he suffered the torture of

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health—but, alas! a still more dreadful stroke awaited me. One day, as I was reclining on my sofa, after a sleepless night and much suffering, I was startled by the voice of my brother, who was speaking loudly in the adjoining room. In his interlocutor I fancied I recognised the voice of the Duke de Rovigo. In a moment the door was opened, and the Duke, though held back by my brother, forced his way into the room. "I come by command of the Emperor," replied the Duke, "and in his name I must have free access every where." At these words Albert ceased to dispute his entrance, and he advanced into the room. Albert stepped up to me, and, taking both my hands in his, said in a voice faltering with agitation, "My beloved sister—summon all your resolution, I implore you. The Duke brings you sad tidings—Junot has been attacked with a serious illness." These words pierced me to the heart—I uttered a stifled scream, but could not articulate a single word. Albert, perceiving the thought that crossed my mind, embraced me, and said, "No, on my honour, nothing has happened worse than what I tell you. My dear sister, compose yourself, for the sake of your children, for the sake of Junot, I entreat you."

The suddenness of the intelligence completely overpowered me. I had received, only four days previously, a long letter from Junot, which bore not the slightest trace of the terrible illness that was now so unexpectedly disclosed to me. The Emperor would not allow Junot to be brought to Paris for medical aid, but directed that he should be taken to his family at Montbard. Alas! my most dreadful anticipations were realized. The most unfortunate scene had ensued on the arrival of my husband in his paternal home. Junot's father, who was naturally of a melancholy temperament, sunk into a state of helpless stupor, on witnessing the afflicting malady of his son. Junot's sisters could do nothing but weep and lament, and his nephew, Charles Maldan, was a perfect nullity. Junot was, indeed, surrounded by the affection of the inhabitants of his native town, who seemed to vie with each other in showing him marks of the most noble and generous attention.

There are events which the mind cannot endure to dwell on, in spite of any effort to summon resolution. I can scarcely ever bring myself to think or speak of the melancholy scenes which ensued at

a death in the desert. He expired on the night of the 1st of September. His body was embalmed at Prague, and conveyed to St. Petersburg, where the Czar caused it to be buried in the Catholic church of that city.

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Montbard after the arrival of Junot, who breathed his last on the 29th of July, at four in the afternoon.*

The intelligence from Spain, received in private letters, was very alarming. Napoleon still maintained the war in the Peninsula, and contented himself with sending back Marshal Soult, whose forces he diminished by taking twelve thousand of the guards, and nearly forty thousand of the old troops. This was depopulating the army of Spain. The result of this measure was, Marshal Suchet was obliged to leave Valencia, and march on the Ebro. In the mean ume we signed a treaty of alliance with Denmark, and the Congress of Prague was opened. At that congress were decided the destinies of Europe, and Napoleon lost the game he was playing against the Sovereigns solely by his own fault. One of the causes which chiefly contributed to his error was the mistaken opinion he had formed of M. Metternich. I have heard him express this opinion in conversation. Subsequently, perhaps, he corrected it; but at that time M Metternich's noble spirit was wounded.

On the 8th of August Napoleon sent new propositions to the Emperor Francis. New discussions ensued. The 10th of August arrived; the armistice was broken, and the Sovereigns of Sweden, Russia, and Prussia, signified to France their intention of resuming hostilities. There then appeared reason to believe that Napoleon's object had been merely to gain the time necessary for the arrival of his troops.

As to the confederation of the Rhine, it was first proposed to break it up, then continue it. The whole of Italy was to remain under the direct or indirect domination of France. We therefore became a dangerous rival to England with our ports, and those of Italy, Belgium, and Holland. The war commenced. Napoleon now had to depend upon the resources of his genius. The allied forces amounted to six hundred thousand men, whilst those of France did not exceed three hundred and fifty thousand, two-thirds of which consisted of young conscripts scarcely arrived at manhood. To the numerical advantage of the Allies must be added the immense advantage they possessed in fighting on friendly territories, with the facility of obtaining provisions, etc.

On the 20th of August Napoleon was informed of the junction of the Austrian troops with the Allies. Prince Schwartzenburg was

* Now, after the lapse of a long interval of time, I can pardon though I can not forget the culpable stupidity of Junot's family, who suffered the man whose safety they should have watched over from pride, if not from affection, to do what he did in the delirium of a brain fever.

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appointed Generalissimo of all the forces of the coalition. Napoleon was still himself, and his presence at the head of his army had not lost its magic power. On the 20th of August he learned that Austria had abandoned him; and on the 21st he resumed the offensive, and defeated Blucher. Amidst the triumph of Goldberg * he was warned of the march of the Allies on Dresden,† advised by Moreau. He consigned the army of Silesia to Macdonald, and hastened with his guards to succour Dresden,‡ where he arrived at nine on the morning of the 26th. Some skirmishing was going on in the suburbs. Napoleon then gave an example of that luminous intelligence which elevated him to the highest rank among military commanders. His eagle eye scanned the battle at a glance. He immediately saw the course on which depended victory or defeat. Instead of waiting for the attack, he ordered it. The Prussians and Russians, apparently bewildered by the impetuosity of the movement, were repulsed to a great distance, leaving forty thousand slain on the field of which they had been masters in the morning.

On the evening of that day Napoleon entered Dresden with the 2d and 6th corps. Throughout the whole of the battle he had himself fought like a sub-lieutenant, sword in hand; he was always the foremost, leading the way with equal indifference to death or glory. During the battle he had only sixty-five thousand men to contend with one hundred and eighty thousand. Next day he arose before daylight, having had only two hours' sleep. He took his station in the centre, with the King of Naples on his right and the Prince of Moskow on his left. In this manner he attacked the enemy, whose forces amounted to one hundred and eighty thousand. His plan was not, and could not have been arranged beforehand. He took his *lunette*, and examined the field of battle. He discerned a great void. This was to be filled up by the corps of Klenau, but it could not be brought up until two o'clock, and it was now only six. Napoleon at once conceived his plan of victory. The attack was conceptive, executed, and proved victorious. The enemy lost seventeen thousand prisoners, and fourteen thousand killed or wounded. Such were the results of this brilliant and ably planned battle.§

* A strong position carried by our army on the 23d of August, 1813.

† The coalesced forces had debouched from Bohemia on Dresden by the left bank of the Elbe, whilst Napoleon repulsed Blucher in the direction of the Oder.

‡ The troops marched forty leagues in seventy-two hours without receiving rations; and they fought for ten days without rest.

§ It is well known that Napoleon very often spoke of his lucky star. At the conclusion of this important day he exclaimed, "I cannot be beaten!"

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He was now master of Dresden. Alexander was flying, and fortune had resumed her smiles. But, in the meanwhile, Marshal Macdonald had sustained a terrible reverse. Blucher was driving him from Silesia. Marshal Davoust also was evacuating Schwerin. General Vandamme was made prisoner in the mountains of Bohemia, with twelve thousand men. Marshal Oudinot was defeated by his old comrade, Bernadotte. This event saved Berlin, which the Emperor had so confidently counted on entering, that decrees had been prepared, dated from that city. The disasters of the campaign were in a great measure attributed, and perhaps justly, to General J...., who carried over to the enemy documents which he had surreptitiously obtained from Marshal Ney. The intelligence thus conveyed saved Berlin, as it made known Napoleon's intention of proceeding thither.

Not only in the north, and under his own eyes, did reverses crowd upon each other, but Spain was torn from him, province by province, village by village. Our troops bravely defended every inch of ground, but resistance only served to prove our weakness. Marshal Suchet, however, once more sounded the trumpet of victory. Admiral Bentinck, who had brought fresh troops from Sicily, landed them on the coast of Catalonia. A battle was fought at Villafranca de Panada, eight leagues from Barcelona, and the English, who were defeated by Generals Suchet and Decaen, lost an immense number of troops. But such was our position, that we could not afford to lose a single man, even though his loss might be compensated by slaying ten of the enemy. The victory of Villafranca de Panada did not prevent the surrender of St. Sebastian. The English took that fortress after a protracted and inglorious siege, and they committed all the horrors which we read of in the history of the middle ages, on the occasion of the sacking of cities by the bands of condottieri or free troops.

Austria signed, at Tœplitz, a new treaty of alliance with Russia and Prussia, and finally broke all her bonds with Napoleon by signing another treaty with England.* This treaty presented one peculiarity worthy of remark. It is well known that England would never acknowledge the Emperor, nor apply to him that title. In the treaty above alluded to, in order to avoid the designations of Bonaparte or Napoleon, the term *common enemy* was employed by England and adopted by Austria! There was a good reason for this. Austria was receiving subsidies. But the greatest misfortune of all those which simultaneously assailed the Emperor, was the loss of the battle

* This treaty was signed by Lord Aberdeen, on the part of Great Britain, the 3d of October.

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of Katzbach by Marshal Macdonald. We lost twenty thousand men. This was an irreparable stroke. General Vandamme was made prisoner in this fatal battle, in which sixty thousand of the enemy were attacked by fifteen thousand French. About the same time Wellington crossed the Bidassoa and entered France.

Hostilities had recommenced on the 28th of September, by a combined movement of three of the allied armies. The Emperor at first beat Blucher, and obliged him to retire on the Saale. Napoleon seemed now to flatter himself with the idea of renewing, on that line of the Elbe, the glory of Frederick in his wars with Austria. It is strange that in such a position he should have allowed empty visions to engross his mind. His most important object was to secure the fidelity of Bavaria and Wirtemberg; and these two allies forsook him. He learned at Duben the defection of both from the King of Wirtemberg himself. The Emperor entered Leipsic on the 15th of October. We now possessed only six hundred pieces of artillery, and the allies had more than a thousand. All the veteran and most efficient portion of our army were shut up in garrisons, and Napoleon, by some inexplicable infatuation, awaited three hundred and fifty thousand men before Leipsic, with a feeble and dispirited force, scarcely amounting to a hundred and forty thousand. The day after his arrival at Leipsic, Napoleon gave the enemy battle before a village called Wachau, and was victorious. He now proposed an armistice to the Allied Sovereigns, and offered to evacuate Germany as far as the Rhine. But it was too late. They refused the proposed armistice.

Dismay pervaded the minds of all the Generals-in-chief who surrounded the Emperor. A council was held by them, to which Berthier and M. Daru were summoned. They all agreed that Napoleon should do any thing rather than come to an engagement. The conference being ended, Count Daru and the Prince de Neufchatel solicited an audience of the Emperor. Berthier represented the immense disadvantage of fighting with such an inferiority of force. He added, that the generals themselves were so disheartened that they were unable to animate the sinking courage of their troops, and he closed his picture by representing the terrible chance of a defeat opening to our enemies the road to Paris.

Encouraged by the silence of the Emperor, M. Daru spoke in his turn. He pointed out the destitute condition of the army, without an hospital in its rear, a circumstance which operated as a powerful dis couragement to the troops. "Your Majesty is aware," pursued the Count, "that it is not my fault if we have not our accustomed re

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sources. It is therefore necessary that we should come to a determination which, however mortifying it may be, is nevertheless urgent in present circumstances. Napoleon looked for some moments at Count Daru and the Prince de Neufchatel, and then said, "Have you any thing more to tell me?" They bowed, and made no reply. "Well then, hear my answer. As to you, Berthier, you ought to know very well that your opinion on such a question has not the weight of a straw against my determination. You might, therefore, have spared yourself the trouble of speaking. You, Count Daru, should confine yourself to your pen, and not interfere with military matters. You are not qualified to judge in this affair. As to those who sent you, let them obey. This is my answer." He then dismissed them.

Next day the battle of Leipsic was fought. What must have been Napoleon's feelings when he beheld about one-quarter of his troops pass over to the enemy, and point against their comrades the guns which had dealt death among the enemy's ranks only an hour before. In this manner the battle of Leipsic may be said to have been both lost and gained by our army. The centre* and the right were victorious. The left was abandoned by the Saxons, and delivered up to the enemy. The battle of Leipsic, instead of being a defeat, may be said to have been one of Napoleon's most brilliant military achievements. At all events, the day was as glorious to him as it was disgraceful to those who so basely betrayed him; and, I may add, to those who so basely bought over the traitors.

The retreat was ordered, and it commenced in the most perfect order. Night was then drawing on. Before daylight the bridges were crossed, and all was proceeding without confusion, when an event, which has never yet been clearly explained, spread terror through the ranks of the French army. I allude to the blowing up of the bridge across the Elster. The sub-officer, by whom this act was committed, either from want of judgment, or what is not improbable, being bribed by the enemy, was the sole author of the misfortune by which the wreck of our army was sacrificed. This officer, who was directed to blow up the bridge across the Elster, stated that he was deceived by a party of Cossacks who had advanced and crossed the river; and the bridge was destroyed whilst ten thousand men

* The centre was commanded by the Emperor in person, and the right by the King of Naples. For the space of seven hours they resisted upwards of two hundred and seventy thousand men, with a force of nine thousand five hundred. The Prince of Sweden overpowered Marshal Ney on the left. The Marshal, nevertheless, defended himself for a considerable time with forty thousand men against one hundred and fifty thousand.

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were still engaged in defending the barriers of the suburbs to afford time to the reserve and the parks of artillery to pass, supposing the enemy to be still in possession of the city. This event, which separated the troops who had crossed the bridge from all the reserve, was a fatal blow to the French army. The rear guard, having no means of retreating, was at the mercy of the enemy: a frightful scene then ensued. The troops hurried in disorder to the western outlets of the plain, to reach the different passages of the arms of the river with which the road to France is intersected. Whole battalions were made prisoners, and others were drowned. Marshal Macdonald saved himself by swimming. The Polish hero, Prince Poniatowski, perished here. He had been wounded in a charge made in the streets of the city, at the head of the Polish lancers, and arriving, feeble from loss of blood, on the banks of the Elster, still anxious to protect the retreat of those who will always be proud to call him their brother in arms, he plunged into the river and was drowned.

An admirable trait in the life of Napoleon was the visit he made to the King of Saxony, in passing through Leipsic. The venerable Sovereign was sinking under the weight of his grief for the treason of his countrymen. Napoleon knew him too well to attribute to him any share of the odium of that disgraceful defection. He said all he could to console the lacerated heart of the Nestor of Germany. But this visit, which the old King prided himself in having received, brought upon him a cruel revenge. He was overwhelmed with every species of insult, and was even punished as a traitor for no other reason than that he had not been guilty of treason. The unfortunate old monarch was made prisoner by the allied Sovereigns, as a pledge of their unhoped for ovation, and condemned, like a criminal, to forfeit one half of his states. This sentence was executed. The Prince Royal of Sweden was one of the most severe at that council of Kings, who now began to strike indiscriminately those whom they had acknowledged and addressed as "Brother."

The French army, the amount of which at Leipsic was between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty thousand men, scarcely numbered ninety thousand on its arrival at Erfurth. Fresh supplies of provisions and ammunition helped to revive the drooping spirits of the troops, and they continued their march towards France. On the 2d of November the army crossed the Rhine. This at least was a strong barrier. But, alas! it had not been respected by our ambition, could we then hope that vengeance would respect it? On the 3d of November the Emperor arrived at Mentz. This was the second time that he had entered his empire as a fugitive. But in the

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previous year his situation was very different, he had still in his power great resources, which might enable him to command immense results. Now all was lost! I received from Mentz a letter which assured me that he was profoundly dejected. Whilst at Mentz he received intelligence of the surrender of Pampeluna. The fall of that fortress secured the liberation of western Spain. The surrender was caused by want of provisions. This event augmented Napoleon's melancholy. He immediately left Mentz, and pursued his journey to St. Cloud. There, news of a still more mortifying nature awaited him. The lines of St. Juan de Luz, commanded by Marshal Soult, had been forced by Wellington. The French were now entirely driven from Spain.

At this moment Heaven visited us with another disaster! The typhus fever swept away in the space of six weeks upwards of forty thousand men, who were crowded together in the hospitals, on the banks of the Rhine. The malady prevailed not only on the banks of the Rhine; it likewise extended its deadly ravages along the Elbe. Marshal Saint Cyr, who was shut up in Dresden, with thirty thousand men, had six thousand sick.* He was obliged to capitulate. And what was the consequence? The capitulation, concluded by Generals Tolstoi and Klemanne, was not ratified by the Generalissimo, Prince Schwartzenburg, who, abusing his title as commander-in-chief, did not scruple to make his lieutenants perjure themselves. The treacherous conduct of Prince Schwartzenburg soon found imitators. On the 1st of January, 1814, the Prince of Wirtemberg signed a capitulation with Rapp, at Dantzick, and afterwards refused to execute it.

Holland was now evacuated. General Mollitor, with fourteen thousand men, could no longer resist General Bulow, who had sixty thousand. The house of Orange was recalled. Dantzick, Dresden, all had capitulated, and all had been betrayed. There remained not a single friend to France on the other side of the Rhine. Denmark, herself, so long faithful to us, the friend of the Committee of Public Safety, and the ally of Robespierre, Denmark had not courage to adhere to Napoleon in his misfortune. The Emperor arrived at St. Cloud, on the 9th of November, and lost not a moment in adopting the necessary steps for the defence of France. He saw the necessity of organizing a system of security in Paris. To extreme dangers he determined to apply extreme remedies. On the 15th of December,

* Marshal Saint Cyr was taken with twenty-three thousand men, thirteen generals of division, twenty generals of brigade, and seventeen hundred officers. To these must be added, six thousand invalids in the hospitals of Dresden.

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the senate had placed three hundred thousand conscripts at Napoleon's disposal. On the 2d of December, the Emperor had notified to Count Metternich his willingness to accept the conditions of Frankfort. As a guarantee of his intentions he liberated Ferdinand VII., and on the 11th of December signed the treaty of Valencey. On the 19th of December, the Legislative Body was opened by the Emperor in person.

I have now arrived at a subject which is the more important, since I never could have anticipated that France would have had cause to fear the man of whom I am now about to speak. I allude to Murat. For a long time previously his conduct had been such as to excite the suspicion that he meditated defection. England, ever ready to seize at any thing which might accelerate the fall of Napoleon, eagerly strove to bring to maturity this new germ of misfortune. Agents were sent to Italy: the condition of its different provinces was easily revealed, especially at the moment when the typhus fever had swept away almost the whole of that army which Prince Eugène had sent to Germany in the spring of the same year. A deep-laid plan was then conceived; and to render the blow more severe to Napoleon, it was intended that the hand of Murat should inflict it.

Lord Castlereagh, like an able minister, as he was, perfectly understood the importance, not only of gaining over Murat, but of maintaining him where he was. Murat had entered into some negotiations with England, and the preliminaries of a treaty had been exchanged. Of this treaty the following were the bases:

England was to acknowledge Joachim Murat as King of Naples, and to pledge herself to obtain a similar acknowledgment from Ferdinand, who was to abandon the Neapolitan States, and to retire to Sicily. The kingdom of Naples was to be augmented by the whole of the Marshes of Ancona. Italy was to be declared independent, and all the little sovereignties restored as they were before the conquest. To aid the fulfilment of this latter clause, England was to advance twenty millions to Murat for the expenses of the war which he would probably have to enter upon, and to place an army of twenty-five thousand men at his disposal. Admiral Bentinck, commander-in-chief of the British forces in the Mediterranean, was instructed to pursue this negotiation, in which England evinced a deep interest. M. de la Vauguyon, who was then master of Rome, where he had succeeded General Miollis in the command of the Papal States, used all his efforts to bring Murat to a decision. But his courier repeatedly returned without any satisfactory answer. Nothing seemed to indicate any assurance that King Joachim would

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adopt the course which he (Vauguyon) regarded as the only one fitting for him to follow. Mention was even made of a treaty with Austria. M. von Mire, the Austrian minister at Naples, had acquired an ascendancy over the Queen, which he turned to the disadvantage of his own Sovereign; and Murat's weakness ruined him in this most important juncture of his life. M. de la Vauguyon remained in Rome, anxiously waiting till it should please Murat to come to a decision. Receiving no intelligence he began to be uneasy, when one day his valet-de-chambre announced that there were two strangers waiting, who earnestly requested to see him immediately. "Have you told them I am dressing?" said the Duke. "Yes," replied the valet, "but they say they will wait."

M. de la Vauguyon continued dressing, without hurrying himself the least in the world; when a second message, somewhat more peremptory, was sent to him. He then stepped into his cabinet, and desired his valet to usher in the two visitors. He beheld before him two men of very common appearance: one of them, who was of short stature, thus addressed him in an accent which betrayed him to be an Englishman. "I have requested this interview, Duke, with some degree of urgency, because I have but a very short time to remain here; but it is necessary that I should speak to you, since I cannot obtain any intelligence from King Joachim. I am Admiral Bentinck." The Duke de la Vauguyon made every apology, but in truth his astonishment almost overwhelmed him. "General," continued Admiral Bentinck, "King Joachim does not behave well to my government. He knows what he may expect from England, and he ought to act with more candour and energy. In the crisis in which Europe at present stands, it is urgent that the affairs of Italy should be promptly decided. We offer twenty-five millions in money, and twenty-five thousand troops. Will your King accept these propositions, and with them the friendship of the English government? He ought to be aware that the alliance of Great Britain will secure to him the assistance of all the other Sovereigns of Europe. From whom would he wish to derive his power? From England or from Austria? He must promptly decide. The step I have now taken proves my personal esteem for your character by thus trusting to your honour; and it likewise shows the interest I feel for the success of what has been so happily begun."

The Duke de la Vauguyon assured Admiral Bentinck, that he had spared no endeavour to bring the King of Naples to the wished-for decision. Bentinck was probably aware of this. It was his confidence in the noble character of the Duke, and his personal desire to see the

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business settled, which induced him to hazard a step which might have led to his imprisonment. But the Admiral had placed confidence in the honour of M. de la Vauguyon, and that shield was sacred. The Admiral's boat was waiting for him at Civita-Vecchia, and he departed, recommending the Duke to spare no endeavours to secure the *interests of Italy*. But what was the Duke's disappointment when, after having despatched a letter to Joachim, more urgent than the rest, there arrived in Rome one of the King's aides-de-camp, who merely passed through the city, and was carrying to the Austrian advance posts the ratification of the treaty which Murat had signed with Austria! Amidst this conflict of intrigues, Murat had written to the Emperor Napoleon a letter, to which he received the following laconic answer:

"Direct your course to Pavia, and there *wait for orders*."

Murat, naturally irritated by this haughty treatment, determined to occupy the Papal States. Hitherto M. de la Vauguyon had been in Rome only as commander of the Neapolitan division: the King now ordered him to take the title of Governor-General of the Roman States. Murat set out for Naples to join the Viceroy with his army, and to advance on the Po; but it was with a tardiness which showed how little his fidelity was to be trusted.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Blucher crosses the Rhine—Comparative force of the French army and that of the Allies—Assemblage at the court of Napoleon—Committees of the Senate and the Legislative Body—Napoleon's speech—The Russians take possession of Dantzick—Broken treaties—Our last resource—Liberation of the Pope and of Ferdinand VII.—Napoleon's farewell to the national guard—The Duke de Vicenza's mission to the head-quarters of the Allies—Madame Recamier proceeds to Italy—Her arrival at Naples—Her first visit to the King and Queen—The Lazzaroni del Carmine—Caroline's captivating manners—Madame Recamier's second visit at court—Murat's despair—Caroline's energy—English ships in the Bay of Naples.

I was now in the sixth month of my widowhood, and since Junot's death I had lived in perfect seclusion. I did not even occupy those apartments of my hotel which looked towards the street; but my

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friends called upon me every day and brought me intelligence of what was going on. I was regularly informed of our progressive degrees of misfortune, and this information was truly appalling. One day Lavalette called on me and said, in a tone of despair, that all was lost. I was astonished to see him so dejected, for he was generally in good spirits. "Blucher," continued he, "has crossed the Rhine, at the head of a formidable army—the army of Silesia! It appears that nothing has opposed him, and that he has effected the passage from Manheim to Coblentz, without encountering the slightest obstacle."—"Heavens!" exclaimed I, "is France no longer France? Are we not the same people who, in 1792, forced the Prussians to recross the frontier?" Blucher's army amounted to one hundred and sixty thousand men; yet it was only the second in force. Among the hosts who were pouring down upon us with all the fury of vengeance, the grand army, commanded by Prince Schwartzenburg, amounted to one hundred and ninety thousand men; the army of the north, commanded by Bernadotte, counted one hundred and thirty thousand; then there were one hundred thousand troops headed by Generals Beningsen and Taeunzien; then General Bellegarde had eighty thousand men in Italy; and the German, Polish, Dutch, and Russian reserves, presented altogether about eight hundred thousand troops. To this astonishing army may be added, two hundred thousand Spaniards, Portuguese, and English, commanded by Wellington, who were thirsting for vengeance on the barrier of the Pyrenees, as Blucher was on that of the Rhine.

To this menacing invasion what forces had we to oppose? No more than three hundred and fifty thousand men!—And how were they disposed?—One hundred thousand men were shut up in the fortresses of Hamburg and Dantzick, beyond the Oder, the Elbe, and the Rhine. Prince Eugène had a feeble army in Italy to oppose to Murat and Bellegarde. Soult and Suchet had scarcely eighty thousand men to encounter with the formidable army of Wellington. The Emperor had under his direct command the corps of Marshals Ney, Marmont, Macdonald, Mortier, Victor, and Augereau. But what was the force of these army corps? Marshal Ney's scarcely amounted to fourteen thousand men, Marshal Augereau's did not amount to three thousand, and the imperial guard was included in these numbers. Thus, to resist all Europe in arms against us, we had only an army in which each man counted four adversaries. Patriotism, it is true, might still do much; but personal misfortunes had unnerved us. We were no longer ourselves. Amidst these

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troubles and terrors, amidst the distant roar of Russian and Prussian cannon, arrived the last day of the year 1813.*

On the 1st of January, 1814, Napoleon, for the last time, received the homage of his court. There was a numerous attendance at the Tuileries. When all the company had arrived, the Emperor entered from the inner apartments. His manner was calm and grave, but on his brow there sat a cloud which denoted an approaching storm. Napoleon had appointed two committees to draw up a report on the state of France. These committees were formed from members of the Senate and the Legislative Body. The committee for the Senate was composed of MM. de Talleyrand, Fontanes, Saint-Marsan, Barbé Marbois, Beurnonville, and was presided by M. de Lacépède. The committee for the Legislative Body consisted of MM. Raynouard, Lainé, Gallois, Flauguergues, and Maine de Biran, and the president was the Duke de Massa. M. Raynouard was the orator of the

* About this time, Cardinal Maury was one evening at my house, taking a review of the remarkable events which had occurred in Europe since the Assembly of the Notables. He said, it was curious to observe how much ascendancy subjects had gained over Sovereigns in that interval. He quoted the remarkable changes connected with the deaths of the following Sovereigns, and which the subjoined necrological table may bring to the recollection of the reader:—

Charles III., King of Spain, died a natural death, December 13th, 1788. Sultan Achmet IV., died of poison, April 7th, 1789. Joseph II., Emperor of Germany, died a natural death, February 20th, 1790. Leopold II., Emperor of Germany, died a natural death, March 1st, 1792. Gustavus III., King of Sweden, assassinated March 29th, 1792. Louis XVI., King of France, beheaded January 21st, 1793. Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, deposed and died a natural death, November 25th, 1795. Victor Amadeus, King of Sardinia, died a natural death, October 25th, 1796. Catherine II., Empress of Russia, died of apoplexy, November 17th, 1796. Frederick, King of Prussia, died a natural death, November 15th, 1797. Pope Pius VI., dethroned, and died in imprisonment, August 29th, 1799. Charles Emanuel, King of Sardinia, driven from his States, November 10th, 1798. Paul I., Emperor of Russia, assassinated, March 24th, 1801. Ferdinand IV., King of Naples, driven from his States, February 12th, 1806. Sultan Selim, assassinated, July 18th, 1808. Maria, Queen of Portugal, driven from her States, November 29th, 1807. Charles VII., King of Denmark, died a natural death, March 13th, 1808. Charles IV., King of Spain, forced to abdicate, March 17th, 1808. Ferdinand VII. of Spain, forced to abdicate, May 6th, 1808. Sultan Mustapha, assassinated July 28th, 1808. Gustavus Adolphus, deposed and banished from Sweden, May 10th, 1809. Pope Pius VII., dethroned, and imprisoned, July 5th, 1809.

In this long list I have not included the Doge of Venice, deposed in 1795; the Doge of Genoa, who was likewise deposed; the Grand Master of Malta, several Italian Princes, such as the Duke de Modena, and several German Princes, Electors, and Margraves.

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Legislative Body, and he spoke with a degree of candour and energy which was calculated to produce a fatal impression on the rest of France. The Emperor immediately felt this. The report of M. Raynouard likewise contained expressions disrespectful to the Emperor, the effect of which could not fail to be like a tocsin summoning the people to revolt.

The Emperor said nothing the first day, on learning what had passed in the Legislative Body; but, on the first of January, when all the authorities of the empire had assembled in the *Salle du Trone*, he delivered a speech, the violence of which filled the offenders with dismay:—"I have suppressed the printing of your address," said he; "it was of an incendiary nature. Eleven-twelfths of the Legislative Body are, I know, composed of good citizens; and I attach no blame to them; but the other twelfth is a factious party, and your committee was selected from that number. *That man named* Lainé is in correspondence with the Prince Regent, through the medium of the Advocate de Sèze. I have proofs of this fact. The report of the committee has hurt me exceedingly. I would rather have lost two battles. What does it tend to? To strengthen the pretensions of the enemy. If I were to be guided by it, I should concede more than the enemy demands. Because he asks me for the province of Champagne, would you have me surrender that of Brie? Would you make remonstrances in the presence of the enemy? Your object was to humiliate me! My life may be sacrificed, but never my honour. I was not born in the rank of kings; I do not depend on the throne.—What is a throne? A few deal boards, covered with velvet. Four months hence, and I will publish the odious report of your committee. The vengeance of the enemy is directed against my person, more than against the French people. But, for that reason, should I be justifiable in dismembering the state? Must I sacrifice my pride to obtain peace? I am proud, because I am courageous. I am proud, because I have done great things for France. In a word, France has more need of me than I have need of her. In three months we shall have peace, or I shall be dead. Go to your homes:—it was not thus you should have rebuked me."

The Legislative Body, though mute that day, was nevertheless the organ of the nation. The committee had been maladroit in speaking as it did; but Napoleon was no less so in his reply, which, though it did not appear in the Moniteur as it was delivered, was nevertheless known throughout Europe eight days afterwards. It was like issuing a manifesto against France, whilst he ought to have held out a friendly hand to her in the hour of distress, when both mutually required

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support. The Emperor's reply, which was speedily circulated throughout Paris, gave rise to a multitude of commentaries. It was like the signal of discord. To the honour of Napoleon, it must be mentioned, that though he has been held up as a tyrant, ever ready to punish, and as a despot exercising the most arbitrary self-will, yet this affair was followed by no measures of severity. Among the members of the committee there were men who might justly have incurred punishment. M. Lainé had been actively engaged at Bordeaux, at the head of a royalist faction, and was about to resume his exertions. The Emperor knew this, and perhaps he did wrong not to detain him in Paris. But I say again, the Emperor's disposition was not naturally tyrannical. He no doubt frequently adopted the most arbitrary measures, but in those instances it will be found that he was usually influenced by reports which obscured the truth, and biassed his judgment. When left to himself to make a decision, it was almost invariably noble and generous.

On the 1st of January, the brave General Rapp was obliged to allow the Russians to enter Dantzick, after a most heroic resistance. The besieged were allowed to return to France with the honours of war, taking with them their arms and baggage. None of these conditions were observed; all were violated, and the garrison was sent to Siberia! It is curious to note the three flagrant violations of treaties which took place during the time that Europe waged war against us. The first instance occurred in Egypt, at the treaty of El-Arisch, by Admiral Keith, and the brave Kleber. The second was the violation of the treaty by the Prince of Wirtemberg, at Dresden. The third, and perhaps the most dishonourable, if there can be any difference in a breach of faith, was the violation of the convention of Dantzick. It is honourable to the character of the French, as a nation, that during the twenty-two years in which we maintained war against the whole of Europe, our enemies cannot accuse us of a similar breach of faith. Our Generals maintained their pride, even amidst perils and reverses; for true honour will never appeal to necessity as an apology for a dereliction from duty.

Every day we learned the progress of the Allies from private letters, for the Moniteur still drew a veil over the truth. The line of hostile lances and bayonets was hourly more and more closely drawn, and we beheld the danger without seeing how it could be averted. Napoleon organized one hundred and twenty thousand of the national guards to cover Lyons and Paris, and to form a reserve. This was our last resource! The enemy had been for some time in possession of Langres, Dijon, Chalons, Nancy and Vaucouleurs, and threatened

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immediately to march on Paris. Blucher had established his forces at Saint Dizier and Joinville. On learning that the Austrians were in possession of Bar-sur-Aube, the Emperor determined to quit Paris. He had already liberated the King of Spain and the Pope; Ferdinand VII. had left Valençay, and Pius VII. had departed from Fontainebleau. By this measure Napoleon hoped to secure the friendship of a man who had been guilty of deposing his own father. Ferdinand, however, remained his enemy.

Nothing is more curious than to observe the sudden coldness of feeling which some persons betrayed towards Napoleon the moment his happy star began to grow dim. In one day I heard ten different versions of the manner in which he took leave of the national guard, and confided his wife and child to their protection. Many, who had witnessed the scene, returned from it with tears in their eyes; whilst others regarded as affectation the burst of sensibility which he had evinced when he presented his son to the national guard. If I had seen him I could have guessed whether his feelings were genuine or not, for I knew him too well to be deceived. But from all that I heard, I should be inclined to say that he was really animated by the sentiments he manifested. He was a father, and he doted on his child. His heart must have been moved when he gazed on the lovely boy, who had been destined at his birth to wear twenty crowns, but who had been dispossessed of his inheritance by those who were his natural protectors. Whatever may now be said of Napoleon's farewell to the national guard, there can be no doubt that the enthusiasm of the Parisians was that day at its height. No person who was then in the capital can forget the prolonged shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!*—*Vive le Roi de Rome!*—The Place du Carrousel resounded with the oaths of fidelity taken by the officers of the national guard; and yet, before a few weeks elapsed, these oaths, so solemnly pledged, were betrayed and forgotten.

Napoleon was anxious to make one more attempt to bring the allied Sovereigns to something like reasonable conditions: and he accordingly sent the Duke de Vicenza to the head-quarters of the allied army. The Duke was a favourite of the Emperor Alexander, and Napoleon was perfectly aware of the importance of regaining the friendship of the sovereign of Russia. Alas! why did he ever lose it? Alexander loved him as a brother. Be this as it may, the Duke de Vicenza was on such a footing with the Emperor Alexander, as enabled him to make propositions of peace and friendship, with some probability of success. Napoleon, with the view of giving more dignity to the Duke, appointed him his Minister for Foreign Affairs.

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It now became necessary that the Emperor should have near him a minister to correspond with the plenipotentiary. The Duke de Vicenza could scarcely expect that the Emperor could himself maintain the diplomatic correspondence amidst the rapid operations of the prodigious campaign. The Duke de Bassano was nominated to this duty.

About the time when Murat leagued with the enemies of France, a curious scene took place in the interior of the palace of Naples. Of this scene I here present to the reader an accurate description, derived from one of the persons who were actors in it, and there were but three. I allude to Madame Recamier, who, during her exile, having no hope of seeing Madame de Staël at Coppet, determined to proceed to Italy—to visit Naples, its beautiful bay; to see Vesuvius. Such magic scenery is balm to a wounded spirit! On her arrival at Naples, Madame Recamier fixed her abode at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, on the Quay di Chiata, and immediately formed her little establishment. On the morning after her arrival, she was visited by the Neapolitan Minister for Foreign Affairs, who waited upon her, by order of the King and Queen, to invite her to the palace. Madame Recamier was more annoyed than flattered by this mark of royal graciousness. She had known Murat, but he had never been one of her intimate friends. Indeed, Murat's elevation to royalty had been so sudden, that he had been speedily removed from the sphere of all his early connections. He had, at one period of his life, admired Madame Recamier, and had even made love to her, as he did to every attractive woman of his acquaintance; but she gave him to understand that his attentions were not acceptable, and he took the hint with a good grace. It was now very long since Madame Recamier had seen him. As to the Queen, she had scarcely any personal acquaintance with her, and she could not be expected to entertain any very strong predilection for the sister of the man who had persecuted her and all her friends. It was therefore with feelings rather painful than gratifying, that she repaired to the palace. She accepted the invitation because she would not treat with incivility a mark of courtesy shown to her in a foreign land, while she was stamped with the seal of exile.

The Queen of Naples was a woman of considerable shrewdness, energy of character, and talent. I use this latter term in reference to her political life only. That excepted, she was as ignorant as a woman can well be, or, I ought rather to say, as women were a hundred years ago. Though wanting in the knowledge which is usually acquired by the most ordinary education, yet, if a grave political

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question came under discussion, she could speak like a well-informed statesman.

Queen Caroline had a peculiarity of manner and temper which was very far from agreeable. I allude to her habit of ridiculing and jeering her acquaintance. For my own part, I can truly say, that I was always nervous for a week after we had any of our rehearsals of plays or quadrilles. This disposition, which she indulged to a most offensive extent, created for her more enemies than her beauty. One may accommodate oneself to a superior rivalry, especially if there be nothing very singularly superior in it; but to be continually reminded of that superiority is insufferable, particularly when one has not altogether a contemptible opinion of oneself.

Caroline received Madame Recamier with transport. Madame Recamier was touched by the kind reception she experienced, and expressed her heartfelt gratitude to the Queen of Naples. "Ah!" said Caroline, "I shall perhaps soon have to solicit a proof of your friendship, I hope you will not withhold it. I shall be much in need of it." This was on the 16th of January. Every thing that was said in the palace was a subject of conversation in Naples, and all the gossip in the city was faithfully reported in the palace. "He must abandon the Emperor," exclaimed the populace. "We will no longer be dragged from our homes to fight at the other end of the world. We must have peace."

These shouts for peace were, by a curious anomaly, raised by men armed with stilettoes, which they brandished with threatening attitudes in front of the palace of Joachim, the popular king—the king of feathers, who was a great favourite with the *Lazzaroni del Carmine*. His smiling, good-humoured countenance, his fantastic costume, in short, all his peculiarities recommended him strongly to that class of his subjects above mentioned. Besides, Murat was a man of amiable disposition; he was a good husband, and a good father. But after all, the love of his subjects was ephemeral, and it was chilled by the fear of war and the English invasion. Murmurs increased every day, and Murat could not go out of his palace without encountering dissatisfied groups. Such was the state of things when Madame Recamier arrived at Naples.

In compliance with the invitation she had received, she proceeded to the palace about noon. She found the Queen as amiable and as gracious as before. Nobody better understood the art of captivating those whom she wished to gain over to her interests than the Queen of Naples. She possessed this great charm in common with her brother Napoleon. Her apartments in the palace at Naples were

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fitted up with luxurious taste. Her bedchamber, which commanded a view of the bay, was hung with white satin, the rich soft folds of which harmonized admirably with the brilliant complexion of the mistress of the apartment. She frequently received visitors whilst in bed, as she had been in the habit of doing in Paris. Her bed-curtains were of richly worked tulle, lined with pink satin. On receiving Madame Recamier, Caroline expressed her regret at seeing her in exile; but assured her, that the hardships of that exile would be considerably mitigated by her residence in Naples. Murat, too, who was present at the interview, gave her every assurance of the interest he felt in her behalf. How could he do less! Who would not have wished to spare a pang of grief to the beautiful exile? When Madame Recamier took her leave, the King and Queen invited her to visit them again on the following day. She could easily perceive that very uneasy feelings prevailed in the interior of the palace. Public report, indeed, had Madame Recamier lent ear to it, would have informed her, that happiness was not an inmate of the royal abode, splendid as it was.

On the following day, as she proceeded to the palace, every thing presented a strange aspect, from the Quay di Chiata to the gallery of the throne. Being a stranger in the country, and unacquainted with the turbulent habits of the people, she was half inclined to return home, when she beheld the sinister agitation which prevailed. She passed through several apartments of the palace without seeing a chamberlain. At length she reached the door of the Queen's chamber; she tapped gently, and Caroline herself, who anxiously expected her, opened the door. As soon as she entered, she was struck with the extraordinary picture that presented itself. The King and Queen were alone. Murat was pale, his hair disordered, his eye rolling wildly, and to all appearance he was under the influence of some overpowering excitement of mind. The Queen, on her part, was very pale, and much agitated, but her superior fortitude was evident in every glance which she darted on her husband—that man to whom Napoleon justly said, "You are brave only on the field of battle—in any other situation you have not the courage of a woman or a monk."

"In the name of Heaven! for the sake of your own glory! remain here, I implore you, and do not show yourself in this state!" exclaimed Caroline to her husband, on the entrance of Madame Recamier; "would you wish to convince the Neapolitans that they have a King who is not worthy of the name? Stay where you are, I conjure you." These words *I conjure you* were uttered in the authoritative tone of *I desire you.* "Pray stay with him for a few moments," said the

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Queen to Madame Recamier; "I am going to give a few orders, and will return immediately."

No sooner had Caroline left the room, than Murat flew to Madame Recamier, and taking her by the two hands, said, with the deepest emotion, "Tell me, tell me the truth—it is certain that you must think I have behaved very basely. Is it not so?"—"Be composed," said Madame Recamier; "why this agitation? What has happened?" —"Alas!" continued the unfortunate Murat, sinking into a chair, "does not all France vent anathemas on my head! Am I not called Murat the traitor! Murat the renegade!" He hid his face in his hands and burst into tears.

On seeing this violent agitation, Madame Recamier immediately suspected that he had not determined to sign the treaty with Austria and England; a treaty which was calculated to alienate him and his children from France; for it would require more than the interval of a generation to wipe away such a stain. With her accustomed good sense, she immediately perceived that a little calm advice, offered by a friend, who, like herself, had no personal interest in the question at issue, might give a fixed direction to his wavering sentiments. "Do you ask me for my opinion?" said she, with a serious air. "Ah! give it me," he exclaimed eagerly, "draw me from the gulf that yawns before me. On all sides I see nothing but misfortune and disaster."—"Hear me, then," resumed Madame Recamier; "you know that I do not like the Emperor! I am myself an exile, and my friends are proscribed. All who are dear to me have been plunged into misery by Napoleon. But still, in spite of those considerations, I will give you the same advice which I would give to my own brother in the like circumstances:—you ought not to forsake the Emperor.—No, I say again, you ought not to forsake him!" As she uttered these words, Murat became more and more pale. He looked at her for some moments without making any reply. Then, rising with impetuosity, he took her hand, and led her to the balcony before the window, and pointing to the bay of Naples, already filled with English ships, he exclaimed, in a voice half stifled with emotion: "Behold! look yonder! and now tell me whether this is the moment when France should address to me the title of *traitor!*"

Madame Recamier was astounded at what she heard; for judging from all that she had had an opportunity of observing within the past hour, she confidently believed that Murat had not yet come to any decision; and yet the English ships hoisted their flags in the very port of his capital. She said nothing. What, indeed, could she have said, she who never spoke but in sincerity and candour. Murat seemed

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perfectly bewildered with despair and grief, when the Queen suddenly entered. She also was deadly pale. On perceiving the King in the pitiable state in which he was she trembled, and, running up to him, exclaimed, "In the name of Heaven, Murat, be silent, or at least speak lower! In the adjoining room there are a hundred ears listening to you! Be silent! Have you lost all self-command?"

Finding she could produce no effect upon him, she ran to a table on which was some water, sugar, and orange-flower water. She herself mixed a portion, and, pouring into it some drops of ether, she brought it to him: "Drink this and compose yourself," said she. "The crisis has now arrived. Murat, recollect what you are. You are King of Naples. Do not lose sight of the duty you owe to your subjects and to your family. Hear me! In six weeks, perhaps, the Emperor may himself be in Italy." At this sharp apostrophe Murat again trembled. "What ails you?" resumed Caroline. "What are you afraid of? Reflect on your situation. View it as it really is. The worst you have to fear is to find yourself face to face with the Emperor. Well then! Suppose he were now only fifty leagues from Naples, and that you are going to mount your horse to meet him." Murat hid his face in his hands. "How! You dare not face him?" said Caroline, with a gesture of contempt. "Then I will do so for you! Yes, I will mount my horse. I will place myself at the head of the army, and I will go to the Emperor and ask him by *what right* he takes from me that which he gave as a reward for the blood you have shed for his glory!" Madame Recamier gazed at her with painful astonishment, and could not help exclaiming, "Oh, Madame!" The Queen understood the reproach conveyed in these words: she paced two or three times up and down the apartment: and then, as if in reply to Madame Recamier, she said, "Doubtless I am his sister! I know it but too well. Yet why did he give me a crown? If I am his sister, I am likewise Queen of Naples!" Then, as if overcome by the weight of so many distressing sensations, she threw herself on a sofa and was silent. Presently a sort of murmur was heard on the quay. Caroline rose suddenly, ran to Murat, and, looking at him steadfastly, said, "Now you may show yourself. Go, my dear Joachim:—and recollect who you are!" Murat rose, passed his hand through his hair, and stepped up to a mirror to adjust the deranged appearance of his cravat. He then embraced the Queen, and, taking Madame Recamier's hand, he said to her, with a tone of sincere kindness, "You will return and dine with us. We shall be alone; do not refuse."

Madame Recamier promised to go, and Murat then took leave of

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her and the Queen. When he had passed the folds of the satin curtains, which were drawn over the door, the Queen rushed into the arms of Madame Recamier, and shed a torrent of tears. "You see," said she, "I am obliged to have courage for him as well as myself! At a time, too, when my own fortitude is scarcely borne up even by my affection for my children;—when I am hourly distracted by thinking of my brother, who believes me to be guilty of treason to him. Oh! pity me! I have need of pity, and I deserve it. If you could search my heart, you would see what torture I am doomed to bear!"

On returning to her hotel, Madame Recamier was absorbed in agitating reflections. Suddenly her attention was roused by a noise in the street. She ran to the window, and saw the whole population of the Carmine* and Santa-Lucia assembled round Murat, who was parading the city on horseback. The intelligence of the treaty of alliance, confirmed by the presence of the English ships in the port, had excited the populace, and their enthusiasm for Murat and the Queen was at its height. The King was still pale, but he appeared in good spirits; as he passed the balcony of Madame Recamier he looked up and gracefully saluted her.

* *Il Carmine* is that part of Naples inhabited by fishermen and lazzaroni. *Santa-Lucia* is the district occupied by merchants and bankers. *Chiaia* is the fashionable part of the city.

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CHAPTER XLVII.

Solitude of the Tuileries—Advance of the allied armies—Napoleon in Champagne—Intrigues of M. de Talleyrand—His interview with the Emperor—*The coup de poing*—The battle of Brienne—College recollections—The Congress of Chatillon—The Emperor Alexander and the Duke de Vicenza—Battles of Champaubert and Montmirail—Napoleon's refusal to sign the powers for the Duke de Vicenza—The campaign of France—Count d'Artois at Vesoul—M. Wildermetz—His message to the Emperor Alexander—Horrors committed by the Cossacks—Buffon's country house—Suppression of news in the journals—First performance of "The Oriflamme"—The Austrians before Grenoble—Paris in the winter of 1814—False reports of the enemy's progress—Saint Dizier—Review on the Place du Carrousel—Cardinal Maury predicts the return of the Bourbons—The Duke d'Angoulême enters Bordeaux—The treaty of Chaumont—Ferdinand VII. re-enters Spain—Talleyrand's influence in the restoration of the Bourbons—The Empress and the King of Rome leave Paris—The attack on Paris—Rovigo and Talleyrand—Capitulation of Paris.

We are now on the eve of the most heartrending period of the brilliant career of the Emperor. No more balls at the Imperial palace —the silence and the solitude of whose walls were now disturbed only by the voice of that beautiful child, which was also to be stifled in exile. The fatal cordon of hostile forces by which we were surrounded approached us more and more. One day we learned that the Wirtemberg troops had entered Epinal; another time, that the Prussians were masters of Nancy, of Chalons-sur-Saône, and that the Austrians were in Chambéry. The army of Silesia, commanded by Blucher, established itself in the vicinity of Paris, for so we may term St. Dizier and Joinville. The enemy was at length on the Marne. Then the Emperor quitted Paris! He had long hesitated before he adopted this course, either because he was waiting to see the effect of the negotiations opened at Frankfort, or because he hoped that there would be a general rising in France at the sight of the foreign invaders. Doubtless this was naturally to be expected from the bravery and energy of the French people. But he himself had worn out all their springs of action—they had lost their elasticity. The most determined and the most active required repose; a general desire for it prevailed from the cottage of the soldier to the palace of the Marshal. Napoleon never

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could be brought to understand the law of necessity. He endeavoured to make every thing yield to him, whilst he himself would never bend to circumstances. At this time Parisian society presented an extraordinary aspect. Grief and alarm now prevailed in those houses which had but recently been the scenes of uninterrupted festivity. The numerous families arrayed in mourning cast a gloom over the streets and public promenades, and it was particularly melancholy to observe the many young females who wore widow's weeds. This last circumstance struck the Emperor of Russia, as he himself informed me. Whilst the Emperor was in Champagne, exhibiting a last proof of that talent and energy which had raised him to one of the first thrones in the world, M. de Talleyrand remained in Paris, and his intrigues gave the finishing stroke to Napoleon's misfortunes.

It is said, that the Emperor, on the eve of his departure to join the army, summoned M. de Talleyrand to the Tuileries, and there spoke to him in a tone that might be called more than firm, of the affairs of Spain. It would appear that the Emperor was not at that time very well acquainted with the style of conversation which was maintained in the coterie of M. de Talleyrand, when the affairs of Spain came under discussion. "Well, Monsieur de Talleyrand," said the Emperor, walking straight up to him, "I think it is somewhat strange that you should allege I made you the gaoler of Ferdinand, when you yourself made the proposition to me!" Talleyrand assumed one of his inflexible looks; half closing his little eyes, and screwing up his lips, he stood with one hand resting upon the back of a chair, and the other in his waistcoat-pocket. Nothing increases anger so much as coolness. The Emperor was violently irritated at Talleyrand's immovability of countenance and coolness of manner, and he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, and stamping his foot, "Why do you not answer me?" The same silence was maintained. Napoleon's eyes flashed fire. Talleyrand became alarmed, not without reason, and then he stammered out the following words, which were certainly any thing but satisfactory:—"I am at a loss to understand what your Majesty means." Napoleon attempted to speak, but rage choked his utterance. He advanced first one step, then a second, then a third, until at length he came close up to the Prince of Benevento. He then raised his hand to the height of the Prince's chin, and continuing to advance, he forced Talleyrand to recede, which was no easy matter, owing to the defect in one of his feet. However, it was more advisable to recede than advance, for the Emperor's little hand was still held up, and was clenched in the form necessary for giving what is vulgarly called a *coup de poing*. However it was not given. The Emperor merely

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drove the Prince of Benevento, half walking, half hobbling, along the whole length of the large cabinet of the *Pavillon de Flore*. At length the Prince reached the wall of the apartment, and Napoleon repeated, —"So you presume to say that you did not advise the captivity of the Princes?" Here the scene ended. It had already been too long, and at the same time not long enough. Since the Emperor had gone so far he ought to have gone a little farther, and sent the Prince of Benevento to Vincennes, consigning him to the hands of General Dumesnil, with the recommendation to treat him with all possible respect, but to keep him rigidly *au secret*. Machiavel truly says, *One should never make an enemy by halves.*

On the evening of the day on which this scene was acted, the Prince of Benevento had company. The chamberlain on duty at the Tuileries had overheard every thing, and had repeated all he knew; for the truth is, though I am sorry to say it, the *servants of honour*, who dance attendance upon royalty, differ but little from servants of any other kind. As I was myself lady of honour to a Princess, I may attack this class of people without the fear of being thought unjust or prejudiced; and I have often thought, when we were assembled in the *salon de service*, gossiping about what did not concern us, that we very much resembled those who were amusing themselves in a similar way in the story below us. However this may be, it is nevertheless certain, that the chamberlain on duty at the Tuileries, whose name I need not mention, reported that the Prince de Benevento had received a *coup de poing* from the Emperor. M. de Talleyrand, as I have already observed, had a party that same evening, and one of the visitors, who was on familiar terms with the Prince, stepped up to him, saying, "Ah, Monseigneur! what have I heard?"—"What?" inquired the Prince, with one of his cool, impenetrable looks.—"I have been informed that the Emperor treated you! . . . ."—"Oh!" interrupted the Prince, "that is a thing that happens every day, every day. . . ." The Prince had heard no mention of the *coup de poing*, of which he flattered himself nobody knew; and when he said *every day*, he merely meant that the Emperor was out of temper and unreasonable every day. M. de Talleyrand's friend, however, who had no very refined notions of etiquette, as may be readily imagined from his address to the Prince, took it into his head that Talleyrand was in the daily habit of receiving a blow with the fist, or at least a box on the ear, from the Emperor. This mistake gave rise to a fund of merriment when it came to be reported that the Prince de Benevento daily submitted to the Emperor's correction with that indifference which might be inferred from the negligent

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shrug of the shoulders that accompanied the words, "Every day!—Mon Dieu!—Every day."

I am not competent to judge of the merits of the military movements made by the Emperor in Champagne, but I have heard it alleged that his genius never was so brilliantly displayed as in that campaign. He drove the Prussians from St. Dizier; and this triumph was almost immediately followed by the battle of Brienne. What painful feelings must have arisen in his mind, while he was fighting to preserve his crown, under the walls of the old college where, in his boyhood, he had passed so many happy hours. At Brienne he had also fought battles, but they were followed by no pangs of grief or remorse. His soldiers were his college companions, his ammunition snowballs, and the ransom of the prisoners some fruit, a book, or a print. I have frequently heard the Emperor describe his amusements at Brienne. I recollect in particular, one day, when Madame de Brienne paid a visit to Madame Mère, accompanied by her niece, Madame de Loménie. The Emperor, who was present, conversed with her for a considerable time with almost filial affection. The respect he showed to Madame de Brienne was unmixed with any trace of affectation; his behaviour to her was perfectly easy and natural. I am certain that Napoleon must have suffered cruelly on the day of the battle of Brienne. I am sure of it, from the complacency with which I have so often heard him dwell on the happiness he enjoyed at college. It was there that he first became acquainted with Bourrienne.

The battle of Brienne was followed by several others. In the midst of these conflicts, when cannons were roaring and blood flowing in every part of France, from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Mincio, a congress was opened, as if in derision of the impotence of human will. This congress held its sittings at Châtillon, in the heart of one of our provinces. Its members were Count Stadion, for Austria; Baron Humboldt, for Prussia; Count Razumowsky, for Russia; whilst Lord Aberdeen, Lord Cathcart, and Lord Castlereagh, the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, represented the interests of Great Britain. This latter circumstance might have enabled Napoleon to see that his fate was decreed. England being represented by three members at the congress, sufficiently indicated the degree of influence she was about to claim over the destiny of Napoleon; whilst, at the same time, the other powers showed their submission to England by each sending only one plenipotentiary. As to France, she sent only one individual to the Congress at

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Châtillon, and that was General Caulaincourt, the Duke de Vicenza.* He was then, nobody knows for why, Minister for Foreign Affairs. I know very well the private motive which induced the Emperor to send him to Châtillon; but one thing which I cannot comprehend is, how Napoleon should imagine that that reason could have any weight in the scale of general interests. The reason to which I allude is, the cordial friendship with which the Emperor Alexander honoured the Duke de Vicenza. It was one of those friendships, almost fraternal, which are so rare in the world, and, above all, rare among Sovereigns. But in the circumstances in which Alexander stood, being called to the head of the gigantic coalition of Europe, he appeared in the face of the whole world as the opponent of Napoleon; and therefore the latter was wrong in flattering himself that any private interest could have weight with him, in opposition to the general interests. Sovereigns have two natures. Napoleon well knew this.

Whilst the Congress was sitting, the allied armies were advancing on Paris, and enclosed us within their ranks. The Emperor fought and gained several battles, and seemed to surpass himself in energy and talent. But what availed this? France was overrun with enemies, who were marching in all directions upon the capital.

The victory of Champaubert revived a faint ray of hope. Alsuview, the Russian General, was taken, with a corps of six thousand men and forty-five officers. This was succeeded by the battle of Montmirail. General Sacken, with a part of the army of Silesia, commanded by Blucher, was attacked and beaten by the Emperor. Twenty-five pieces of artillery, three thousand killed, two thousand wounded, and a thousand prisoners, were the result of this battle, which, as well as the engagement of the preceding day, proved the inferiority of Blucher, and, indeed, of all who were opposed to the Emperor.

Two days before the battles of Montmirail and Champaubert, the Duke de Bassano, who had been daily urging the Emperor to send more extensive instructions to the Duke de Vicenza, had at length prevailed on Napoleon to draw up the powers and to sign them, in order that they might be forwarded to Châtillon. On the eve of the battle of Champaubert, the Duke said to the Emperor, "Sire, the

* The Emperor, who highly and justly esteemed the Duke de Bassano, had withdrawn him from the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs, merely to satisfy petty passions, which he had not time to contend with. He gave the Duke de Bassano full powers to correspond with Châtillon. But to have done any good, it would have been requisite for him to have been on the spot.

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powers are ready."—"I will sign them to-morrow," replied Napoleon "If I should be killed, they will not be wanted; if I should conquer we shall then be able to treat with better advantage." Next day the Duke de Bassano, who, it is well known, was with the Emperor in all his battles, went to him after the victory, and presented to him the powers which he had promised to sign. The Emperor made the same reply as that which he had given on the preceding day. The Duke de Bassano withdrew much disappointed. On the evening of the battle of Montmirail he again urged the Emperor to sign the powers. But some strange visions had entered the Emperor's brain. He smiled, and, looking at the maps of France and Europe which lay before him:—"I now stand in such a situation that I need not yield an inch of ground," said he to the Duke, "and I will sign nothing."

The campaign of France is a sublime effort of Napoleon's genius, and places him in the rank of the most celebrated captains, if not at their head. But what result did he anticipate? What conclusion could be expected from partial victories like those of Montmirail and Champaubert, whilst innumerable legions covered our plains on the north and south. The Congress of Châtillon, it is true, held out some hope, but, as I have before observed, the presence of three envoys from England might have opened the eyes of the Emperor, even though he had been blinded by the blaze of his ancient glory. The following curious anecdote, the correctness of which I can vouch for, I had from the party concerned:

When the Count d'Artois arrived at Vesoul, he was accompanied by several persons attached to the Bourbon cause, while a crowd of persons, who came to meet him, were awaiting his arrival to pay homage to him such as never was rendered to Napoleon. The Prince had met with an old Swiss officer, named Wildermetz. This person was despatched to the Russian head-quarters to request that the Emperor Alexander would authorize the Count d'Artois, and I believe the Duc de Berry, to proceed to the head-quarters of the Allied Sovereigns, and enter themselves as volunteers during the campaign for *reconquering* France. M. de Wildermetz was charged with a similar message to Count Stadion for the Emperor of Austria. He likewise had a letter accrediting him to Prince Metternich. On his arrival at the Russian head-quarters, he saw the Emperor Alexander, who addressed him thus: "Monsieur Wildermetz, you will tell the Count d'Artois that I am extremely sorry to be obliged to refuse his request; but we are just now engaged in conferences of a serious and important nature. They may terminate in *maintaining the Emperor*

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Napoleon on the throne of France. Under these circumstances, their Royal Highnesses would be placed here in an awkward position; and, in every respect, it is better that they should remain some time longer on the frontier." M. de Wildermetz returned to Franche-Comté, to report this answer, but the Princes had left the place before he arrived. Napoleon hoped to draw the whole of the hostile army after him, when he fell back upon Saint Dizier. This was a noble resolution, and one the generosity of which the Parisians ought to have been sensible. But he was pursued by only a corps of ten thousand men, and the entire mass of the Allied force fell upon Paris, with all the fury of a tempest. The Emperor of Russia waited only to direct the attack on La Fère-Champenoise, and then proceed to Paris, as if he had been making a journey from Moscow to St. Petersburgh. The enemy was at the gates of Paris, and yet no measures had been taken for the defence of the capital. The Russians had the courage to burn their palaces, why did we not fire our faubourgs for their reception? We had not even arms wherewith to equip our men. Ammunition, too, was wanting. Was this from want of foresight, or was it the result of treason? Alas! it is too true, that we had among us at that period many who were unworthy the name of Frenchmen.

The Cossacks committed atrocious horrors in the department of the Ain. They then marched upon Sens. Dijon was laid under a contribution of two millions. Semur was subjected to their insults, not only in the persons of its inhabitants, but in those of its municipal body; and Montbard! which now contained the grave of one who would have valiantly defended it;—Montbard, which was likewise the cradle of a man* whose fame belonged to all Europe, was delivered up to the pillage of the allied troops. Montbard was the favourite retreat of Buffon; he had fitted up a house there with exquisite taste. The gardens were superb, and the greenhouses and plantations were objects of curiosity to travellers. All was now laid waste. My father-in-law's house was visited with a similar fate by the exterminating hand of the invaders. The unfortunate old man was unable to bear up against this new calamity, following so closely on the death of his much beloved son. He died a few weeks after the invasion, without ever recovering his speech, which he lost by a paralytic attack, occasioned by the sight of the Russian and German uniforms.

* The Count de Buffon wrote great part of his Natural History at his country-house close to the town.

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Our fertile provinces were now inundated with battalions of barbarians, and every day their destroying lines approximated closer and closer. At this period I maintained a pretty extensive correspondence, and received accounts on which I could rely, from all parts of France. These accounts filled me with the most poignant grief. The government, acting on its secret principles, prohibited the journals from publishing the truth. Whether this measure were wise or unwise, I do not pretend to determine. This, however, I can say, that the intelligence most cautiously concealed was always well known, and that, perhaps, it would at that time have been better and wiser policy to allow a perfectly free interchange of thought. Throughout the whole of this crisis the Emperor's conduct was doubtless admirable; but yet all he did led to no effective result. The battle of Montereau was doubtless one of the most brilliant conceptions of his genius, and one of the most remarkable examples of the valour of our troops and the skill of our generals.* But what we then wanted was peace—with peace all might have been saved

* Napoleon had the peculiar faculty of uniting military eloquence to all the other qualities of a great captain. His orders for the day, his proclamations to the army, his words of encouragement during an action, were all replete with those warlike sallies of magic touch that intoxicate the soldier while they lead him on to glory. The memory of his comrades, more faithful than history, can relate a thousand instances of this kind, of which the following occurred near Montereau, in the unfortunate though remarkable year of 1814.

The Emperor, after having beaten Prince Blucher in the successive battles of Champaubert, Montmirail, Château-Thierry and Vauchamps, sometimes engaged on the Seine, sometimes on the Marne, every where conqueror in person without a moment of leisure to benefit by his victories at this critical juncture, attacked vehemently Prince Schwartzenburg and the Austrians, who were advancing on his right, and had gained the high road leading to Paris. The troops of the Prince had established themselves on the bridge at Montereau, which the Duke of Belluno endeavoured in vain several times to take: it was after these unsuccessful attempts that the Emperor arrived on the heights of Surville, that commanded the town as well as the junction of the rivers Seine and Yonne, and by his presence decided the fate of the day. He pointed the guns himself, he directed the discharge of each, and so well was the artillery arranged, that the Wirtemberg troops in Montereau were slain in great numbers. Schwartzenburg, notwithstanding, endeavoured to silence the Emperor's batteries, but the balls from the town flew over the plains of Surville without any serious result to the French army. Several of Napoleon's generals remonstrated seriously with their commander at the constant exposure of his person in so critical a moment, and it was then that he replied with a gaiety of countenance, "Fear nothing, my friends, the bullet which will kill me is not yet cast." These memorable words are remembered by every artil

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An opera *de circonstance*, entitled the "*Oriflamme*," was brought out in Paris, at the very time when the Count d'Artois was at Vesoul.* At such a time the title might well have appeared ominous, but a sort of general vertigo seemed to prevail. I well remember the first performance of the *Oriflamme*. It was like a national convention of the *beau monde*. Every box was filled. The Faubourg St. Germain saw with enthusiasm the title of the *Oriflamme*, and prepared to bestow on the piece the most extravagant applause. I was then in the habit of seeing many of the residents of the royal Faubourg, and their joy knew no bounds. I never could understand the affectation which suggested the production of Charles Martel, the *Oriflamme*, *les Gaulois et les France*, and various other *pièces de circonstance*, in which there appeared an array of old names, like the dead exhumed from their graves. The success of the *Oriflamme* was extraordinary. The authors certainly could not be accused of royalist opinions. I can answer for one of them at least, that is M. Etienne. The other was M. Baour Lormian. The music, which was exquisitely beautiful, was the joint production of MM. Paër, Mehul, Berton, and Kreutzer.

The Austrians were now before Grenoble maintaining a heavy cannonade. Affairs every day assumed a more sombre aspect. The invaders were advancing upon us with such terrible speed and regularity, that nothing seemed likely to check their progress. The Austrians were penetrating into Dauphiné; the English and Spaniards were advancing by the Pyrenees. Hitherto our attention had been exclusively directed towards the north; but now the torrent was gaining upon us on all sides. One of the most remarkable singularities of that period was the gay aspect of Paris during the winter of 1814. Masked balls and private balls were given without intermission, and yet the disastrous intelligence that was daily received put dozens of families into mourning. Meanwhile the Emperor acquired some partial advantages over the allied armies. But

leryman of the army, and have often been repeated by them in moments of the hottest fire.

Montereau was taken: the enthusiasm of the soldiers, of the young officers, and of the inhabitants of the town, was increased by this victory gained by the Emperor in person. But hope of final success was not greater among the superior officers than it had been for some time past, and all these heroic efforts, while they tended to uphold the glory and renown of the army, could not save Napoleon or France.

* Formerly the Kings of France had the Oriflamme, or great standard, carried before them when they went to the wars.

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what did they avail? Only to show the more convincingly that all was lost. Treason, too, had made rapid progress. In many towns the white flag was concealed in some of the houses, in anticipation of the favourable moment for raising the cry of "Vive le Roi." How was it that the Duke de Rovigo, who was sincerely attached to the Emperor, did not make himself acquainted with the real state of France at that time? But the truth is, that the Duke was a most incompetent minister of the police. Toulouse, Bordeaux, and a great part of the south, where trade had suffered greatly by the war, ardently prayed for peace, setting aside any wish for the return of the Bourbons.

Will it be believed that Napoleon's evil star now so completely ruled his destiny, that he allowed himself to be misled by false reports of the march of the enemy's forces; which reports, however, caused the loss of Paris. After the affair of Saint-Dizier, the Emperor's object was to make a diversion, to draw together all the enemy's forces, and to give a decisive battle, which should deliver Paris. Information, which was subsequently ascertained to be false, induced Napoleon to march to meet the corps of Wetzingerode, with a force amounting only to ten thousand men, all cavalry. In his rear there were no infantry; in short, no army. The marches and counter marches requisite for this operation caused Napoleon to lose four days. This loss was irreparable.

Now that I have arrived at the moment when we bade farewell to our days of glory, I must mention an occurrence which I think sufficiently important to claim a place in these Memoirs; I allude to the presentation to the city of Paris of the last flags taken by the Emperor from the enemy. It was a most imposing ceremony, and the recollection of it must be still vivid in the minds of many of my own age. I shall never forget what I felt on that occasion. It was on a Sunday; the weather was superb for that season of the year; for it was then the end of February. An immense concourse of people thronged the quays of the Louvre, the Place du Carrousel, and the Rue de Rivoli. The Minister of the War Department, who already, in his heart, had pronounced an anathema on the colours which he bore in triumph, took a conspicuous part in the ceremony. The cortège passed along the Quay, the Place du Carrousel, and the Pont Royal, in admirable order. First came General Hulin and all his staff, preceded by a numerous military band; then followed the staff of the gendarmerie of Paris, the national guard, and finally the ten flags, two of which were borne by officers of the Imperial guard. I could not help remarking the expression which was imprinted in the countenances of

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these two men. It partook at once of the pride of triumph, and the dejection which necessarily followed the reflection—*These flags were taken from the enemy only twenty leagues from Paris!* The other eight flags were borne by four officers of the line and four officers of the national guard. Next came the Minister of the War Department in his carriage, followed and preceded by his aides-de-camp, likewise in carriages, which, by the way, I may observe, had rather a ludicrous effect. The procession was closed by the Imperial guard and troops of the line. It entered the court of the Tuileries by the triumphal arch of the Carrousel, and the Minister of the War Department, having halted under the vestibule de l'Horloge, there received the flags, which he was afterwards to present to the Empress.

King Joseph, whom the Emperor had left in Paris as his lieutenant-general, that day reviewed the national guards. The Place du Carrousel and the Court of the Tuileries were filled with troops. I saw King Joseph at a distance, riding along the ranks of the national guards and troops of the line. His striking resemblance to the Emperor might have made me fancy myself transported back to the glorious days of the Consulate and the Empire. When the flags were carried through the court of the Tuileries the drums beat and the national guards presented arms; that movement was electrifying, and a general shout of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" was once more re-echoed by the walls of the Tuileries. The Minister of the War Department first proceeded to the hall of the Council of State, where he was received by a master of the ceremonies. He was afterwards conducted to the *Salon de la Paix*, where Count de Ségur, as grand master of the ceremonies, awaited him. The Count de Ségur introduced him to the *Salle du Trone*, where the Empress, surrounded by her ladies and gentlemen in waiting, the princes, grand dignitaries, ministers, and grand officers of the empire, received the flags, presented to her by the Minister of the War Department (the Duke de Feltre). A formal speech was delivered by the Duke, to which the Empress replied very briefly. After this solemn ceremony the flags were conveyed to the Invalides, and consigned to the care of that same Marshal Serrurier, to whom Napoleon gave such a good-natured reproof, when a year afterwards he found the *Hotel des Invalides* deserted by his old brothers in arms, who had fought with him in Egypt and Italy. Of the ten flags, one was Austrian, four Prussian, and five Russian. They were brought to Paris by Baron Mortemart, one of the Emperor's orderly officers.

One evening Cardinal Maury came to visit me. When he entered, I observed that he looked particularly dull. I had two or three

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friends with me; and he asked me to favour him with a few minutes' conversation in my cabinet. As soon as we entered he closed the door, threw himself on a sofa, and, folding his arms with an air of despondency, he said, "All is lost! Heaven alone can save us by a miracle! We must now invoke that miracle, for I have ordered prayers of forty hours." I shuddered! Prayers of forty hours! It seemed like the preparation for death. It was the precursor of the death of our country. "Heavens!" I exclaimed, "surely we may hope that the genius of the Emperor . . . ." The Cardinal shook his head mournfully.—"He is dragging us into the abyss into which he has plunged himself! His obstinacy banishes all hope. Oh! that we lived in the days in which ecclesiastics bore the halberd and the sword. Old as I am I would mount my horse. I would go to the Emperor and say, 'Sire, if those who are about you have not courage to let you hear the truth, I will tell you that you are hurling yourself and France to destruction. I have come to lend my feeble aid in her defence.' "—"No, Cardinal," said I, "do not regret your mission of peace and conciliation. Remain with us, and pray for the success of our arms."

The most disastrous news had succeeded the delusive hope which for a moment cheered us. In the space of five days the Emperor had beaten all the corps of the army of Silesia, and driven them between the Aisne and the Marne. The five corps of the army of Silesia lost more than twenty thousand men in the space of five days. The genius of the army of Italy once more favoured Napoleon; yet her smiles were but transient. The Emperor's able and rapidly-conceived plans were all defeated—by whom? By Blucher, the fugitive of Jena! the prisoner of Lubeck! In the meanwhile the party of the old *noblesse* was gaining strength. The Cardinal told me many remarkable particulars on this subject, which I noted down the same evening. "The Emperor," said he, "does not attach sufficient importance to old recollections. Even the defects of the regime of the Bourbons, when contrasted with those of his, were converted into blessings. The pusillanimity of Louis XVI. and all the abuses of his reign vanished, in comparison with the absolutism of Napoleon."—"Do you then think it possible," said I, "that the Bourbons will ever return to France?" At first he made no reply. This subject did not please him. The Bourbons would certainly not receive him on their arrival in France. His letter to Bonaparte was an insult, and he had been so usefully devoted to the royal cause that his defection could not but be regarded as treason.—"Yes," said the Cardinal, after a pause, "they will return; and the emigrants, who

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have been continually blundering, will, for once, probably see their way rightly, and will manœuvre by instinct, if not by talent. If this result do not arrive, it must be owing to a renewal of the same faults which they committed at Coblentz, at the time of the emigration. The Emperor has loaded them with favours. He will see their gratitude."

The Cardinal was right. The greatest fault Napoleon ever committed was to surround himself with men who, whilst they kissed his hand, were plotting treason against him. He who so often followed the maxims of Machiavel ought to have borne in mind the following precept: "Never restore to men the half of what they have lost, for they will use it against you."

Bordeaux soon opened its gates to the Duke d'Angoulême. The Prince was preceded by an Anglo-Spanish advanced guard. At length I received from Châtillon, where I had many friends, intelligence of the rupture of the congress. Napoleon, after long insisting on the bases of the treaty proposed at Frankfort, presented, through the medium of the Duke de Vicenza, a counter-project, declaring that he, Napoleon, would consent to remain Sovereign of France circumscribed within its old limits, with only the addition of Savoy, Nice, and the Isle of Elba.* The Allies rejected all these propositions, and faithfully adhered to the declarations of the treaty, offensive and defensive, signed at Chaumont on the 1st of March—the situation of Napoleon had changed since the treaty of Frankfort.

The definitive reply was given on the 19th of March. Napoleon resolved, that if he fell, his fall should be without a parallel. On the 20th and 21st of March, he fought the battles of Arcis-sur-Aube. On these two days he exposed himself to danger like a common soldier, giving proofs of the rarest courage and presence of mind, at a time when he must have been a prey to the most harassing anxiety. The enemy's artillery kept up a terrible fire! The balls bounded through the air without intermission. In the very heat of the engagement, there came up a corps of that sacred phalanx composed of men whose courage had been tried in a hundred battles—I mean the Old Guard. At the moment when the corps arrived on the field, the Emperor saw that the danger was imminent. He formed the troops into squares. The enemy's fire redoubled; and a bomb fell close to the foremost rank of one of the squares. In spite of the long-tried

* He also wished to retain a portion of Italy for Prince Eugène, the Grand Duchy of Berg, and the principality of Neufchâtel. The latter was for Berthier. A clause for Berthier!

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courage of the veterans, this occurrence caused a movement in the ranks. Napoleon immediately saw how important was the result of that moment. He spurred his horse and galloped up close to the bomb-shell, and turning to the troops, said with a smile, "Well! what is the matter? surely, you are not frightened at this?"—In another instant the shell burst; and not only did Napoleon and his horse escape unhurt, but no injury was sustained by any one. This was the way in which Napoleon led his troops to victory.

Ferdinand VII. had now returned to his kingdom. On his arrival at La Flania, near Figueres, his person was delivered up by Marshal Suchet, in the presence of the two combined armies. Thus did the long Peninsula war terminate just at the point at which it began:—and to complete the mortification, Spain, whose soil had been drenched with the blood of so many martyrs of liberty, was a few months afterwards again made subject to the stupid and tyrannical yoke of right divine. Slavery was the reward of all the noble sacrifices made in the cause of freedom.

I have now arrived at the crisis of our misfortunes. The Emperor was forsaken by all his allies. Murat had totally abandoned him. He occupied Tuscany, and had become, as it were, the ally of Ferdinand IV., his enemy, the man who regarded him as a usurper. Both now marched together against the French. I have already mentioned that the Emperor Napoleon was misled by a false report, either through treachery or accident. This error was fatal to Paris, which was abandoned, with no other defenders than Clarke, the War Minister, and King Joseph: the latter abandoned us. Though I entertain a profound respect for General Clarke, I must confess that I do not think he was equal to the important trust reposed in him. But the main spring which set all the machinery in motion was M. de Talleyrand, whom the Emperor would have done well to lodge in Vincennes. It was not the unassisted efforts of the Faubourg Saint Germain that brought about the restoration: it is a great error to suppose so. No doubt the royalists had in Paris very active coteries of intriguing priests and women; but these obscure arsenals merely prepared the arms which were directed against the Emperor. M. de Talleyrand was not the sole author of the restoration, he merely fixed the cockades which were already prepared. To this he will owe all his celebrity, and not to a political career, which is not signalized by any incident important to his country. In spite of the *Hosannah* at that time chanted by a chorus of old women, in honour of the genius of M. de Talleyrand, it might fairly be asked what he had ever done either *for* or *against* France. He is a man of wit, and

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his bon-mots are excellent. But wit is his only qualification. It is a finely-painted curtain, behind which there was absolutely *nothing* till the 30th of March. On the 30th of March M. de Talleyrand distinguished himself by doing something important *against* France. I will briefly trace his course during that memorable period.

The danger became daily more and more pressing. The Emperor momentarily received intelligence of new defections. The conscripts were refractory and discontented: treason multiplied in the departments and rendered more frightful the disasters caused by the presence of the allied troops. There was no recruiting; contributions could no longer be levied, and money was scarce. Our most fertile provinces were desolated by the requisitions of the enemy. This disastrous state of things was aggravated by Napoleon himself, by his fatal distrust of the population of Paris. He was afraid to arm that population too long before the hour of danger really arrived, and then perfidy in the hour of need had neutralized our means of defence. He was deceived, as I have said, at Saint-Dizier, by Wintzingerode's corps of cavalry which he took for the enemy's advanced guard, and having repulsed it, he discovered that the main army was not in its rear: what an error! He now found that he had been betrayed. He saw before him his own ruin, and that of France. He determined on a retrograde movement behind the forest of Fontainebleau.

The inhabitants of Paris were in a state of the most painful anxiety. What was to be their fate? We concealed all that we could conceal of our valuables, and prepared for flight: but in which direction were we to go? The English were advancing by the way of Guienne; the Austrians by the Lyonnais, the Bourbonnais, and Burgundy. Champagne was the theatre of war, as well as the provinces towards Flanders. On all sides there were disasters and ruin, towns and villages burnt, and the earth deluged with blood.

On the 28th of March a Council of Regency was held, and it was resolved that the Empress and the King of Rome should quit Paris. Who could have advised a measure so impolitic, and so little productive of advantage to the Empress herself? Was it expected that the English would show her more respect than the Austrians if she had encountered them? Maria-Louisa was our shield, and we would have been her defence. The departure of the Empress and the King of Rome is still an affair of mystery. They proceeded to Blois, accompanied by an escort of two thousand six hundred picked troops, leaving Paris to be defended by King Joseph and the national guard without arms. Doubtless Napoleon ordered their departure, but he must have been deceived. Maria-Louisa was followed by all the

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ministers and all the grand dignitaries, except M. de Talleyrand, Savary, and Clarke, who were not to depart till the 30th. The approaches to Paris were defended by Marshals Marmont and Mortier; the former having with him only two thousand four hundred men of good infantry, and eight hundred cavalry. Marmont defended the heights of Belleville and Romainville. The Duke de Treviso had to defend the intervening space from the canal to the Seine, and Marmont from the canal to the Marne. On the day of the attack, the 30th of March, universal terror prevailed. The interior of every house was like the abode of mourning and despair. Paris seemed like a city struck by the malediction of Heaven. The Duke de Rovigo had received instructions not to quit the capital before the Prince of Benevento. This was strange, and it may serve as an answer to those who allege that the Emperor never respected social liberty where his interests were concerned. M. de Talleyrand was free to depart; it was only the Emperor's minister who was detained captive, for his departure depended on that of the Prince of Benevento. But to quit Paris at that particular moment would not have suited the Prince's purpose. It was necessary to invent an excuse, and the following was thought of. I know not why the Duke de Rovigo has not related the circumstance as it really happened. Perhaps he wished to disguise, under the veil of silence, the sort of mystification that was played upon him.

Prince Talleyrand still remained in Paris, for his absence was not wished by the party who had been busily preparing white flags and cockades. That party wished to get rid of the Duke de Rovigo. He was devoted to the Emperor. I must render him this justice if I have been severe to him on other points. What was wanted was to get him to depart, and to allow the Prince de Benevento to stay. This object was effected by the clever management of Madame de Remusat. That lady repaired to the Prefecture of the Police. She was on terms of intimate friendship with M. Etienne Pasquier, then Prefect. "My dear Baron," said she, as she entered his cabinet, "I have come to request that you will do me an act of service."—"What is it?"—"M. de Talleyrand must not quit Paris."

Accustomed as M. Pasquier was to extraordinary revolutions of opinions and parties, he could not repress a very significant expression of surprise whilst he listened to Madame de Remusat. It was some time before he made any reply. At length he said, "What can I do, Madame? M. de Talleyrand must quit Paris like all the rest of the great dignitaries. You would not have me disobey the Emperor's order, for he is still Emperor, and may be back again to-morrow"

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Madame de Remusat shrugged her shoulders with an air of contempt: "Come, come, Baron, surely you are not one of those who think he has power to work miracles! He has no longer any army, no empire." Baron Pasquier shook his head. "But that is nothing to the purpose," said he; "you propose a thing that cannot be done. It is perfectly impossible to do what you wish. Where is M. de Talleyrand?"—"At your door, in my carriage."—"Is not your husband at the Barrière du Maine with his company?"—"He is."—"Well, I should imagine that he is the best person to detain M. de Talleyrand in Paris. Let him set out in his own carriage, with his own liveries, so as to let it be seen that he does set out. On his arrival at the Barrière, your husband may detain him if he pleases. I have no need to appear in the business. This is my advice, and if you think fit, you may follow it."

Madame de Remusat left the cabinet of the Prefect, perfectly satisfied. As soon as the Duke de Rovigo was informed, by his spies, that the Prince de Benevento had left his hotel, he left his, and quitted Paris, without seeking any further information, and without knowing whether the enemy was not practising some artful scheme. I beg his pardon for speaking of him thus candidly, but his conduct was worse than *maladroit*—it was stupid.

When M. de Talleyrand learned that the Duke de Rovigo had thus left the field open to him, he said nothing, but he smiled with that satirical expression so customary with him. He returned to Paris, and his conduct there is so well known that I need scarcely describe it. He, without any reserve, placed himself in hostilities to the falling party, and joined the party that was triumphing. There certainly is, in M. de Talleyrand's nature, some quality which attracts him towards those who are gaining power, and repels him from those who are losing that same power. We saw proofs of this on the 18th Brumaire, in 1814, and in 1830. Thus it was that M. de Talleyrand remained in Paris after all the members of the government had joined the Empress at Blois. The poor Duke de Rovigo was so ill served by his spies, that they gave him false reports, and the account of the above affair, as given in his Memoirs, is incorrect. The story is as I have related it. Several of the actors who took part in the drama are still living. My account may possibly displease them, but they can only deny my statements without proving them to be untrue.

While all these incidents were passing, the inhabitants of Paris were in a dreadful state of alarm. I had concealed most of my diamonds in a girdle which I wore over my corsets. My pearls, and some other jewels of minor value, were concealed in a similar manner

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by Mademoiselle Poidevin, the governess of my daughters. Towards evening my drawing-room began to fill. Madame Juste de Noailles was among my visitors. She was very uneasy at the aspect of affairs, though not alarmed for the safety of herself and family. In the event of a return of the Bourbons, the Noailles were sure of standing on a favourable footing. But her husband was at the head-quarters of the Emperor Alexander, and she was anxious to see what turn affairs would take. As to myself, I was truly miserable. I was tolerably well informed of all that was going on, and I saw nothing but an abyss. At length eleven o'clock struck. The fatal morning was approaching, and I had as yet formed no settled determination. I sat down and wrote to the Duke de Ragusa. The friendship which had united him to the Duke d'Abrantes induced me to appeal to him for advice, and I felt assured that he would direct me to the most prudent course. I therefore wrote to him that, being *alone* in my house with my four young children, I was greatly perplexed, and did not know whether it would be most advisable to depart, or to remain where I was. I sent my letter to the Hotel de Ragusa, where the Marshal happened to be at that very moment engaged in drawing up the capitulation, or rather in receiving the conditions. Occupied as he must have been, he seized his first moment of leisure to return me an answer. The following is a copy of his letter:

"I thank you, Madame, for the proof of confidence you have given me. Since you ask for my advice, I would recommend you not to quit Paris, which to-morrow will certainly be more tranquil than any place within twenty leagues round. After having done all in my power for the honour of France and the French arms, I am forced to sign a capitulation, which will permit foreign troops to enter our capital to-morrow! All my efforts have been unavailing. I have been compelled to yield to numbers, whatever regret I may have felt in doing so. But it was my duty to spare the blood of the soldiers confided to my charge. I could not do otherwise than I have done, and I hope that my country will judge me as I deserve. My conscience expects this justice." I received this letter at two o'clock in the morning. I read it to the friends who had assembled at my house. It of course decided us not to leave Paris, but at the same time it profoundly grieved us. A capitulation!—and before the very barriers of Paris! It is perfectly false that Napoleon sent M. de Girardin to Paris, with orders that the powder magazines of Grenelle should be blown up before the arrival of the Allies. The Emperor, on the contrary, was destitute of ammunition, and desired that the powder should

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be conveyed, if possible, to Fontainebleau. He loved his Parisians better than to sacrifice them wantonly, without any prospect of ulterior good.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The Allies enter Paris—First appearance of the white cockade—The allied troops and their white scarfs—The Emperor Alexander at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand—The Council—Napoleon at Fontainebleau—A conspiracy—Berthier deserts the Emperor—The Duke de Ragusa and General Souham—Deputation of the Marshals—The Emperor of Russia—His answer to the Marshals—Napoleon's conversation on suicide—He takes poison—His recovery—Marmont and the Convention of Chevilly—Indignation of the troops against Marmont—The 4th of April at Fontainebleau—The Abdication—Napoleon's forbearance—Grand Ceremony of expiation—Te Deum.

The Allies had now entered Paris. The Duke de Ragusa had retired to Essonne, together with Generals Souham, Compans, and several others.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 31st of March, that day so important in the history of France, the capitulation of Paris was signed. The Bourbons would consequently have been proclaimed at daybreak by their party, had the assent of the allied powers been positive and unreserved; but even at eleven o'clock in the forenoon nothing betokened the intended restoration. It was not until twelve o'clock that some white cockades and flags became visible in the Place Louis XV. These demonstrations of royalty were paraded along the Place by about forty persons on horseback, who waved the flags and shouted *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* But the people were mournful and silent, and did not join in these cries. This is an unquestionable fact. The Archbishop of Malines himself, declared, that however desirous he was to see the fall of Bonaparte, he neither heard nor saw any thing on the 31st of March that could lead him to expect the return of the old dynasty. The Duke de Dalberg, who was at a window in the hotel of M. de Talleyrand, exclaimed, "They are mounting the white cockade!" Then some of the party assembled at M. de Talleyrand's went out merely *to see*, as one of them expressed it, what had caused the uproar. Ten men on horseback, with white flags, proceeded in the direction of the Boulevard de la Madelaine. As they passed through the Rue Royale, the shouts became louder.

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Windows were opened, white cockades were thrown out, and ladies waved white handkerchiefs.

The group of persons described above were on the Boulevard de la Madelaine when they met M. Tourton, a general officer of the national guard. He was on horseback, and was accompanied by an aide-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia. Both were stopped by the group, who continued to shout, *Vive le Roi! Vivent les Bourbons!* M. Tourton said he could not grant them the protection they required until he had orders from the government, and the Emperor of Russia's aide-de-camp seemed very much embarrassed. These two gentlemen proceeded to the Barrière de Belleville, leaving the group on the Boulevard. The fact is, that all this movement was perfectly partial, and that if a squadron of the Imperial Guard had only galloped through Paris the little party of Bourbonites would speedily have been dispersed.

On the 31st of March the Allied Sovereigns entered Paris. As they advanced into the capital, the demonstrations in favour of the Bourbons became more positive; either because the fear of Napoleon had hitherto repressed the real sentiments of the populace, or because that populace merely followed the inclination natural to mankind, to salute the rising and to turn from the setting sun. A circumstance, trivial in itself, had a singular influence at this crisis; it was observed that the allied troops had all white scarfs tied round their arms: they were worn as the sign of victory, and not as the indications of French royalism. Most people, however, regarded them in the latter point of view, and the royalists, artfully profiting by the mistake, reported that Louis XVIII. was acknowledged by the Emperor of Russia, and even by the Emperor of Austria; that Prince Schwartzenburg wore the white scarf, and that the King's arrival might be looked for next day.

It is a positive fact that no pledge for the restoration had been given by the Allies. No doubt the Emperor Alexander might cherish a feeling more or less favourable to the Bourbons; but as yet that feeling had not been manifested. It has been mentioned, as a proof of the Emperor Alexander's inclination to favour the royal cause, that he chose as his place of residence the house of M. de Talleyrand, who was known to be the enemy of Napoleon. I do not mean to say that Talleyrand was the friend of the Bourbons; it would be absurd either to say or to believe so; but he lent his aid to one Sovereign merely for the sake of destroying the other. At five o'clock in the afternoon the Emperor Alexander arrived on foot at the hotel of M. de Talleyrand. The latter was then holding a consultation with M. de Pradt,

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who, after kissing the Imperial hand, which for fifteen years had overwhelmed him with favours, now acted the part of the Ass to the fallen Lion. Next arrived M. de Dalberg. He was more unpardonable, for Napoleon, instead of giving him any cause of dissatisfaction, had loaded him and his family with wealth and honours. Ingratitude like his is doubly revolting. The Emperor of Russia arrived at M. de Talleyrand's on foot, having alighted from his horse after seeing the troops defile. He was received by M. de Talleyrand, having as *aides des cérémonies* M. de Pradt on the one hand, and the Abbé Louis on the other. Both, were eagerly craving for the good things of office; and they humbly bowed before the conqueror in the hope of sharing the spoil of the conquered. M. de Talleyrand did not reflect that these two gentlemen were of his own cloth; if he had, he would probably have shaken off the Archbishop of Malines, at least. I ought, however, to mention, that previously to the arrival of the Emperor of Russia, M. de Nesselrode had been closeted for two hours with M. de Talleyrand; and there is reason to believe that in that tête-à-tête were *determined* the matters which were subsequently *discussed* in the council:—whether this was with the cognizance of the Emperor of Russia I know not.

On his way to the house of M. de Talleyrand the Emperor Alexander was accosted by Viscount Sosthènes de Larochefoucauld, who earnestly implored him to restore to France her legitimate Sovereign. This step on the part of M. de Larochefoucauld was as honourable as the conduct of the persons to whom I have just alluded was base. M. de Larochefoucauld never served Napoleon in any way—whether in the army or the Imperial household. His sentiments were always consistent, and invariably tending to one object. When he mounted the white cockade, he merely manifested a feeling which had long been cherished by himself and his family. In this there was nothing to blame; but, on the contrary, every thing to applaud. The reply of Alexander to the petition of M. de Larochefoucauld was singularly circumspect. He held out to him no hope; and, indeed, his reply might without difficulty have been construed into a refusal.

This indecision arose out of a cause which was not, at the time, generally understood in Paris. The Emperor of Russia was not convinced that the whole nation shared the enthusiasm of a few hundred individuals whom M. de Talleyrand presented to him as the *kingdom*. At the recent engagement at Fère-Champenoise, the Russians had seen a few thousand men allow themselves to be cut to pieces rather than yield to the enemy; and these men had been taken from the plough only a few days before. What, then, was to be expected from

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the army—the marshals and the generals? This question occupied the attention of the Emperor Alexander—I know this from a source of unquestionable authority. Thus far M. de Talleyrand may be said to have aided the restoration, for between him and M. de Nesselrode the plans were previously arranged. The Emperor Alexander was induced to adopt them; and one strong argument employed to effect this object was the defection of Marmont.—Marmont! the brother in arms, the aide-de-camp, the dearest bosom friend of Napoleon, since the death of Junot, Lannes, Duroc, and Bessières; yes, he had abandoned him! It was evident, then, that France wished to depose him. Another fatal circumstance was Napoleon's separation from Maria-Louisa.*

Nevertheless, the Emperor of Russia firmly resisted the proposed restoration, on the grounds proposed by M. de Talleyrand. "What means would you employ?" inquired the Emperor Alexander. "The constituted authorities," confidently replied M. de Talleyrand. The Emperor appeared astonished.—"What authorities? they are all dispersed."—"I ask your Majesty's pardon. The members of the Senate are in sufficient number. (This was not true.) So are those of the Legislative Body. The Senate having once pronounced, France will obey its dictates."† Alexander still hesitated. "Will your Majesty be pleased to hear two witnesses in confirmation of my testimony?" With these words M. de Talleyrand sent for the Baron Abbé Louis and the Archbishop of Malines. On the evidence of these two men the Emperor of Russia formed his opinion on the state of France! In truth, I am almost inclined to believe that his mind was made up beforehand.

The council was held immediately afterwards. This council consisted of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, the Duke de Dalberg, N. Nesselrode, M. Pozzo di Borgo, Prince Schwartzenburg, Prince Lichtenstein, M. de Talleyrand, Baron Louis, and the Archbishop of Malines. These individuals were ranged on the right and left of the large table which stood in the middle of the apartment. The Emperor Alexander did not sit down, but alternately stood and walked about: his mind seemed quite absorbed in the great interests which were under consideration. He expatiated largely on the misfortunes of war, and ended by observing, that Napoleon, having mer-

* The Empress and her son were still at Blois.

† This remark of M. de Talleyrand is a terrible condemnation on the Senate. It would lead to the inference, that if the Senate had protested against the arbitrary commands of Napoleon, it would have been seconded by France.

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ited to be deprived of a power which he abused, France should be allowed to choose another Sovereign; and that the Allies should aid that important object, by assisting to repress the efforts of persons striving to maintain an order of things which it was necessary totally to abolish. Having said thus much, he turned to the King of Prussia, and to Prince Schwartzenburg, who represented the Emperor of Austria, and asked them whether they concurred in his opinion. Alexander then made several noble and generous remarks, and betrayed considerable emotion. It is but justice to acknowledge, that, in his intervention in the affairs of France, he was at the outset actuated by the most magnanimous feeling.

The conduct of the Archbishop of Malines was curious on this occasion. It will be best painted in colours borrowed from his own palette. "When the Emperor asked me my opinion," said he, in his description of the above scene, "I eagerly declared we were all royalists—that *all* France was of the same opinion—that we had only observed silence on account of the Congress of Châtillon" (that is to say, through fear). To this the Abbé added a thousand fine things of the same sort. Thus the business of the Council was settled. I have neither added nor invented. The affair was reported in the journals; but not with the above details, for the authenticity of which I am enabled to vouch.

The Senate was convoked on the 1st of April. On the 2d, the act of abdication was declared, and on the 3d the wreck of the Legislative Body declared its concurrence in the abdication. Napoleon was at Fontainebleau with Berthier, Maret, Caulaincourt, Bertrand, and the majority of the marshals. This interval in the career of the Emperor is, perhaps, unexampled in the history of the world. We have read of the revolutions of the seraglio, of those of the Lower Empire; of the assassinations of Russia: we have seen the blood-stained crowns of India given to vile eunuchs; but nothing in the pages of history present any parallel to what passed at Fontainebleau during the days, and, above all, the nights, passed there by the hero, abandoned by fortune, and surrounded by those whom he supposed to be his friends. A thick veil was drawn over the event, for the principal actors in it carefully concealed their baseness from the eye of the world. Few persons are aware that Napoleon was doomed to death during the few days which preceded his abdication, by a band of conspirators composed of the most distinguished chiefs of the army.

"But," said one of them in the council in which these demons discussed their atrocious project, "what are we to do with him? There

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are two or three among us, who, like Anthony,* would exhibit his blood-stained robe to the people, and make us play the parts of Cassius and Brutus. I have no wish to see my house burnt, and to be put to flight."—"Well," said another, "we must leave no trace of him. He must be sent to heaven like Romulus." The others applauded, and then a most horrible discussion commenced. It is not in my power to relate the details. Suffice it to say, that the Emperor's death was proposed and discussed for the space of an hour, with a degree of coolness which might be expected among Indian savages armed with tomahawks. "But," said he who had spoken first, "we must come to some determination. The Emperor of Russia is impatient. The month of April is advancing, and nothing has been done. Now, for the last time, we will speak to him of his abdication. He must sign it definitively—or—" A horrible gesture followed this last word.

Yes, the life of Napoleon was threatened by those very men whom he had loaded with wealth, honours, and favours; to whom he had given lustre from the reflection of his own glory. Napoleon was warned of this conspiracy, and it must have been the most agonizing event of his whole life. The torments of St. Helena were nothing in comparison with what he must have suffered, when a pen was presented to him, by a man who presumed to say, "Sign—if you wish to live." If these last words were not articulated, the look, the gesture, the inflexion of the voice, expressed more than the tongue could have uttered.

The Emperor of Russia wished to ascertain the feeling of the army before he adopted a final resolution. Napoleon made choice of Marshal Macdonald, Marshal Lefebvre, Marshal Oudinot, the Duke de Vicenza, Marshal Ney, and the Duke de Bassano, to bear to the Emperor Alexander the propositions which he had to make to the allied powers. Some time previously to this occurred a scene, the remembrance of which fills me with indignation against the man whom it almost exclusively concerns. I allude to Berthier. He was with the Emperor, and he invented an excuse for leaving him at that moment. He alleged that his presence was required in Paris, for the purpose of securing some papers which were of importance to the Emperor himself. Whilst he spoke, Napoleon looked at him with melancholy surprise, which, however, Berthier did not, or would not observe. "Berthier," said Napoleon, taking his hand, "you see that I have need

* They alluded to the Duke de Bassano, Caulaincourt, Bertrand, and some others.

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of consolation—and how much I require at this moment to be surrounded by my true friends." He pronounced these last words emphatically. Berthier made no reply. Napoleon continued: "You will be back to-morrow, Berthier?"—"Certainly, Sire," replied the Prince de Neufchâtel. And he left the Emperor's cabinet with treason in his heart. After his departure, Napoleon remained for some time silent. He followed him with his eyes, and when Berthier was out of sight, he cast them down towards the ground, on which he looked thoughtfully for several minutes. At length he advanced to the Duke de Bassano, and laying his hand on his arm, he pressed it forcibly and said, "Maret, he will not come back." He then threw himself dejectedly into a chair. He was right. Berthier did not return.

The Duke de Ragusa had left his army-corps under the command of General Souham. This army-corps was in the neighbourhood of Essonne. Marshal Marmont was still undetermined as to what course he should adopt. The convention, which on the 5th of April had been concluded at Chevilly, between him and Prince Schwartzenburg, had been disavowed. But there was one thing very unpardonable in the Duke de Ragusa, which was his having sent a copy of the act of abdication, which was not yet known, to the army; and the remarks which accompanied the document, sufficiently explained what were his motives for sending it. General Souham then thought that if the Emperor should return to power, they had gone too far to retract, that they were lost; and in the absence of the Duke de Ragusa he determined, for himself, as to what course he should adopt. He told the troops that they were to march against the enemy. The soldiers joyfully flew to arms; but they continued their march to a considerable distance, without, as they expected, coming up with the enemy. At length, when they reached the neighbourhood of Versailles, they discovered they had been deceived. They then turned furiously against their generals, who were wellnigh being sacrificed to their anger and disappointment. Cries of *Vive l'Empereur! Mort aux étrangers! Mort aux Prussians! Mort aux Russes!* resounded on every side. This news speedily reached Paris; but not soon enough to enlighten the Emperor Alexander. But did he wish it? This is a secret which it is impossible to divine. And yet I think he was sincere on his first arrival in Paris.

The particulars of the deputation of the Marshals to the Emperor of Russia have been detailed in so many publications, that I think it unnecessary to repeat them here. I may merely mention that the number of Marshals being complete, the Emperor wished to add Mar-

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shal Macdonald, and he said to the Duke de Bassano, "I wish to include the Duke de Tarento. He is not attached to me; but I know him to be an honest man, and for that reason his voice will have more weight with the Emperor of Russia than any other. Write to him, Maret." Then, after a moment's reflection, he added: "But poor Marmont! He will be grieved that I do not include him in the deputation. Well, Maret, we must have his name in it. Set down Macdonald's name. But do not erase Marmont's." I know not whether the Duke de Ragusa has ever been made acquainted with this fact. If so, I think it must have caused him a pang of regret.

The Marshals, after a long conference with Napoleon, set out for Paris. They stopped at Petit-Bourg, at the head-quarters of the Prince of Wirtemberg, to take fresh escorts. Marshal Marmont did not alight from his carriage, which was remarked as extraordinary. On their arrival in Paris, they immediately waited on the Emperor of Russia. There Marmont evinced signs of great agitation. It was doubtless caused by grief—for he was not a traitor. No, he was incapable of that;—but he was unhappy, and no wonder, if he knew the extent of the mischief he had done. When the Marshals entered the apartment in which the Emperor of Russia was in readiness to receive them, Marmont did not accompany them. Was he at that time aware of the step which Souham had taken?

The Emperor of Russia gave the Marshals an attentive hearing. Doubtless his determination was formed; but he would not, even in appearance, put any restraint upon the nation. The abdication in favour of Napoleon II., by his father, was one of the three measures proposed to the council, the rejection of which had been brought about by M. de Talleyrand.

The Emperor of Russia spoke on the question with considerable warmth. The arguments brought forward, in favour of the son of Napoleon, appeared to produce an impression on him. Above all things, civil war was in his opinion most to be dreaded. At the moment when he appeared to be ready to yield the point in question, one of his officers delivered to him a packet. He opened it, and his countenance suddenly changed. "How is this, gentlemen," said he to the Marshals, in a tone of reproach. "You are treating with me in the name of the army. You give me assurance of its sentiments, and at the same moment I receive intelligence that the army-corps of the Duke de Ragusa has adhered to the act of abdication, as proclaimed by the senate!" He presented to them the declaration of adherence, signed by all the generals and superior officers of the

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5th corps. From that moment all was at an end. The Emperor declared that every thing had been unalterably settled.

Such was the answer conveyed to Napoleon. On receiving it he was more deeply afflicted at finding himself abandoned by the men whom he had created, than by the loss of his crown. The Duke de Bassano assured me, that the Emperor never appeared to him so truly great as at that moment. Throughout the whole day, his conversation turned on subjects of the most gloomy kind, and he dwelt much on suicide. He spoke so frequently on this subject, that Marchand, his first valet-de-chambre, and Constant were struck with it. They consulted together, and both with common consent removed from the Emperor's chamber an Arabian poniard, and the balls from his pistol-case.* The Duke de Bassano had also remarked this continued allusion to suicide, notwithstanding his efforts to divert Napoleon's thoughts from it. The Duke spoke to Marchand, after he had taken leave of the Emperor, previously to retiring to rest, and he expressed himself satisfied with the precautions which had been taken. The Duke had been in bed some time when he was awoke by Constant, who came to him pale and trembling: "Monsieur le Duc," he exclaimed, "come immediately to the Emperor. His Majesty has been taken very ill!" The Duke de Bassano immediately hurried to the bedside of the Emperor, whom he found pale and cold as a marble statue. He had taken poison!

When Napoleon departed for his second campaign in Russia, Corvisart gave him some poison of so subtle a nature, that in a few minutes, even in a few seconds, it would produce death. This poison was the same as that treated of by Cabanis, and consisted of the Prussic acid which has subsequently been ascertained to be so fatal in its effects. It was with this same poison that Condorcet terminated his existence. Napoleon constantly carried it about him. It was enclosed in a little bag hermetically sealed, and suspended round his neck. As he always wore a flannel waistcoat next to his skin, the little bag had for a long time escaped the observation of Marchand, and he had forgotten it. Napoleon was confident in the efficacy of this poison, and regarded it as the means of being master of himself. He swallowed it on the night above mentioned, after having, put his affairs in order and written some letters. He had tacitly bade farewell to the Duke de Bassano and some of his other friends,

* Marchand, as is well known, accompanied Napoleon to the Isle of Elba, and subsequently to St. Helena. Constant, who imagined that he had been ill-treated by the Emperor, quitted his service at Fontainebleau, after having received 50,000 francs from the funds of his royal master, to repair his house.

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but without giving them cause for the slightest suspicion. The poison was, as I have already observed, extremely violent in its nature; but by reason of its subtlety it was the more liable to lose its power by being kept for any length of time. This happened in the present instance. It caused the Emperor dreadful pain, but it did not prove fatal. When the Duke de Bassano perceived him in a condition closely resembling death, he knelt down at his bedside and burst into tears: "Ah! Sire!" he exclaimed, "what have you done?" The Emperor raised his eyes and looked at the Duke with an expression of kindness; then stretching to him his cold and humid hand, he said, "You see, God has decreed that I shall not die. He too condemns me to suffer!"

The Duke de Bassano could never relate this scene without the most painful emotion. The affair was but little known at the time of its occurrence, notwithstanding the importance which was attached to the most trivial act of Napoleon. But it was deemed prudent to conceal from the knowledge of the multitude every thing calculated to excite sympathy for the victim, and indignation against his persecutors.

When the provisional government said that the army, which was described as being in a state of subjection, was, on the contrary, in open revolt, an order was sent to the Duke de Ragusa directing him to depart immediately and restore order. When it was understood that the Marshal was in the neighbourhood of Versailles, a plan was laid to assassinate him. I could myself name several officers who were fully resolved to strike the blow. A fault in the unfortunate convention of Chevilly had exasperated, not only the officers, but the soldiers:—this was the stipulation of a place of secure retirement for the Emperor and his family. There was, it must be confessed, in Marmont's conduct in this affair, a degree of *impudence*. I am sorry to employ this word, but it comes naturally to the point of my pen. Did he mean to tell the French people that the safety of Napoleon—of that colossus whose powerful hands had controlled the two hemispheres—depended upon him! On his arrival at Versailles, Marmont dared not venture to present himself to his troops. He acquainted the general officers with his arrival, and retired to a farm at Grand Montreuil. The general officers did not choose to take the responsibility on their own heads, and they took with them a number of officers of every rank. The unfortunate Marmont was thus surrounded by an accusing circle, who raised cries of vengeance which might well have excited terror in a man less inured to danger than the Duke of Ragusa. "But what would you have done in my place?"

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he exclaimed, in a moment of despair. All was appeased by the abdication of the Emperor! That act may be regarded as the noblest of Napoleon's life. It was not duly appreciated by a nation like the French, who consider every thing with levity. A single sign, made by the little hand of Napoleon, would have raised whole legions, as it were, out of the earth. He might have returned to Paris in disguise, and have excited an insurrection;—the Allied Sovereigns might have been massacred, and the streets deluged with blood. But he chose to descend from the throne, rather than to continue on it by such means.

On the 4th of April, the Emperor reviewed, at Fontainebleau, his guards, and the troops who still remained faithful to him. Marshal Ney, Marshal Lefebvre, and Marshal Oudinot, were present at this review. The Emperor had very properly forbidden any of the journals from being circulated among the military. He still cherished hope. The review passed off very quietly. When it was ended, Marshal Lefebvre entered the cabinet. "Sire," said he, in a voice faltering with emotion, "you would not listen to your faithful servants! You are lost! The Senate has declared the abdication!" The fact is, that Marshal Lefebvre had advised Napoleon to defend himself in Paris.

The guards still continued faithful, but the troops of the line had been tampered with. The Duke de Bassano was still at Fontainebleau. He would not leave the Emperor, and spared no effort to sustain his fortitude. The Duke de Reggio was likewise at Fontainebleau. After the parade on the 5th, the Emperor sent for him, and asked whether he thought the troops would follow him to Italy? "No, Sire," replied the Marshal; "your Majesty has abdicated!"—"Yes, but on certain conditions!"—"Soldiers cannot discern these nice distinctions," observed the Marshal. The Emperor made no reply.

At one in the morning, Marshals Ney and Macdonald returned from Paris. Marshal Ney, who entered first, said, "Sire, we have succeeded only in part." And he related how the defection of the 6th corps had prevented them from settling the question of the abdication by securing the succession of his son. Napoleon was deeply wounded by the conduct of the troops confided to the command of Marmont. Marmont certainly was not a traitor; and yet no traitor could have done greater mischief. "To what place am I to retire with my family?" inquired Napoleon. "Wherever your Majesty may please. To the Isle of Elba, for example, with a revenue of six millions."—"Six millions! that is a large allowance, considering that I am only a soldier." At that moment Napoleon

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had with him at Fontainebleau the troops of Macdonald, Mortier, Lefebvre, and Marmont. These different corps amounted altogether to forty-five thousand men. Deducting twelve thousand as the amount of Marmont's corps, there remain thirty-three thousand with which Napoleon might have commenced civil war. Before the expiration of a fortnight he would have doubled his forces. His forbearance, in this particular, has never been fully acknowledged. It has even been pronounced want of firmness! His abdication was prompted by a noble impulse of his generous nature. He abdicated to save France from the horrors of civil war.

About this time a ceremony took place in Paris, at which I was present, because there was nothing in it that could be mortifying to a French heart. The death of Louis XVI. had long been admitted to be one of the most serious misfortunes of the Revolution. The Emperor Napoleon never spoke of that Sovereign but in terms of the highest respect, and always prefixed the epithet *unfortunate* to his name. The ceremony to which I have alluded was proposed by the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia. It consisted in a sort of expiation and purification of the spot on which Louis XVI. and the Queen were beheaded. I went to see this ceremony, and I had a place at a window in the Hotel of Madame de Remusat, next to the Hotel de Crillon, and what was termed the Hotel de Courlande. The weather was extremely fine, and warm for the season. The ceremony took place on the 10th of April. The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia, accompanied by Prince Schwartzenburg, took their station at the entrance of the Rue Royale: the King of Prussia being on the right of the Emperor Alexander, and Prince Schwartzenburg on his left. There was a long parade, during which the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian military bands vied with each other in playing the air:—*Vive Henri IV.* The cavalry defiled, and then withdrew into the Champs-Elysées; but the infantry ranged themselves round an altar which was raised in the middle of the place, and which was elevated on a platform, having twelve or fifteen steps. The Emperor of Russia alighted from his horse, and followed by the King of Prussia, the Grand Duke Constantine, Lord Cathcart, and Prince Schwartzenburg, advanced to the altar. When the Emperor had nearly reached the altar, the *Te Deum* commenced. At the moment of the benediction, the Sovereigns and persons who accompanied them, as well as the twenty-five thousand troops who covered the place, all knelt down. On rising, the Grand Duke Constantine took off his hat, and immediately salvos of artillery were heard.

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The Greek priest presented the cross to the Emperor Alexander, who kissed it: his example was followed by the individuals who accompanied him, though they were not of the Greek faith.*

CHAPTER XLIX.

Dispersion of the Imperial family—Judas and St. Peter—The Emperor of Austria's arrival in Paris—Napoleon's act of abdication signed—Forfeiture of majorates—M. Metternich's advice—Visit to me from the Emperor of Russia—The bronze figure of Napoleon—Alexander's opinion of the Duke of Rovigo—The Duke de Bassano—Junot's portrait—The Emperor's departure—His Majesty's second visit—His conversation on the Duke of Vicenza—His admiration of Paris—Promises his influence in favour of my son's majorates—Lord Cathcart—The Staff-officer of the Prince Royal of Sweden—Motives of Bernadotte's visit to Paris—His proposition to the Count d'Artois—Visit from the Duke of Wellington—General and Lady Cole—Miss Eliza Bathurst—The *Monster Prince*—His love adventures.

The Empress Maria-Louisa was now at Rambouillet, and was preparing to set out for Germany. Napoleon's brothers and sisters were all scattered about in various places. Queen Hortense was in Paris. The Empress Josephine was at Malmaison. The Princess Pauline was in Provence, residing at a country house near Orgon. Madame Mère and Cardinal Fesch were on their way from Lyons to Rome. Jerome and Joseph were about to depart to America, and Lucien was in England. In short, the different members of the Imperial family were all separated and dispersed. It was now their turn to suffer. Whilst tears were flowing from the eyes of a glorious dynasty, who must have felt their misfortunes the more keenly, inasmuch as they had reason to count on a very different fate, the other proscribed family were returning to the land of their fathers. The Count d'Artois re-entered Paris after an exile of twenty-two years.

All was consummated. Every day the journals were filled with the names of generals who seemed to fancy that their adherence to the new government could not be declared speedily enough, or in terms sufficiently servile. This was most revolting conduct in persons who had all their lives enjoyed the favours of the man towards whom some of them now acted the part of Judas, and others that of

* The King of Prussia is a Protestant, Prince Schwartzenburg a Catholic, and the Emperor Alexander belonged to the Greek communion.

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St. Peter. And yet the Emperor's act of abdication, though signed, or at least assented to by him, had not appeared. It was not published till the 12th.

M. Metternich came to Paris with the Emperor of Austria. They arrived, I think, on the 14th or 15th of April. Though honoured with the friendship of M. Metternich, yet I never conversed with him on the political affairs of the time. I may, therefore, without reserve, state what I presume to have been his sentiments, as if he were a stranger to me. I have reason to believe that both he and the Emperor of Austria were much disappointed at not having reached Paris in time to secure the regency to Maria-Louisa, and to make Russia declare in favour of the Imperial orphan. The Emperor of Austria experienced, on his entry into Paris, a truly Imperial reception. This was not intended as a mark of honour to the double eagle: it was an artful political contrivance for dazzling the Emperor Francis, and stifling any regrets which might have led him to say: "If my daughter had been Regent here." But whilst he was lingering on the road from Dijon, Maria-Louisa, the Empress of the French, became Grand Duchess of Parma and Placentia. The reception given to the Emperor Francis was superb. The passage of carriages or any other vehicles was prohibited through a great portion of the capital. The streets were lined with troops and bands of music. In short, it was a perfect fête. At length the Emperor's act of abdication was made public. It is simple and noble, and worthy of Napoleon in his most glorious days:—

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed the Emperor Napoleon to be the only obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor Napoleon, faithful to his oath, declares, that he renounces for himself and his heirs the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France.

"Given at the Palace of Fontainebleau, April 11th, 1814.

"NAPOLEON."

Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel, sent his adherence to the new government, dated the 11th of April. For some time the Emperor had observed him biting his nails, and absorbed in reverie. He guessed his intention.

When the Emperor's abdication was made public—when the oath was annulled, I, in common with many others, began to turn our thoughts to the fate that awaited our families. M. Metternich, whom

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I had seen the day after his arrival, told me that the majorates would be forfeited, with the exception of those in Illyria and the kingdom of Italy,—those, in short, under the dominion of Austria. "Mine," observed I, "are in Westphalia, Prussia, and Hanover." M. Metternich shook his head and said, "I am much afraid that you will lose them all." But when I showed him the titles of a portion of them, producing a revenue of about fifty thousand francs, he said that they might possibly be restored to me in virtue of my claims, which had been confirmed by the King of Prussia himself. He referred to the territories and castle of Acken, which had been the personal property of the King of Prussia, but ceded by him in three different treaties, and which he had a right, if he chose, to relinquish. "Assert your claim," said M. de Metternich, "I will use all my influence to support it, but if you would take my advice, you would first of all appeal for the protection of the Emperor Alexander. He has great influence over the King of Prussia."

I mentioned the business to M. Czernicheff, and expressed my wish to obtain an audience of the Emperor of Russia. "I will mention your wish," replied M. Czernicheff, "but I doubt whether he will grant it," added he, laughing. "Why not?"—"I don't know. But I could lay a wager he will not," he said, still laughing. "His Majesty's refusal cannot be caused by any very serious fault of mine, since it appears to afford you so much amusement." Next day M. Czernicheff brought the answer. "I told you how it would be," said he, "the Emperor will not receive you at the Elysée."—"Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, quite surprised and mortified, "what have I done to displease him?" M. Czernicheff continued speaking, as though he did not hear me. "He will not receive you at the Elysée, because he says, he wishes to *do himself the honour* of coming to see you. These were his own words, what do you think of them?"—"This kind condescension touches me to the very heart," I replied. "Yes," added M. Czernicheff, "His Majesty wishes to pay a visit to the widow of the man of whom he has so frequently heard and read." He further added, that the Emperor of Russia would be with me next day between twelve and one o'clock, if that time *would be convenient to me.*

I must confess that I was totally unprepared for this excess of Imperial courtesy, and notwithstanding all I had heard the Duke de Vicenza say of the Emperor Alexander, I scarcely believed that he would have carried his condescension so far. Next day, about one o'clock, the Emperor arrived. I then resided in my hotel, in the Rue des Champs-Elysées. He was alone in an open carriage, and had but one servant with him. I hurried to the head of the staircase to receive

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him, leading by the hand my little son scarcely three years of age. As soon as the Emperor saw me, he bowed in recognition of the mistress of the house; then taking my hand, he conducted me into the apartment with an air of kindness and affability. When we had reached the inner drawing-room, preceding the billiard-room, I stopped, and after thanking the Emperor for having come to visit a widow and her young family, I presented my children to him, who made their obeisance to His Majesty and withdrew. I then remained alone with the Emperor of Russia. I found myself quite in a new character:—that of a petitioner to a foreign Sovereign! I who had never but once solicited any thing, even from the Emperor Napoleon. But I was a mother! That consideration prompted my suit. "Sire," said I, "those children whom your Majesty has just seen, have lost their father at a very early age. In losing him they lost every thing. They are reduced to beggary if they forfeit their majorates; they were the price of their unfortunate father's blood." Whilst I said this, we walked up and down the billiard-room and the *salon*. The Emperor led me to an arm-chair at the side of the fire-place; he then drew a small chair in front of me, and seated himself on it. "Sire," said I, rising, "I cannot possibly suffer your Majesty to sit on that chair."—"Pray resume your seat, Madame," said he, with a charming smile, "I prefer sitting here, in order to hear you the more distinctly. You know I am deaf of one ear." He then again seated himself before me, and our conversation commenced; I noted it down as soon as the Emperor left me.

"First of all," said Alexander, "let me know what is the boon you have to solicit from me. Explain the affair to me that I may understand it." I stated my case to him. "The matter appears to me to be beyond a doubt," said he. "Draw up an explanatory note of the business, and I will *myself* give it to the King of Prussia. Czernicheff shall take charge of this affair by my order, and shall report to you the result. He is a friend of yours, I believe?" I replied in the affirmative, and added, that I thought him an excellent man, possessing more merit than most persons were for a long time willing to give him credit for, because he was a man of fashion and agreeable manners. "But," said the Emperor, laughing, "I should have imagined that in France those were additional claims to favour." "Sometimes, Sire."

At that moment Alexander directed his eye towards a *console*, on which stood a small bronze figure of the Emperor Napoleon, about two feet and a half high, and clothed in the Imperial robes. The Emperor of Russia looked at it for some moments, then turning from

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it he remained silent. This silence was embarrassing to us both. At length Alexander broke it, saying, "One thing which particularly struck me on my entrance into Paris, was the vast number of persons, especially women and children, in mourning." "Sire," returned I, "your Majesty would have seen a great many more if all the widows and orphans in Paris had gone to meet you. As for me and my family, I can only say that your Majesty neither saw my widow's weeds nor the mourning of my children." Alexander took my hand, and pressing it in a friendly manner, he said, "I know it; I know it."

Then again turning to look at the figure of Napoleon, he said, as if speaking to himself, "How I loved that man! I do assure you, Duchess, that I loved him as much—perhaps I may say more—than any one of my brothers; and when he betrayed me, I suffered more by his treachery than by the war he brought upon me. Would you believe, Madame, that the officer who brought me the first intelligence that the Emperor Napoleon had crossed the Vistula was imprisoned and put into irons? Yes, had Napoleon been willing to maintain the fraternity of arms and of hearts which subsisted between us at Erfurth, I confidently believe that we should have rendered Europe the finest part of the universe." (As he uttered these last words, he rose and began to walk rapidly up and down the room.) "But Napoleon was surrounded by a set of men who have ruined him. One of them in particular—one of them is to me the object of an aversion which I can never overcome." He paused—I could not venture to question him. "That man," resumed Alexander, "has committed thousands of iniquities in the name of Napoleon, for which his unfortunate master is now called to account. I allude to the Duke de Rovigo!" I knew he did, and I was in no way astonished to hear him mention the name.

Alexander, who had been walking about, now came and resumed his seat on the chair near me: "One might almost suppose that you had guessed to whom I alluded." I smiled. "Has he then behaved equally ill to his comrades?"—"Not to all of them, Sire: my husband had serious cause to complain of him; but still I am of opinion that your Majesty has been prepossessed against the Duke de Rovigo. He has his faults; but he cannot be accused of wilfully behaving ill to the Emperor, to whom he is devotedly attached. Your Majesty has perhaps been misinformed, and—"—"No, no," resumed he, hastily, "not at all misinformed. I know the truth. The man had the insolence to attempt to introduce his police system into my palace at St. Petersburgh. To place spies about me. It exceeds all belief; and then—" He stopped, and appeared to be struggling to repress his

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rage. "Since my arrival in Paris," continued the Emperor, "he has twenty times solicited an audience of me; but I have constantly refused to receive him. I understand he intends to ask the Count d'Artois to see him. Truly the Duke de Rovigo would do well to recollect Vincennes. He ought also to screen an innocent man from the odium which belongs to himself; for poor Caulaincourt was at that time at Strasburgh, and not at Vincennes; so that he could have nothing to do with ordering the death of the Duke d'Enghien."

The conversation was now becoming more and more interesting. I listened with a degree of attention and interest, which must doubtless have been visibly depicted in my countenance, for the Emperor's politeness became more marked. He once more sat down beside me, for he rose and sat down by turns. "The Duke de Bassano," continued he, "is another person who has done the Emperor a great deal of harm."—"I am sorry to differ from your Majesty," observed I. "There is no man in France who would more readily lay down his life for the Emperor than M. de Bassano."—"What matters that, if he has not served him dutifully?"—"Sire, is it not possible that unjust, perhaps even malignant reports may have reached your Majesty's ear, and influenced you against the Duke de Bassano? He is an able statesman, a man of talent and incorruptible integrity. He has been a martyr to the cause which he served in his youth. He has never forsaken his principles, and has always been devoted to his country. These sentiments are innate in him. When M. de Bassano sent his adherence to the provisional government, it was because he thought France could now only be saved by the general union of her children."

I stopped short, and felt quite astonished at having said so much. But I could not refrain from speaking the truth in defence of my friend, and then the affability of the Emperor of Russia divested me of all fear. His Majesty listened to me attentively, and when I had ended, he said, "Was the Duke d'Abrantes on very cordial terms of friendship with the Duke de Bassano?"—"He was, Sire; and, besides, my husband was from the same province as M. de Bassano. They were both natives of Burgundy, and I may almost add, that they were brothers in arms!"—"How?"—"Because M. de Bassano was never absent from a single battle in which the Emperor was engaged. He is a brave man, and has exposed himself to all the dangers of a soldier's life, without the hope of a soldier's recompense; for the only reward he would have gained by having a leg or an arm shot off, would be *not* to have the benefit of the *Invalides*."—Alexander smiled. "Ah!" resumed he, "I did not know he was so brave a man: and General Savary? What sort of reputation for courage does he enjoy?"—"He

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is a very brave man, Sire; I have always heard that admitted even by my husband, who was not easily pleased on that score."—"General Junot had a glorious military reputation. The Sovereign is happy who is surrounded by such men. But how happens it, Madame, that you have not your husband's portrait among your collection of pictures?" And he looked round with an air of curiosity.—"If your Majesty wishes to see a portrait of Junot, and a striking likeness of him, I can show you one. But I must request your Majesty to take the trouble to step into another apartment." I shall never forget the rapid and gracious manner in which the Emperor rose and offered me his arm. "Will you be kind enough to show me the way?" said he. I led him through the billiard-room, the library, the large cabinet fitted up in the style of an antique apartment, then through my bed-chamber into another cabinet, and finally into my little work-room, in which was the portrait of Junot.

On his departure the Emperor bowed to me with the easy grace of a polished gentleman, free from any thing approaching to royal *hauteur*. I followed him out of the room, when suddenly turning round and perceiving me, he said, "Why do you leave the room, Madame?" We were, by this time, at the head of the staircase. "Sire," said I, "your Majesty will permit me—"—"I will permit nothing of the kind. How! would you wish to see me to my carriage?"—"Certainly, Sire," replied I smiling; for I was amused at the astonishment with which he seemed to regard a thing which appeared to me perfectly a matter of course.—"See me to my carriage?" said the Emperor, smiling in his turn. "*Mon Dieu!* What would be said of me in St. Petersburgh if I allowed myself to be escorted by a lady?"—"But we are not in St. Petersburgh, Sire," said I, "and I entreat that you will permit me to do what I conceive to be the duty of the mistress of a house towards a Sovereign visitor."—"Nay, nay," said the Emperor, taking my hand, and conducting me back to the door of the drawing-room, "the conquered must submit to the conqueror,"—and then he added with a charming grace, "Suppose I *command* you to stay where you are?"—"I am not your Majesty's subject, Sire."—"Well, then, you will prevent me paying you another visit. Surely you will not punish me so far as that?"—"That fear, Sire, ensures my ready obedience. I will not stir another step." He then descended the staircase, running as if to prevent me following him.

Some days after the visit of the Emperor Alexander, he called on me again one morning. He had given me no intimation of this intended honour. He came on foot, and quite unattended, and was

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dressed in plain clothes, wearing a round hat and a green coat. If Joseph, my *valet-de-chambre*, had not happened to recognize him, he would have been up-stairs and into my work-room before I was aware of his being in the house.

On this second visit he was even more gracious and communicative than on the first. Every one must acknowledge the charm of this sort of affability in a Sovereign: it carries with it a *prestige*, the influence of which must be felt by persons of the coldest temperament.* Besides, in 1814, Alexander was really great. Yes, the term *great* may truly be applied to the man who, having the cup of revenge within his reach, averts the delicious beverage from his lips. This is being something superior to human nature! On this occasion Alexander spoke to me of Napoleon. He had abdicated, and his fate was sealed. "Have you seen the Duke de Vicenza?" inquired Alexander, with an expression which I could not but remark. "I have, Sire." —"I am glad to hear it. But how had you the courage to do so? It would have been very well a month ago, but within the last fortnight . . . . !"—"Because I had heard him less talked about within the last fortnight. I therefore called on the old friend of my childhood; him whom I so long called my brother." The Emperor Alexander approached me, took my hand and pressed it, then, after a pause, he said, "You did right, very right. I assure you again, on my word of honour as a Sovereign, that the Duke de Vicenza is perfectly innocent of the crime with which he is charged!" This was the second time the Emperor Alexander had spoken to me with great warmth on the same subject.

Our conversation next turned on Paris, and the persons who had been most conspicuous in the Imperial court, especially the ladies. He spoke of Madame Ney, and the Empress Josephine. He seemed very curious to hear what I had to say of the latter; and frequently brought the conversation back to her, though I constantly endeavoured to let it drop. At length he said, with a good-humoured smile, "I almost think you are afraid of me."—"By no means, Sire! your Majesty's kindness renders that quite impossible. But you must be aware, that on such a subject, I feel myself bound to be silent." He appeared to reflect for a few moments, and then he said, "You are right! This is the second lesson you have given me. I thank you."

Our conversation then changed to another subject. The Emperor

* Madame de Sévigné gives a proof of this feeling in the letter in which she mentions having danced with the King.

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spoke of our theatres, our museums, with which he was highly delighted; and he declared that the magnificent city of Paris had not its equal in the whole world. "My stony city," said he, "(ma ville *de pierre*) will also be a splendid place one day or other. You must come and see it; say you will; I am sure you would like St. Petersburgh; and we will give you a welcome reception. Then you can tell, on your return, that we are not quite such savages as we are said to be." I was deeply touched by these words, which he uttered with the most unaffected kindness of manner. He next spoke of the state of my affairs, and asked me in what circumstances Junot had left his family. I replied, "Without any fortune."—"How! and Napoleon ...."—"It was not in his power to do any thing, Sire. He was in Champagne at the time of Junot's death, and his attention was engrossed by matters of greater import than making a provision for us."—"But your majorates? Prince Metternich is your friend." He paused for a moment, and then continued—"It is his duty to protect you and your family."—"Our majorates, Sire, are in Prussia and in Hanover; consequently M. Metternich can do nothing in the business. He is my friend, and I will not be so unjust as to accuse him of indifference. I will not myself solicit his intervention with Prussia: it is yours I should wish to have, Sire." The Emperor smiled. "Mine? Well, so be it. Czernicheff has begun the business, and he shall follow it up." I courtesied; and he added with charming grace, "Let it be understood. He shall arrange the business with the King of Prussia *in my name*. Will that satisfy you?"—"The widow of Junot can wish for nothing more when she has such an advocate for her children."

A flood of tears prevented me from saying more. Alexander took my hand, (an English custom, which he had contracted, and which I at first thought very strange,) and said:—"Would it be inconvenient or unpleasant to you to have another *lodger* in your house? In the hotels near the Elysée, which have extensive suites of apartments, there is none but yours that has the ground-floor unoccupied. I wish you could receive Lord Cathcart, the English ambassador to me, and allow me to mention, that you are to provide nothing but lodging-room, either for Lord Cathcart or his attendants. His lordship is a man of agreeable and gentlemanly manners, and his presence here will be a protection to you. Besides, as I shall sometimes have occasion to come to call on him, I may at the same time take the opportunity of visiting his hostess, so that I shall hear whether he gives her any reason to complain."

Such was the conduct of the Emperor of Russia in 1814. I will here subjoin an anecdote of the same period, which may serve as a

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pendant to the above. I had gone out one day to take an airing. On my return home I found my servants in a state of great alarm and consternation. My valet-de-chambre informed me that an officer of the staff of the Prince Royal of Sweden, accompanied by some others, had called about an hour before my return. They had taken a survey of the house from the cellar to the very uppermost rooms. On being informed that one of the Emperor of Russia's officers lodged in the apartments, looking to the garden, the Swedish officer said, with an insolent air, "Well, he must remove."—"But," said Joseph, "where are we to put him, if you dislodge him?"—"Is there not an apartment adjoining the billiard-room which we just passed through?"—"That is my mistress's apartment," said Joseph, indignantly. "And pray, who is your mistress?" said the officer, in a jeering, impertinent tone. Joseph was greatly irritated. He had been with Junot in the campaigns of Egypt and Italy. To see our enemies in France deeply mortified him; to see them in Paris nearly broke his heart; but to be insulted by them in his master's house was more than he could possibly endure. Directing a look of the most consummate contempt at the Swedish officer, he replied, "The mistress of this house is the widow of a man, at the mention of whose name Frenchmen and foreigners should raise their hats and bow with respect. (The officer had kept on his hat.) He was General Junot, the Duke d'Abrantes. If he were now living, and Gover- of Paris, you would not have been allowed to enter it."

The officer replied to this only by a shrug of the shoulders, and continued to make out his list of quarters, marking the different rooms, as is customary in a conquered city. This chamber was for the colonel, that for the general, &c. "I tell you once more," said my valet-de-chambre, "that this is my mistress's apartment."—"I must obey my orders."—"And who ordered you to come here?"—"His Royal Highness the Prince of Sweden."

The officers took their departure. I returned home shortly after, and my valet-de-chambre related to me what had occurred. My first impulse is always impetuous; and I flew to my desk and wrote the following note:—

"Monseigneur,—The allied troops occupy Paris. I have received no offence from the officers or their inferiors, of any rank whatever. I must confess that it appears to me as strange as it is vexatious, that I should have experienced the first insult just at the time your Royal Highness arrived in Paris. Feeling assured that it cannot be by your orders that any house (hitherto respected by all

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parties) should be violated by any of your officers, I complain of what has taken place to-day, in the hope that you will make me a suitable apology."

About an hour after my letter had been delivered at the hotel of the Prince Royal of Sweden, in the Rue d'Anjou-Saint-Honoré, I received a visit from his first aide-de-camp, Count Brahé. He made me a very handsome apology on the part of the Prince of Sweden, and assured me that His Royal Highness and the persons of his household were totally ignorant of the intrusion and annoyance to which I had been exposed, in his name. I was charmed with the politeness and elegant manners of Count Brahé, who seemed to have been brought up in the same school of good breeding with M. Metternich.

Few persons could comprehend what was Bernadotte's object in coming to Paris at that time; still less could they understand his eagerness to hurl Napoleon from his throne. There was then no chance of a republic as on the 18th Brumaire. But though General Bernadotte had forsaken France he still loved her. His rank, as Prince Royal, had only made him change his opinion. Being no longer a republican he was become a royalist. The Princess of Sweden used to complain bitterly of the *ennui* of the frigid and gloomy court of Sweden, which was never excited, except to shoot kings at masked balls. On hearing the Princess make these complaints, M. de Talleyrand used to say, "But really, Madame, this is very well for a beginning." Bernadotte thought so too. But the *beginning* had unfortunately become the *end*, since the downfall of the great European Colossus, and Bernadotte looked fondly back to his native country. He offered to His Royal Highness, Monsieur, who had just arrived in Paris, his services in putting down the different factions which might still exist in the army, over which his name might yet have some influence. To effect this object, he conceived it would be requisite to be invested with some imposing title, such as Generalissimo of the Forces, or Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom —the latter, it is true, was the title which Monsieur himself held; but he thought it might be rendered more practically useful when possessed by Bernadotte. The latter, therefore, consented to abandon the government of his own states, and to remain a year in France, if necessary.

The proposition of the Prince Royal of Sweden was made to Count d'Artois; but after a very brief consideration, his Royal Highness was informed that the sooner he regained his own army

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the better. This was the reason of that sudden departure which left the Princess unprotected and a prey to the unfortunate attachment which she conceived for a man, who was certainly the very last person in the world who might have been expected to play the part of a romantic lover.

At this time I was in the habit of seeing Prince Metternich every day. He frequently called on me in the morning, and almost always took tea with me in the evening. He was extremely fearful of being suspected of interfering in the affairs of France. In reference to this subject, I may relate a circumstance which took place before my departure from Paris, at the time when Louis XVIII. was forming his ministry. Lord Wellington had been in Paris for some days, before he learned that I also was there, and that I was residing very near him. He called on me, and I was much pleased and interested by his conversation. I have already mentioned that Lord Wellington was highly esteemed by the Duke d'Abrantes, who had imbued me with the same favourable opinion of him, and I was the friend of Lord Wellington, though the enemy of the English General. His lordship resided at the Hotel de la Reynière, which belonged to Ouvrard. "I have come to beg your kind reception of a new lodger," said Lord Wellington to me one day. "I allude to Lord Cathcart." —"He cannot fail to be welcome, my lord," said I, "since the Emperor Alexander has introduced him. But I shall see what sort of person he is." Lord Cathcart came the same morning. As soon as he arrived, he sent to say he wished to speak with me. When he entered, he requested, in the most polite terms, that I would permit him to reside in my house. His manners were those of a polished man of rank, and I saw at once that I should have every reason to congratulate myself on having him quartered beneath my roof. Next morning he took possession of the suite of apartments on the ground floor. They consisted of four drawing-rooms, a spacious gallery, two small billiard-rooms, and a large cabinet, which might easily be converted into a bed-chamber. This was the suite of apartments in which I used to receive company. They looked to the gardens. There was also a bathing-room attached to them. I assigned to Lord Cathcart's use a great portion of my stables. They had become useless to me since the death of my husband; for I kept only four carriage horses and a saddle horse. Lord Cathcart assured me that he would be answerable for his servants committing no depredations, and I must, in justice, say, that they were extremely well behaved and quiet.

My house was soon entirely filled. The apartments on the first

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floor, looking to the garden, were occupied by General and Lady Cole. They occasioned no inconvenience to me; but there was a great difference between them and Lord Cathcart. This difference extended even to their servants, which I discovered at my cost.* Lady Cole was a very pleasing woman, and the General was a true model of an English country gentleman. Lady Cole often came to take tea with me in the evening. On one of these occasions she told me that she had a favour to ask of me:—"A young lady, an intimate friend of mine," said she, "is very anxious to see Paris. Her relations will entrust her to my care; but if I take charge of her she must reside with me. How can I manage this unless you grant me permission?" I assured her that I was most ready to do every thing in my power to oblige her, but that I could not render the walls of my house elastic. It was already completely filled by Lord Cathcart, the General, and herself, my own household, my brother, and my uncles, the Prince and the Abbé Comnenus. "But she can sleep in the great divan in the boudoir," said Lady Cole, "if you have no objection." I gave my consent, though I was certain that my divan would be destroyed. But how could I refuse? "Well, since I have your consent, my young friend shall come to-morrow. Her brother is aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, and he will himself thank you for your hospitality to his sister."

The young lady had been in Paris since the previous day; but Lady Cole had very politely declined bringing her until she had obtained my consent. When she introduced me to her I was struck with her beauty. Her fine fresh complexion, her beautiful fair hair, and her soft blue eyes, produced altogether that youthful appearance which is found only among English women. It is the same with the English children. They are always prettier than any others. A child may have a white and red complexion; fair curled hair; it may be dressed in a white frock, with pink or blue sash; all this makes a pretty child—but still it is not like an English child. It is the same with the young girls of England. Lady Cole's young friend pleased me at first sight, and the hospitality which I had granted, as a favour to Lady Cole, became a source of gratification to myself. This

* There were in my boudoir, which adjoined my bed-chamber, four small landscapes painted on vellum. They might be called miniatures, being only fifteen inches by twenty-two. They had been given to me by my brother-in law, M. de Geouffre, and I valued them on account of their beauty, and as a pledge of friendship. I presume that some of the servants of Lady Cole had taken a fancy to them; for the day after her departure, when the apartments were being put in order, they were nowhere to be found.

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young lady was Miss Eliza Bathurst, a relation of the English Secretary of the War Department. She was not only pretty and agreeable, but she possessed considerable talents and accomplishments. Alas! I little thought that the lovely flower with which I was so highly charmed would be so early blighted! Some time after her visit to Paris, she accompanied her mother to Rome. It was at the time the Duke de Laval was our ambassador there. One day Miss Bathurst, with a party of friends, were riding on horseback along the banks of the Tiber. The weather was delightful. They were admiring the clear blue sky and the brilliant sun, which spreads a sort of magical glory over the Campagna di Roma. Suddenly Miss Bathurst's horse took fright. She endeavoured to rein him in. The animal darted off, and plunged, with his rider, into the Tiber, where the young lady perished. I was deeply shocked on hearing this event, when I recollected the many attractive and amiable qualities of Miss Bathurst. Her brother, Lord Wellington's aide-de-camp, was a very fine young man. In person he resembled his sister. I do not know what has become of him.

One day M. Metternich called on me and said, "Will you promise not to laugh at a gentleman whom I wish to introduce to you?"—'That must depend on what sort of a person he is. You know I am very apt to laugh. But tell me who he is."—"He is a friend of mine. He is not at all handsome; I tell you that beforehand. And to convince you of that fact, I may inform you that he goes by the name of the '*Monster Prince.*' "—"Surely you are joking!"—"I am not indeed. He has another name, it is true. His real name is Wenzel Lichtenstein. His brother, Prince Moritz Lichtenstein, has also requested me to introduce him to you, which, with your permission, I will do. The two brothers are very unlike each other. Pray behave well when you see Wenzel."

Prince Wenzel Lichtenstein was certainly the most ugly man I ever beheld in my life. He was the very perfection of ugliness. One might imagine he was endowed with this perfection by a fairy, as others are said to have been endowed with beauty. Nothing was wanting to complete it. Even his voice was the very strangest that can be imagined. I must confess that when I first saw him, I was perfectly petrified. "Well," said Metternich, the next time he called on me, "what do you think of him?"—"That he is by no means handsome. That is very certain. Poor fellow! He must be very unhappy if he is tender hearted." I made the same remark to another friend who happened to call upon me that same day. "I beg your pardon," said he, "you are quite mistaken. Prince Wenzel, ugly

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as he is, has made his conquests."—"Impossible!" I exclaimed, "unless he happened to meet with a woman as frightful as himself." —"By no means. The lady whose affections he won, was very pretty. The affair made some noise not long since at Vienna." The gentleman who gave me these particulars mentioned Princess ——; I was confounded. I was assured that Prince Wenzel had had several such adventures; and that he had now become so confident that he never doubted his success with any woman. "Have a care of yourself!" said my friend, who had made me thus far acquainted with the secret biography of the *Monster Prince*. "Upon my word," replied I, "you are right to put me on my guard; for he must possess infinite powers of seduction to have rendered himself agreeable to any woman."

CHAPTER L.

Letter from Fontainebleau—M. Corvisart—Visit to Malmaison—Josephine's sorrow—My opinion of Maria-Louisa—Josephine's projects—Future Duchess of Navarre—Approaching departure of Napoleon for Elba—Augereau's proclamation—The Emperor leaves France—Commissioners who accompany him—General Bertrand—Arrival of the Duke de Berry—Louis XVIII.—The Count d'Artois—The Duke de Berry—Dangerous excess of joy—Reception of Louis XVIII. in London—He is invested with the order of the Garter—French and English deputations—Delight of the people of England—Cardinal Maury's mysterious visit—Scene in the Archiepiscopal chapel.

I RECEIVED a letter from Fontainebleau, written in a strain of unreserved confidence. The Emperor was very ill. The poison he had taken had not been productive of the effect he expected from it, but had proved highly injurious to his health. It is worthy of remark, as illustrative of the bad faith of the newspapers of the period, that not one of them made the slightest allusion to this poisoning. The *Gazette de France*, of the 14th of April, 1814, says, "The day on which Napoleon was to sign his abdication, he found on his table a packet containing the conditions of the abdication, and likewise a pistol." "Ah," said the Emperor, "they wish to counsel me; but they shall learn that I follow no advice but my own."

Be this as it may, he was seriously ill, and M. Corvisart's attentions stood him in the utmost stead. The attention with which he watched over him was only equalled by his assiduous skill. I

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saw Corvisart at this period: the tears were starting from the eyes of a man whose firmness of character was never known to falter! And yet he bent before this gigantic misfortune which never had its parallel in vicissitude! He never dwelt but with sorrow on what was taking place at Fontainebleau. I loved Corvisart as a man who had saved my life; but since this period of 1814, I have loved him for the exalted qualities which he then unfolded to view.

The letter I received from Fontainebleau entered into much detail respecting the preparations for the Emperor's departure. When I heard of it, though never expecting he would accept of the plan which I had proposed for his adoption,* I relied at least on a verbal answer. The Duke of Rovigo afterwards told me that he had not delivered my letter. I am unable to vouch for the truth of this assertion. I went to Malmaison the day after receiving the letter from Fontainebleau. I knew the Empress Josephine to be extremely uneasy respecting the passing occurrences, and she could not fail to set a high value on any intelligence derived from the spot. It was early when I arrived, and the Empress was still in her bedroom. I repaired to Madame d'Audenarde's apartment, and begged she would inquire of her Majesty whether I might see her before breakfast. My name was no sooner mentioned to the Empress than she desired I should be admitted. She was still in bed, and stretching out her arms as soon as she saw me, she burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Alas, Madame Junot, Madame Junot!"

I was deeply affected at the meeting. I knew how sincerely she was attached to the Emperor; and at this moment every reproach she had to make was cast into shade by the heavy misfortune which oppressed him. I could read her feelings, and this burst of deep affliction found in my heart the most congenial sympathy. Mingling my tears with hers, I told her what I felt. The sight, alas! of this dwelling reminded me of such pleasing recollections now buried in the tomb! My heart was broken! I wept with the afflicted Princess,

* This plan was somewhat singular and believed to have arisen solely in the ardent mind of Madame d'Abrantes. She told Savary, Duke de Rovigo, that she should write a letter to Napoleon, who was yet at Fontainebleau, proposing to him to come to her house incognito; and that at the expected second visit to her of the Emperor Alexander, he should suddenly present himself to the Autocrat, and demand of him protection for his son, Napoleon II.; that she knew the high opinion and affection Alexander entertained for the Emperor, and she was sure that he would listen to him, and exert his powerful interest with the other Sovereigns to secure the nomination of a Regency to act for the son. Savary undertook to deliver this letter, but, as appears by the sequel, he was a traitor in all things.

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and my tears were more bitter than her own, for they flowed over a sorrow which death had occasioned, whereas she had still hope. The hundred days have proved how reasonably she could indulge it.

When I told her of my having received a letter from Fontainebleau, she said to me, with an eagerness she had never displayed on any former occasion, "O! I beseech you, do read me that letter; read *the whole* of it; I desire to know *every thing*." The contents were very painful for Josephine's heart, as many passages related to the King of Rome and to Maria-Louisa. "What think you of that woman?" said the Empress Josephine, looking at me with a remarkable expression of countenance. "I, madam! What I have always thought; that such a woman should never have crossed the frontiers of France; I say so from the bottom of my heart."—"Indeed!" said Josephine, fixing on me her eyes bathed in tears, but smiling at the idea that I shared her opinion.

I repeated the expression, adding that I did so not to gratify the Empress Josephine, but because such was my opinion. And I think so still, at the present day, after the lapse of twenty-two years. "Madame Junot," said the Empress Josephine, "I have a great mind to write to Napoleon. Would you know the reason? I wish he would permit my accompanying him to the island of Elba, if Maria-Louisa should keep away. Do you think she will follow him?"—"Quite the contrary; she is incapable of doing so."—"But if the Emperor of Austria should send to Napoleon his wife and child, as indeed he ought to do?"—(Josephine, it may be seen, was not much skilled in politics.) "I am very anxious to know whether that will be the case; and you, Madame Junot" (she always called me thus), "may be useful to me in this emergency."—"How so, madam?"—"By putting the question to M. de Metternich; he is a friend of yours; you often see him; nothing can be more easy than to ask him."—"Your Majesty is quite mistaken. M. de Metternich is no doubt a great friend of mine; I often see him; but when he arrived at Paris he told me, that if he called to indulge in my society a short relaxation from the fatigue of his occupations, he beseeched that I would never speak to him again upon matters respecting which he could not even give me a reply. In a word, he made me promise I should never mention any political act to him."

The Empress did not seem displeased at my refusal; she was kind-hearted, and knew how incapable I was of refusing her through any sinister motive. She merely shed tears, and said that my grounds of objection were a fresh source of sorrow to her. "I am beset with misfortunes," added she, bursting again into tears. I then

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observed to her that the Emperor's consent that she should go to the island of Elba was more than doubtful. She seemed astonished. "Why should he refuse it?"—"Because his sisters will assuredly go there, as well as Madame Mère. Let your Majesty recollect all you have suffered when seated on the throne of France, in the Imperial palace of the Tuileries, when strong in the title of the Emperor's consort; if when you were sovereign, madam, the Emperor's sisters could disturb your repose, what might they not do at the present day?" The Empress fell into a deep meditation, a circumstance of rare occurrence. "I think you are in the right," she at last said to me; "I think you are right." She remained for some time with her head resting upon her hand. On a sudden she raised it, and said to me, "Have you seen the Count d'Artois?"—"No, madam."—"You have, then, never heard anything said respecting me?"—"Absolutely nothing."—"Madame Junot, you are deceiving me."—"I assure your Majesty, on my word of honour, that I am not."—"I hear that it is intended to deprive me of the title of Majesty, and to compel my assuming the name and title of Duchess of Navarre." I repeated my assertion, that I knew nothing whatever.

The ruling desire in Josephine's mind, at this moment, was to retain the title of *Majesty:* I even think she had already made this request to the Emperor of Russia, though she assured me she had not yet mentioned the subject to him. She was greatly agitated; her face was the colour of scarlet, and I could perceive in her physiognomy that the various recent occurrences had made a deep impression upon her. It is well known that she had become very corpulent; she had lost her slender figure; her features were altered; she was divested of that elegance which had once made her the most fascinating female of Paris and of her court. All that was left to her was a dignified deportment, and great elegance of manners, and especially of dress. This was always the important point with her.

It was very late when I left Malmaison for Paris, and I did not reach home till near six o'clock. I found another letter, which, in fact, announced to me the Emperor's departure as fixed for the following day; but a circumstance which would have been painful to the Empress Josephine, had she known it, was, that on the same day on which she delighted in recalling to her mind the visit of the Emperor of Russia, he had gone with the Emperor of Austria to dine with Maria-Louisa at Rambouillet. I learnt this on my return. Maria-Louisa appeared resigned and indifferent to her fate; Madame de Montesquieu was to accompany her, in order not to quit her pupil—happily, as we hoped, for the future prospects of France.

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Yes, Napoleon was on the eve of his departure! he was quitting that France which he had rendered so happy and so glorious; he was quitting it as an outlaw! How dreadful was that moment for us all, who had loved and still loved him, even though he had broken our hearts! Yes, I fearlessly declare it, he was still an object of adoration to all those whose homage he had a right to claim.

What must he not have felt on learning that Ney had given a magnificent breakfast to the Emperor of Russia, and that he wept at the kindness of his royal guest! What were Napoleon's feelings on reading the act of adhesion, the proclamation of Marshal Augereau! of a man who had never forgiven him the bridge of Arcole, and who now in his proclamation to his soldiers had the audacity to pen and to commit to the press—to his eternal shame, I may venture to assert it—this insolent phrase which was so insulting to the nation itself.

After admitting that Louis XVIII. was the beloved sovereign wished for in the secret aspirings of *Augereau* himself, he added: "Soldiers, you are released from your oaths, by the very abdication of a man, who, after having sacrificed millions of victims to his cruel ambition, had not the courage to die the death of the soldier."

All was anxiety at the Tuileries until the Emperor should have quitted France. This colossus of greatness, whose mere looks had so long been an object of terror, exercised an influence even in his downfall. The rays of his glory, though now displayed in a less elevated region, continued to dazzle the pigmies whose short sight could not resist the brilliancy of his sun. It was not enough that he should have fallen, he must be crushed—his removal was no security—they longed for his death. At last he took his departure. The immortal picture of Horace Vernet, which represents the moment of Napoleon quitting his faithful guards in the White Horse Court of the palace, renders superfluous all description of this scene . . . . The hero and his lofty soul are faithfully portrayed in that admirable production. Nothing can be more eloquent than the pencil which could read and give animation to the heart of this great man!*

The Emperor quitted Fontainebleau on the 20th of April, escorted like a prisoner, by commissioners from all the allied powers. England was represented by Colonel Campbell, Russia by General Schuwaloff, Austria by General Koller, Prussia by M. de Schack, and

* When the Emperor passed in review, in the great court of the palace, the troops that had been faithful, and were concentred at Fontainebleau, he was, as may be supposed, very much affected: he said to the officer who carried the colours, "As I cannot take leave personally of all my friends who surround me at this moment, I embrace these colours, and bid them an eternal adieu."

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France by I know not whom; the escort of foreign troops amounted to fifteen hundred men.

The 20th of April, then, was the day that the Emperor quitted Fontainebleau, which he was to revisit on the 20th of March following. The suite of the Emperor was too considerable, and the escort too numerous, to allow of rapid travelling; he had only reached Montargis late on the same day. General Bertrand was alone with the Emperor in his carriage. On that morning, piquets of cavalry and escorts had reconnoitred the road. Well-founded fears were entertained. Had the Emperor uttered a word, a civil war would have been kindled, and perhaps not twenty thousand of the allied troops would have escaped out of France. Napoleon's carriage was drawn by six horses; it was immediately followed by a special troop of cavalry, consisting of twenty-five men; then came the Generals, the French, Prussian, Austrian, Russian, and English Commissioners, with their long train of carriages, also drawn by six horses. The Emperor's baggage followed, but not sufficient to fill SIXTY carriages, as it has been asserted in many newspapers. They amounted to twenty at most—a remarkable circumstance was, that a part of the guard was cantoned in the country, and under arms; but they had been enjoined, many days before, not to give the slightest indication of pity towards their fallen master. The least movement might have occasioned his death!! The guard maintained a profound silence; it was dejected and broken in spirits, and many of their numbers shed tears whilst on duty. The Emperor was calm and serene. He bowed with that wonted smile so peculiar to him, and which so brightened up his countenance. He perhaps showed himself a greater man on that day, than at moments when he stood before the admiring world. He was then surrounded by a devoted body of men—the least sign of his small hand, and thousands of swords would have been drawn from their scabbards! But he suppressed every feeling! On the night of Napoleon's passing Montargis, he slept at the castle of Briare; this was the 23d of April. He then continued his journey towards Saint Tropez and Orgon.

But we must now bestow our attention to the events which were taking place at Paris, under our own eyes, and engrossing the public mind. The day on which Napoleon quitted the castle of Fontainebleau as a prisoner, the Duke de Berry arrived at Paris, and Louis XVIII. made that royal entrance into London, which he had assuredly never meditated in his most sanguine dreams.

I have almost exclusively devoted these Memoirs to Napoleon and his family, because I was familiar from infancy with whatever was

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personal to them; but by a somewhat singular accident, I am similarly circumstanced with regard to Louis XVIII. and his family. My life has passed, and I still live, in habits of intimacy with persons who were not only attached to the household of the Count de Provence, but who are closely allied to him by the ties of consanguinity and of the closest intercourse. Previously to the return to France of Louis XVIII., I knew every minute particular concerning him, and could contribute to his biography some features which are perhaps yet unknown. Cardinal Maury had had an opportunity of examining very minutely Louis XVIII., and he left me various notes respecting him, which are the more valuable, as the King was almost a stranger to the generation he now found at his return; he was only known to us by a doubtful tradition, and there was nothing to his advantage in the accounts we received of him. The Count d'Artois was also, for France, a new personage. "The Count d'Artois," said the Duke de Mouchy, M. de Laigle, and a crowd of our fashionables of the period intervening before the Revolution of 1814, "is a delightful man; he is elegance itself; a charming prince, and will be the very oracle of fashion!" Next followed a long account of all the hearts which the Count d'Artois had immolated,* a detail of overpowering interest respecting the importance of Madame de Polignac, the despair of Madame de Gontaud. In short, there was really something to expect from a Prince, who, whilst breaking every heart, could spread so much happiness. It was in the midst of a conversation which chanced to dwell on the amours of the Count d'Artois, that two persons who knew him well, gave me an insight into his true character. The illusion immediately vanished—nothing was left to admire in him except his good nature; we might add to it the most accomplished manners, and even a species of worldly wit which might be worthy of admira-

* Madame de Lawestine, as is well known, was the daughter of Madame de Genlis, and sister of the amiable, witty, and good-natured Madame de Valence. Presented at the court of Louis XVI., and possessing unrivalled beauty, Madame de Lawestine immediately found herself aimed at by a crowd of men who sought to win her affections. But the Count d'Artois no sooner saw Madame de Lawestine, than he determined to take the lead, and placing himself near her, he spoke to her with great warmth, but in a low voice. Every one else then withdrew, and left Madame de Lawestine alone with the Prince. The young lady soon perceived her isolated situation. She addressed the Count d'Artois in a loud tone of voice, as follows: "Your Royal Highness is perhaps not aware that I have the misfortune of being deaf. If you would condescend to speak louder, all would benefit, and I in particular, by the conversation." The son of this lady is a General in the French service; he distinguished himself at the siege of Antwerp, and is attached to the military household of Louis Philippe.

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tion in 1780, but which, in 1814, and especially in 1830, nearly caused the ruin of France, since he was not adequate to bear the weight of the empire.

The Duke de Berry was called the descendant of Henry IV. Poor Henry IV., he is ever at hand to be used as a point of comparison. This adulation was distributed with due reference to the peculiarity of disposition. The Duke d'Angoulême descended from Saint Louis, because of his devotion—the Duke de Berry from Henry IV., because of his worldly passions—and the Count d'Artois from Francis I., because he had been a man of consummate gallantry five-and-twenty years before. How entertaining!

With respect to Louis XVIII., he was really a superior man. His ideas, when he first arrived in France, were framed upon a comprehensive scale, and rested upon a broad foundation; witness the constitutional charter. I will not probe the inmost heart, or enact a more rigid account from the tomb, than what it has disclosed to my view. In Louis XVIII., I have beheld a man of vast capacity, of profound wisdom, and of a deep knowledge of men. I have often been closeted with him in a private audience. On one occasion in particular, I remained with him for three-quarters of an hour, and have assuredly never repented paying close attention to his words. Nothing was to be lost by his conversation. He spoke with consummate talent, and would read the characters of men. He was devoid of every kind feeling, if we are to judge from the opinions of those who were about him, and to presume the sincerity of such a circle. Louis XVIII. was deeply learned. Like all princes, he was gifted with an extraordinary memory, but in a higher degree than any one else. To *affections* he was not insensible; but he was a stranger to any deep settled friendship for those to whom he was attached.

When Louis XVIII. heard the news that the crown of France was *decreed* to him, he was wellnigh yielding it up. He felt such an inward revolution within him, that he fainted away, and was for a short time seriously ill from excess of joy. This particular was made known to me by a person who had long resided near Hartwell. It was perhaps deemed conducive to the dignity of Louis XVIII. to conceal this fact, which is nevertheless incontrovertible.

The new situation of the King of France became no sooner known, than the deportment of the Prince Regent of England towards him altered on a sudden; for in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, his royal demeanour in his intercourse with a brother sovereign was more than familiar, a circumstance which I learned from those who had assuredly no interest in perverting the truth.

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Cardinal Maury had been to me a perfect enigma during the whole of this period. He had written to me several singular letters; and when the address of the Chapter was delivered to him, and the Abbé Dartros was again in power, I presumed that he might need consolation, and I was not deceived. He prepared to go to Italy, and his uneasiness relative to the treatment which the court of Rome had in reserve for him was very visible. He wrote one day, requesting to see me, but expressed a great wish for secrecy. "I entreat," said he in his letter, "that nobody may know of your visit.—This is the reason why I do not come to you." I was altogether astonished at this mystery. Nevertheless, I complied with the Cardinal's desire, and being arrived at the great gate of Notre Dame, I went into the church; and after performing my devotions, issued by the little red door, and entered the archiepiscopal precincts, where the Cardinal lodged before his departure for Italy. His eminence awaited me in the chapel, whither I was conducted by his valet-de-chambre. I confess that this mystery and these precautions amused me infinitely.

The archiepiscopal chapel, which had been constructed by Cardinal Fesch, during his short episcopacy, was very peculiar in form; its situation in the garden, surrounded by flowers, gave it an aspect always very touching to me when I have attended divine service therein. I knelt down on entering, and said a prayer; I then advanced towards the Cardinal, who, seated on one of the arm-chairs which stood before the balustrade, seemed neither praying nor reflecting. His countenance was peculiar: he gazed on me, but made no motion even for me to advance: I felt some trepidation. I, however, went to him. "Your Eminence has desired to see me," said I; "I attend your orders." He started, gazed on me anew and then said, "You are kind to come. But I knew you would. You know how to be the friend of those who are no longer fortunate. Is it not so?" His large forehead contracted itself, whilst his little eyes glared in their orbits, and his voice became tremulous. "Will you serve me?" said he at length, fixing on me a singular glance. "Undoubtedly, if I can. But my influence is very slight. In what can I be of use to you?"—"You might save me!" said he in a low voice, looking meanwhile round the chapel, like a man who dreads to encounter a spy. "Save you, Monseigneur?"—"Yes; listen to me. I am certain that at Rome they want to impose on me a rude penance. They will perhaps seek to shut me up in a cloister; but I will not go there. No! by all the fiends," cried he, forgetting his caution, "they shall not have me living! I will entertain no more fear of Gonsalvi, than formerly I did of that silly Duke d'Aiguillon." He was red as his cas

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sock, and appeared beside himself. I regarded him with astonishment and perceived not in what way I could be useful to him. He soon told me. "This court of Rome, which imagines itself of some consequence, because the Pope is recognised by schismatical and Protestant sovereigns, fancies it can still act as at the time when the *imbeciles* condemned Galileo. But they are deceived; and I will employ the credit of a schismatic in order to laugh at them. You must obtain me an audience of the Emperor of Russia." I stood aghast. "You will not?"—"I did not say that, Monseigneur. But your Eminence should reflect a moment ere you invoke the aid of a prince who is not of the Catholic communion. I do not think it can be done with proper dignity." The Cardinal regarded me with concentrated rage. He would have pulverized me if he had dared. He rose, traversed the chapel for some time, and then again approached me.

"You blame me then?" said he.—"No, sir: but I confess I should grieve at taking a message from you to the Emperor of Russia."—"*Diable! Diable!*" repeated he, pacing the floor again, and occasionally taking a large pinch of Spanish snuff from the pocket of his under-vest. Suddenly he stopped; then, coming up to me once more, he said, with that voice of thunder known to belong to him, "But nevertheless you are my friend. How can you see me depart for Rome without having fears for my life?"—"Oh, Monseigneur!"—"I know well that they will not poison me, like Zizim. I know well that they will not roast me before a slow fire; but they will probably incarcerate me in the monastery of Albano, or in a convent situated in the most savage mountains of the Apennines. And once there, what would become of me? And all because I have obeyed him whom Pius VII. consecrated, anointed, crowned with his own hand. And this Gonsalvi!"

He smote his forehead with his hand, strewing his visage in the most whimsical-looking manner imaginable with his snuff.

"Monseigneur, your fears are, I am sure, without foundation. But even admitting them, what can I do in the matter?"—"Well! speak to Metternich. He is Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman; and, I think, would not willingly see me ill-treated."—"That I will do with pleasure," answered I. "I am confident M. de Metternich will do his utmost to serve your Eminence, and I will speak to him this very day. But, after all, what am I to say? for I cannot tell him that the Holy Father means to kill your Eminence, nor transform you into a lay-brother; for he would not listen to me."—"And why not?" demanded he, in an eager tone.—"Why, Monseigneur? Because the Pope is the most perfect human being in Rome. He is an angel

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and a saint. Your Eminence is misinformed if you have fears of him; nor is the Cardinal Gonsalvi capable of so much treachery."—"Really!" rejoined he, with an expression I had never witnessed in him before. "Ah! you pretend to know all the gang better than I? Well, be it so. But meanwhile I defend my skin." (I quote the Cardinal's own phrase.) "If you object to naming me to your friends from the fear of compromising yourself, you are at liberty."

It might be remarked, throughout these Memoirs, that persons might do with me what they would, provided they used fair and sincere words; but, in braving me, and treating me with hauteur, they repelled and incensed me, and all the ties of amity were broken. Hearing the Cardinal's last speech, I became offended, rose, and walked towards the door. "I have the honour," said I, "to observe to your Eminence, that I am disposed to execute every commission you might give me; but I cannot suffer friendship to carry me so far as to become ridiculous. When you can make use of my services, I am at your command." I was about to retire, when he came to me, took me by the hand, and reseated me in an arm-chair.

"The Emperor," said he, "might well say that you had a head of iron."—"He might have added," returned I, "that with this head of iron I have a woman's heart to serve those I love. This is perhaps better than where there is a head more pliable and a less feeling heart." "Hem! I know that you are right, and perhaps it is as you say, I know that Metternich must not be told that the Pope and Gonsalvi mean to act falsely: but he may be led to understand as much."—"I cannot speak of Cardinal Gonsalvi, in this matter, without evil, and I esteem him too much to . . . ."—"Ah! you going to tell me that you also esteem La Somaglia, Spada, and Pacca! Oh, that Cardinal Pacca!"—"But, Monseigneur, I know nothing against Gonsalvi; why, therefore, should I speak of him?"—"But *I* know, and *I* direct you to speak."—"That will not suffice, Monseigneur. Your Eminence is irritated, and not master of yourself. At this moment, I must not hear you." The Cardinal looked as if he could beat me; but he perhaps thought better of it. He ascended or rather leaped up the two steps of the sanctuary, disappeared through the little door which was to the left of the altar, and gained the private staircase which led to his apartment.

After his departure, I remained some time expecting he would return. I pitied his folly, but was resolved not to cede my point. He came not, nor did he send any one. After waiting a quarter of an hour, I went to my carriage and drove home. The same evening

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I related the conversation to my uncle, the Abbé de Comnène, whose virtues and intelligence were to me the surest guide. He applauded my conduct, assuring me he would have done the same in my place. From this moment I felt tranquil, particularly as Albert, to whom I also mentioned the affair, coincided in opinion with my uncle. I thus felt quite confident that I had not erred in apparently refusing to serve a friend, but in reality declining to second a vengeance ill-combined and ill-conceived, even for the interest of the person who started it.

The next day, the Cardinal wrote me a strange letter, wherein he begged pardon for the conversation of the previous day, begging me to forget, and above all, not to mention it. He told me likewise that he was about to depart for Italy, and would come to bid me farewell. I replied, that I should be delighted to see him; that I advised him to write to Metternich, and place entire confidence in him. With respect to mentioning our interview, I frankly said that I had disclosed it to my uncle and my brother, who were both too dear to me to conceal from them my thoughts, and more particularly my conduct in a matter bearing upon political motives.

CHAPTER LI.

The joy of Paris—Conversation of the Emperor with the postmaster at Montélimart—Inhabitants of Avignon always violent—Public officers—Faithful soldiers at Donzène—Fury of the populace at Orgon—Anecdote of Nicholas—The Emperor arrives at Avignon—Precautions—Devotion of an officer—An harangue—Proposals for assassination—Vincent, the butcher of Avignon, and one of the assassins of la Glacière—Recrimination—The female servant at the inn—The Princess Pauline—Monsieur de Montbreton—A disguise—"O Napoleon, what have you done!"—The Emperor in the midst of five hundred peasants—Jacques Dumont—Recollections of Egypt—Two hundred messengers to carry one letter—Departure for Porto Ferrajo.

While Louis XVIII. was advancing towards the throne of Clovis, Paris testified the same joy which it had before then exhibited on so many opposite occasions. At this time, Napoleon, still in the midst of his enemies, received a short but most extraordinary letter, which was put into his hands at Montélimart. He immediately entered into conversation with the innkeeper, and asked him if he was the master of the house. "Yes, sire."—"How far do you reckon it from

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hence to Avignon?"—"Eight hours' journey, if your Majesty be well driven; but the roads are bad."

Napoleon walked about musing. "Eight hours!" at length he said, "and now it is—"—"Twenty minutes to seven, Sire," replied General Bertrand, "your Majesty should set out again at ten."—"Let the horses be put to at nine," said Napoleon; and continuing his walk, he appeared to be calculating how long his journey would take him. "I shall arrive at six o'clock in the morning," continued he; "these natives of Avignon were always hot-headed."—"Well," pursued he, "we must warn the Commissioners of the Allied Powers. We will change horses without the town."

At this time several of the public officers of the commune of Montélimart were introduced to the Emperor. He conversed with them for some moments with a calmness most remarkable at such an instant, when the question of his own life or death was being agitated around him. When these officers spoke to him of their regrets, he replied in these words, replete with wisdom and firmness,* "Gentlemen, act like me: be resigned." The troops in the city, when they saw him getting into the carriage, cried out enthusiastically, "Vive l'Empereur!" Two stages further on, at Donzène, he was met by cries of vengeance. The inhabitants were celebrating a fête for the arrival of the King at Paris, and the sight of the Emperor roused their indignation. He looked out upon the women, who, like furies, were shouting and uttering invectives against him: it was a shocking spectacle.

On his arrival at Orgon he was convinced that his fears were well founded.† In proportion as he removed from Paris and entered Provence, Napoleon observed gloomy countenances and armed hands. Mothers demanded their children, and widows their husbands. There was a terrible eloquence in these cries, wrung from the wretched people; but was it right to overwhelm him who was as wretched as they? At Avignon the danger which had been secretly threatening the travellers since leaving Valence broke out with a fury which alarmed the Commissioners of the Allies. Napoleon was always calm and remarkably unconcerned, whilst all around him were

* Would it be believed that the spirit of party has endeavoured to cast a censure upon this noble and affecting reply?

† At Orgon the Emperor ran a risk of his life, and only owed his safety to the lucky thought of passing for one of the suite of the Commissioners. He was to stop at the Hotel Royal, to which there were two entrances; and while the Emperor was conversing with the master of the house, preparations were made for his departure by one of these.

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inspired with an ardour which perhaps had not him alone for its object.* Already for some days, since the arrival of Napoleon had been announced, the tumult in the city had been terrible, and the National Guard wholly occupied in quieting the people. On Sunday, the 23d of April, couriers and carriages with the Imperial arms arrived at the post-house—that same house which was shortly after-

* The conduct of Napoleon as a conquered hero and as a captive was perhaps more honourable to him than his valour as a warrior. During the time that his fortune declined before all the combined forces of Europe, he looked on the change, not with a dejected countenance, but with the hope of repairing the reverses which characterized the years 1813, and particularly 1814: it was at this period that he was most indefatigable. Paris was already taken; his throne was gone. He was still general of an army, but the idea never once occurred to him that he was no longer Emperor.

The morning of the 11th of April put an end to this dream, and as soon as he had signed his abdication he became calm; no reproach or murmur escaped his lips; he determined to live a sacrifice, and resigned himself to his new destiny. As he approached Avignon, he found the populace ripe for disorder; and as the Emperor advanced more towards the south of France, violence and danger increased. Every one knows that this part of the French empire is of all others the most blind instrument in all great movements and political reactions. Religious and revolutionary madness have both successively been idolized there. The people of that lovely country have danced round the scaffold of terror, and a year later they massacred the terrorists confined in the fortress of Saint John. After having assassinated Marshal Brune at Avignon, the people saluted with outrage and with menace their beloved Emperor. The most ignoble epithets were hurled at him, accompanied with obscene verses, in which his unsullied name appeared in every line. One single fact that occurred at this moment will speak more volumes than the historian can write. On leaving a small inn where he had passed the night, he was walking towards his carriage to proceed to Frejus, when a lady who was mixed in the mob that was vociferating "*Down with Nicholas,*" addressed herself to Napoleon, believing him to be one of the suite, and begged him to point out to her *Nicholas*. "I am Nicholas," replied he, with graceful dignity. "You are jesting," said the lady; "Nicholas has not so benevolent a countenance as you have; and besides, he is a greater man than you."—"Oh!" rejoined the Emperor, "I understand: you suppose that Nicholas has the stature of a giant and the face of an ogre." Scarcely had Napoleon finished these words when he drew from his pocket several pieces of gold, and desired her to compare the likeness. The lady examined the profile with an eye of confusion and surprise, while the Emperor told her to distribute the money among the mob of the place, as a gift on the part of *Nicholas*. It may not be generally known that the term "Nicholas" in the French language is an opprobrious name, and is often applied to those who, either from a want of reason, common sense, or reflection, hoped to succeed in some rash or mad-brained exploit. In some departments the nurse-maids frighten the children committed to their care, by threatening them with a visit from *Nicholas*.

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wards to serve as the scaffold of a virtuous man. A popular disturbance ensued, and was only allayed by the Emperor's suite, who were in these carriages, assuming the white cockade. The riot lasted during a part of the day; but at last, weary of waiting, the crowd separated.

On Monday, the 24th of April, Colonel Campbell, the Commissioner for England, arrived at Avignon at four o'clock in the morning. The officer at the gate, through which Napoleon was to enter, anxiously inquired of Colonel Campbell if the Emperor's escort were sufficient to make a strong resistance in the event of an attack. "Do you really fear any attempt?" said the Colonel. The officer replied in the affirmative. The Colonel appeared very uneasy, and in consequence of this intelligence, and from what he himself witnessed, he ordered the post-horses to be taken to the city-gate, opposite to that through which the Emperor was to enter, and sent an express that the escort should direct its course thither. But he could not give his orders so secretly as to escape the notice of the townspeople, and a furious crowd surrounded the Imperial carriage as soon as it appeared. The officer, whose conduct was so honourable to him, and whose name I regret much to be unable to give, was absent from this newly appointed place for changing horses, when Napoleon arrived there. When he came up the carriage was already surrounded, and a drunken man, brandishing an old sabre, already had his hand on the handle of the door of the Emperor's carriage, uttering frightful exclamations. On a movement that indicated a bad design on the part of the ruffian, a footman of the Emperor, named François, who was seated on the outside, drew his sword. "Remain quiet," exclaimed the officer, and at the same instant the Emperor rapidly let down the front glass, and said in a loud and commanding tone, "François, remain still, I command you." By this time the horses were put to, and the carriage started. As soon as he felt himself in motion the Emperor bowed to the officer, and smiling, thanked him in a most affectionate tone.

General Schouwaloff, the Commissioner from Russia, General Koller, and Colonel Campbell, behaved admirably in this affair. There were two others, of whom I cannot say the same—I will not name them. It has been said that the Prussian Commissioner harangued the people, exhorting them "to let the tyrant live, that he might be punished by repentance and regrets, which would inflict upon him a thousand deaths." This bad taste in the foreign Commissioner did not escape Napoleon, who, smiling ironically, said, "In truth, General, you speak French admirably."

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Much has been said of several proposals made to the King, and to Monsieur, to assassinate Napoleon, and of the constant refusal of the King. I will believe this, as well as the innocence of M. de Talleyrand in this affair. My credulity shall extend as far as they please; I have need of it. I nevertheless recollect that, under Louis XIV., the Marquis de Louville wrote to the Duke de Beauvilliers and to M. de Torcy, all three considered among the most virtuous men of their age, "Let the handsome Amirant of Castile be pursued; and let him be killed wherever he may be, and no matter in what way." However chivalrous the loyalty and piety of M. de Blacas may be, it is not more so than that of M. de Louville; and therefore I have a right to suspect that a blow, the most important in its results, was intended to have been struck at Orgon. Emissaries were sent into this town; the Emperor was expected there; the famous Vincent, the town butcher, and one of the murderers of la Glacière, was at the head of two hundred wretches who were shouting that they would have the blood of the Emperor, of the tyrant, of the *Corsican*.

Napoleon was aware, from the time of his arrival at Montélimart, of the danger which he should run at Orgon and at Fréjus. Life had now become a burden to him; but to lose it by the dagger of the assassin, yet streaming with the blood of women and aged priests, was abhorrent to his feelings. General Koller and the other Commissioners were informed by him of what was about to take place. They received the communication as honourable men might be expected to do. Their names belonged to posterity from the moment when at Fontainebleau the Emperor Napoleon had been placed in their hands—and they knew it.

The Emperor arrived at Orgon in the first carriage; he was with General Koller. But how was he to escape recognition from eyes that found a portrait of him on the smallest coin! The post-house at Orgon had a courtyard with a gate at each extremity. Between these the carriage of the Emperor halted; a figure clothed like him was suspended to a rope, and swung about in the air, accompanied by the shouts of the whole crowd, thirsting for his blood. The postmaster and mistress of Orgon wished to protect the travellers, whoever they might be, from the dangers which threatened them. They therefore closed the gate towards the disturbed portion of the town, and hastened the postillions. It is known how this gate was shattered beneath the blows of this butcher himself, encouraged by a gentleman, said to be of the neighbourhood, who, from the preceding day, had been profusely scattering money among the people. An excitement

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was thus kept up among them, and the hatred of the women especially was aroused by the recollection of the losses they had sustained in the Emperor's wars.—"I lost two of my sons at Mojaisk," cried one.—"I lost my husband and my father at Wagram," said her companion.—"And I," exclaimed a man with a wooden leg, "have been thus mutilated since I was twenty."—"And the taxes," cried another, "are they not disgraceful—and a jug of wine to cost threepence, and all to support his *butcheries* which he calls wars—death to the tyrant!"

These cries assumed every moment a more serious character. What happened a few weeks later at Avignon has shown the horrors that might have been committed at Orgon. The Emperor appears to have escaped this extreme danger, by disguising himself in a travelling-coat of General Koller's. Other accounts attribute his preservation to a female servant at the inn. This woman had resolved to strike the first blow at the Emperor, but when she saw him before her, stripped of his power and overwhelmed by misfortune, her feeling towards him relented, and she exerted herself for his preservation. She cried out to the mob with a loud voice, "Stand by and let the Commissioners pass, who are going to embark the tyrant."

One consolation was afforded to him under these painful circumstances. His sister, the Princess Pauline, after having passed the winter at Nice and Hyères, had hired a small country-house, where she was awaiting the final issue of events in the greatest anxiety. She was informed that her brother was approaching, and that his life was threatened. She knew the disposition of the country; and when she heard that the Emperor was but a few leagues distant, she was in the greatest alarm. The mad cries of the populace were heard even beneath the windows of the house in which the Princess was living, with no other attendants than Madame la Marquise de Saluces, one of her ladies, and M. le Comte de Montbreton, her principal equerry.

At two in the afternoon, of the 26th of April, the Emperor's arrival was announced. M. de Montbreton hastened into the hall to meet him, when a person unknown to the Count leaped hastily from the carriage and inquired for the Princess. It was the Emperor, but so disguised that it was impossible to recognize him. He knew well M. de Montbreton, and said, "These poor wretches would have murdered me—I have escaped only by means of this disguise."—"Your Majesty has done well," replied the Count. At this moment they entered the chamber of the Princess. She extended her arms to him and burst into tears. All at once her attention was arrested by the Austrian uniform which he wore, and she turned pale—"How is

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this?" she asked. "Why this uniform?"—"Pauline," replied Napoleon, "do you wish me dead?" The Princess, looking at him steadfastly, replied, "I cannot embrace you in that dress—O, Napoleon, what have you done?"

The Emperor immediately retired, and having substituted, for the Austrian, the uniform of one of the Old Guard, entered the chamber of his sister, who ran to him and embraced him with a tenderness which drew tears from the eyes of all present. Napoleon himself was much affected. These emotions, however, were but of short duration. He approached the window and looked into the little court beneath, which was filled with a crowd of persons, for the most part as much exasperated against him as those of Orgon, Fréjus, and of Avignon. Napoleon, profiting by a momentary calm, which appeared to have fallen upon them, descended into this very small courtyard, in which were four or five hundred persons. He had on his three-cornered hat, and the coat of the Imperial Guard, the rest of his dress being the same as that in which the soldiers had always seen him. The Commissioners, when they saw him in the midst of these peasants, became alarmed, and General Koller respectfully reminded him that until his arrival at Porto Ferrajo they were answerable for his safety. "To whom?" said the Emperor, sarcastically. "To the whole world, Sire," replied the General. In spite of these representations, Napoleon resolved to trust himself in the crowd, which soon became still more dense around him. A confused buzz was heard, and the Commissioners, greatly alarmed, entreated him to return into the house; but this was a sort of danger that delighted him.

While he was in the crowd, he noticed in a corner of the courtyard a man about fifty years old, with a gash across his nose, and a red ribbon in his button-hole. The Emperor perceived that this man was looking at him, and returning his gaze, appeared to be endeavouring to recollect his name: all at once he smiled, and approaching him said, "Are you not Jacques Dumont?" The man could not immediately reply, but at length he said, "Yes, my Lord—yes, General—yes, yes, Sire!"—"You were in Egypt with me?"—"Yes, Sire!" and the old soldier drew himself up, and put his hand to his forehead as if to give the military salute.—"You were wounded, but that seems to me very long ago."—"At the battle of Trébia, Sire, with the brave General Suchet; I was unable to serve any longer. Yet now, whenever the drum beats, I feel like a deserter. Under your ensign, Sire, I could still serve, wherever your Majesty should command." And the brave old man shed tears as he said, "My

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name! to recollect my name at the end of fifteen years." The Emperor on dismissing him presented him with a cross.

Napoleon having expressed a desire to communicate with Marshal Massena, at that time in command at Toulon, the greatest eagerness was displayed among the crowd to convey his letter. "*I* will go!" exclaimed two hundred voices at once, in a delirium of enthusiasm. "Let it be I," cried a woman, "for the Emperor knew my husband —'twas he who gave him his horse that he might better pursue those Austrians in Italy." At this moment General Koller approached M. de Montbreton.—"How shall we induce His Majesty to return into the house?" said the General, "I would not say any thing unpleasant, nevertheless . . . ." The Count understood the General's meaning, and ten minutes afterwards the Princess Borghèse sent for her brother. Napoleon, restored to a sense of his situation by these simple words, "Sire, the Princess would speak to you without witnesses," hastened to OBEY.

The Emperor remained a day and a half with his sister, and then took the road to Porto Ferrajo, to reign over fruits and fields, which subsequently were changed to fetters and a barren rock.

CHAPTER LII.

Anglomania—A stroke of the pen—Fête of Prince Schwartzenburg at St. Cloud —The Comédie Française—The Polonaise—Œdipe—Maubreuil and Talleyrand, and the robbery of the diamonds of the Queen of Westphalia—Maria-Louisa—The ices of the Duke de Berri—The grenadier—O Richard! O mon Roi!—The priest—The Emperor's alms—Embarkation—Pretended conspiracy—Victims—I make my *Court*—Presentation—Louis XVIII.—Lord Wellington—Embarrassment—The riding-coat and dusty shoes—Fêtes at Vienna—Napoleon.

WHILE the Exile was thus travelling towards his prison, the new King of France made his entry into Paris. He arrived from London in an English dress with an English hat, and an *English* white cockade that the Prince Regent himself had fastened in; and nature decreed that the change should be complete; the new King was unable to walk, as he then laboured under a fit of the gout; he wore velvet boots, and appeared in powder: he was the representative of the good old men of 1789.

The Charter was granted, and we ought to have been satisfied

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with it. Indeed it was an excellent one, and had it been adhered to we should have had no reason to complain. When Napoleon read it he exclaimed, "This one stroke of the pen has done, in an instant, what I have been endeavouring to do for the last twenty years." This was very complimentary, and I believe he felt it to be true.

Prince Schwartzenburg gave a splendid fête at the Palace of St. Cloud, in which he was then living. The period of my mourning had not yet expired, and that served me as a pretext not to be present. The Emperor of Russia, and the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas; the King of Prussia, and the Princess; the Duke de Berri, and an immense and elegant assemblage of nobility, were present.

The company of the Comédie Française were in attendance at this fête. Mademoiselle Mars played in "*Le Legs*" (the Legacy), as she always does, most exquisitely. This was succeeded by "La Suite d'un Bal Masqué," a pretty lively comedy, by Madame de Bawr, formerly the wife of M. de Saint Simon, who has given his name to a religious sect lately much in vogue: his wife composed plays perhaps better than her husband knew how to introduce a new religion. The temporary theatre was erected in the gallery painted by Mignard. The whole effect was complete, and the Emperor Alexander* told me the next day that he had no idea of a play being performed in such perfection.

A slight accident cast a gloom over one portion of the company: a garland of flowers, cut in paper, which decorated the gallery, caught fire. The terrible misfortune which had happened to the same Prince Schwartzenburg, at the marriage of Maria-Louisa, immediately occurred to them, and a feeling of superstition, which was perhaps excusable, threw a shade over that portion of the assembly by whom the facts were known. The supper was served in a room adjoining the orangery, in which was a great profusion of flowers. The dancing was continued until daylight, and the whole fête was very well arranged. The Prince must have felt perfectly satisfied, if no recollection of the past disturbed him.

The next day Œdipe was performed at the Grand Opera, at which were present His Majesty and the Duchess d'Angoulême. The interior of the theatre presented a most extraordinary appearance: none of the women had diamonds, all were in white, and all their ornaments con-

* It was in this year that the Emperor of Russia brought into fashion a dance, which had certainly need of his patronage to render it acceptable. But he danced it, and that was enough to induce every one to admire it. It was the Polonaise, a dance invented expressly for those who have no other opportunity than the ball-room to open their hearts.

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sisted of plumes of feathers, of lilies, and of bunches or garlands of white lilac. There was in the whole scene an elegance for which I could not at first account: I, however, afterwards attributed it to the agreeable colour that prevailed, and to the scent of the spring flowers which spread itself in every direction. The opera of Œdipe (Œdipus), was ill-chosen on this occasion, as it contained passages that would bear a disagreeable interpretation.

Between the acts the orchestra played "Vive Henri IV.," which air was introduced three times more in the course of the ballet.

The Duchess d'Angoulême was condescending, but appeared melancholy;—melancholy, however, in a being who sacrifices on the altar of the living God all resentment, every painful thought, and all recollection of injury, is a feeling which should indeed be permitted to her who has wept for twenty years over those whom she lost by a death more frightful in its manner than in itself.

The affair of Maubreuil, the theft of the Queen of Westphalia's diamonds, was of a very extraordinary character, and one of which M. de Talleyrand can furnish the particulars. The Queen was returning leisurely to her residence in Germany, when she was surrounded, stopped, and then robbed, by persons under the direction of a man whom the Princess Catherine herself recollected. This man showed her an order, signed by Louis XVIII., and then set to work with a quickness and regularity that showed, as the Princess said, that this was not the first time he had been thus employed. M. de Maubreuil, before this adventure, was wholly unknown; but since, according to custom, we have spoken of nothing but him. This man, the bearer, as I have said, of an order signed by Louis XVIII., stopped the Queen of Westphalia on the 21st of April, at seven o'clock in the morning, between Sens and Weimans. He took from her a hundred thousand francs in gold, and her diamonds, estimated at about five million francs. He was accompanied by twenty persons, and had with him as an *ostensible* accomplice, a fellow of the name of Desies. M. de Talleyrand was, as is well known, greatly compromised in this affair. What may have been the origin of it, it is not necessary to inquire; it was highly impolitic, and the event has since justified what I then asserted—M. de Talleyrand is not free from blame. Beyond this, till we have more positive evidence, we must be silent.

One of the most disgraceful characteristics of the journals of this time was the spontaneous affection which they exhibited towards the new-comers, and the indifference, and even insolence, which marked their conduct towards those who were no longer in power. They never gave to Maria-Louisa any other title than Her Imperial Highness

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the Archduchess.—"Am I then a lost and dishonoured woman? Have I, for the six years that I have lived with this man, and called him my husband,—have I been his mistress, his slave? No! I am his wife; and to prove it to Europe and to the whole world, my arm shall support him, nor will I allow him to believe himself abandoned by me."

The Duke de Berri possessed, in 1814, qualities likely to render him more popular than most men. His countenance was open, and his manners frank. Anecdotes were told of him which amused the people; and, besides, he possessed qualities that reminded them of Henry IV. He was in the habit of taking two ices every night before he went to bed. One night he returned home later than usual: it was five o'clock, and the day was beginning to break. The servant, who had charge of the ices, finding that the Prince did not return, looked wistfully at the ices, now fast dissolving, and, that they might not be lost, determined to swallow both. Scarcely had he finished them, when the Prince entered, and called for his ices. The unlucky fellow had hidden himself; for at this time the Prince made every one tremble by his violence of temper. The Duke being appeased, desired to see the culprit, that he might judge whether he deserved his pardon. The servant approached trembling. "Well, rascal," said the Duke, "what induced you to eat my ices? Take care another time to leave one for me."

On another occasion, at a review, a grenadier called out very loud, "Vive l'Empereur!" The Prince went up to him and said, "How is it that you are so fond of a man who did not pay you, and who led you, without recompense, from one end of Europe to the other?" The grenadier raised his eyes, and looked at the Duke with a gloomy air, then dropped his eyes upon his firelock, and replied, "What is it to you if *we* chose to give him credit?" The grenadier certainly had the best of this interview.

The following anecdote of the Emperor on his way to Elba ought not to be omitted:—A little on this side of Lyons, at La-Tour, the Emperor supped alone—(he was not in the habit of supping with the allied Commissioners),—his meal was soon over, and as the night was fine, he went out and walked upon the road. A respectable ecclesiastic went out at the same time to meet the Emperor, and to speak with him. Napoleon was singing in a low tone—(he is known to have had a very bad voice)—and the air that the priest recognised was, "O Richard! O mon Roi!" He sang for some time;—at length he stopped, leaned against a tree, and looked up to heaven. Who can say what were the thoughts that then passed through his lofty mind! He remained some time considering a star, then resumed

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his silent walk. The priest now placed himself opposite to him, and Napoleon started on seeing a man so near.

"Who are you?" he asked.—"I am an ecclesiastic, Sire, and rector of this commune."—"Have you been so long?"—"Since its formation—since your Majesty restored religion to France;"—(and the worthy priest bowed to the Emperor. All are not ungrateful!) Napoleon walked on for some time in silence:—"Has this village suffered much?"—"Greatly, Sire; its burdens were too heavy."

The Emperor pursued his way; at length, stopping suddenly, he looked up to the sky, and inquired the name of a certain star. The priest being unable to inform him, he said, "Once I knew the names of all these stars—and of my own; but now"—he was silent for a few moments, and then resumed—"Yes, now I forget everything." They were now approaching the house; the Emperor took some gold from his pocket, and giving it to the priest, said, "I cannot do more—but the humble are great in the eyes of God—pray for me, and mine alms will bring forth fruit."—"Sire!" The pronunciation of this single word had, probably, a particular expression, for the Emperor started when he heard it, and replied, "Yes, perhaps you are right—perhaps I was too fond of war;—but it is too serious a question," said he, smiling, "to be discussed on the highway. Once more, adieu! Pray for me!"

I have already remarked, that Lyons was on the point of rising in his favour, and that he was hurried through that city by night. It is certain that he was for a long time in fear of his life, and that it was only when in sight of the Mediterranean that his spirits recovered their wonted elasticity. He smiled upon the blue fields of the sea, and greeted the asylum where he would at least find rest. The Russian, English, and Prussian commissioners left him at Saint Euphean, where he embarked for Porto Ferrajo. General Koller was the only one who accompanied him to Elba, unless Colonel Campbell was also with him.

The fault of the Restoration, and the Holy Alliance, was the believing themselves in safety the instant that Napoleon was banished. They all forgot that the Imperial party was yet in the freshness of its power; that the apostates who had abandoned it, such as M. de Massa, and a crowd of others, were of no importance; and that besides, if any one would make them a recompense, these men would immediately pass over to the party paying, on the plea of serving the country. The Imperial party was then, in fact, most potent. The men at its head were habituated to peril; they even courted danger; and the Duke de Bassano, with several others, were de

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nounced as having formed a conspiracy that was ready to explode. No proofs, it is true, were forthcoming—there was nothing but the men and their known devotedness. In this extremity, an infernal means presented itself to get rid of the whole Imperialist sects. A name famous in La Vendée brought to Paris a troop of wretches—such as, in 1792, were got together for the purpose of facilitating the massacres in the prisons. The houses of the Imperialists were marked. M. de Bassano, apprized of the intended horrors, saw no other means of shunning them than by exposing them in broad daylight, and by placing himself immediately under the protection of the Chamber. The thing was very adroitly done; and next day, the eve on which the unhappy victims were to be delivered up to the assassin's knife—so long covered with rust—the Chamber was informed of this atrocious manœuvre. From that moment, they no longer entertained any fear.

It is true that in turn their opponents had some ground for apprehension. Among the Imperialists were several hot-headed persons who breathed nought but vengeance. They wished, indeed, for justice; but not obtaining it, sought to take the law into their own hands. Perhaps if the Chamber of Peers had not condemned Marshal Ney, he might have been cited to the bar of this new tribunal of invisibles, who punished without recompensing.

The island of Elba was then the point which attracted great attention. The Emperor, humbled by misfortune, might become less despotic, more frugal of the blood of Frenchmen, and desirous to re-enter the true limits which the events of 1792 had given him. Thus argued many persons whose eyes were at first fixed on Louis XVIII., seduced by the charter, and seeing nothing in Louis but grace, good manners, and a remarkable eloquence of language; but they apprehended cunning, and felt that the new order of things resembled a painted cloth, behind which there was—nothing. Nevertheless, Louis XVIII. performed many actions which continued to make a favourable impression upon us who knew how to estimate things and men. The years 1814–15 belong to Louis as well as to Bonaparte, and I should speak of all.

The day on which the ladies had received notice to go to the Tuileries, I consulted my uncle and Albert, and determined to pay what is called *my court*. But there was one point of embarrassment. We all recollected the luxury of the Imperial court: I still had my jewels, but I did not make use of them. I had a garland of diamonds, but I would not put it on; neither did I wear any of my most valuable diamonds. I selected a set of emeralds, surrounded

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by small diamonds; it was termed a morning full-dress, but even this seemed to me too brilliant. As for my robes, I could not dream of wearing one of my Imperial court dresses, and therefore had one made for the occasion of white satin, covered with white crape, and decorated with blonde. I put a few simple ornaments in my hair, and thus completed the court toilet for my presentation to Louis XVIII. I give the details as being characteristic of the period I am describing.

I was introduced to the Duchess of Angoulême on the first day. She received all the ladies standing, having beside her the Duchess de Seran, who knew not one of us, and was obliged to ask three-fourths of the names. The Dauphiness inclined her head, and we passed on after having made our reverence to the Princess. I was between Madame Juste de Noailles and the Duchess of Hamilton, which latter accompanied us as Duchess d'Aubigné. I was affected, otherwise I should have spoken to her of her sister, whom I knew well as Lady Georgiana, now Duchess of Bedford; but in fact, I was moved at seeing in the place of that good Josephine, a person who, legitimate as her position was, appeared to me to usurp the situation of the mother of the King of Rome. I had not loved, but I now pitied her.

I advanced then, thus placed by chance between a dear friend and a stranger. I arrived in front of the Princess; I curtsied as they named me, and was about to pass on, when the Dauphiness, repeating my name, fixed on me that kind look which secured her the love of all by whom she was surrounded. That glance directed me to stop —I stopped.—"You are Madame Junot?"—"Yes, Madame."—"You suffered much, I think, in your last expedition to Spain?" The Princess said this in an accent of such great interest, that I could not avoid raising my eyes to her, though with great respect.—"Have you saved your son?" she continued. "Yes, Madame." I had nearly added, "This child exists, and I will educate him for you—to defend you!" It struck me, however, that such a boast might be considered mal-a-propos. My looks, meanwhile, spoke for me, and I comprehended her reply. "You no longer suffer from your fatigues then?" pursued she. I answered that I had been returned three years. She appeared to calculate, and then said, "Ah, that is true."

Making a movement of the head, she indicated that I might pass on. My life, since the age of fifteen, had been passed in familiar intercourse, not only with the Princes of Germany, (and it is known that every thing connected with etiquette is of much importance to them,) but with almost all the crowned heads of Europe. I was

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touched with the kindness and the fascination of the Dauphiness. Tears came in my eyes, and I testified my feelings vividly to Madame de Noailles, who knew well how to estimate them.

On speaking, the same evening, to my uncle and brother, of the goodness of the Princess, the latter told me I should be to blame if I did not go to the Tuileries with my son, and request from Louis XVIII. the 200,000 francs entered on the State Ledger for my first-born son. It seemed evident that Madame d'Angoulême, rigid and severe to the world generally, had been particularly kind to me; I therefore next day wrote for my first audience. I was answered by the Duc de la Châtre, without delay, that the King would receive me the following day between three and four o'clock.

I framed the requisite answers to such questions as I thought might be put to me, and felt no trepidation when I entered the cabinet of the King.

It should be recollected, that Louis XVIII. had a very kind and even soft address: he was extremely polite after the manner of kings, which seemed to impose on you silence. Notwithstanding his black velvet boots, and absurd general appearance, I found myself at once as much at ease with his Majesty as if we had been acquainted for ten years. He made me sit down near him; entered himself upon the subject of my audience, and asked if my request was within scope of the law. He added, with much grace, "The Duke of Abrantes did not die in my service; but such a man does honour to his country, which should therefore render her acknowledgment: I will take charge of it." He then entered upon the subject which I most dreaded, that of the Emperor. He spoke to me of my mother and of him. As my Memoirs had not then been published, I could not imagine how the King had become so well acquainted with Napoleon's earliest years. But, upon reflection, it appeared perfectly natural. He talked a long time, asking questions as princes ask them, and received laconic answers as became a subject. He spoke, among other things, of my uncle Demetrius, whom he had not only known in exile, but who, continuing faithful, had been charged by Louis XVIII., then Monsieur and Regent of France, with several delicate and even dangerous missions to the King of Naples (father to Queen Amelia). He talked of my uncle with much complacency, saying, that he had known him when young and gay. "One day," continued the King, "he supped with me at Brunois. We made a comparison which had the longest memory. I believe I beat him; and can you imagine how? By enumerating the *curés* of Meudon in chronological order."

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I could not help laughing at this anecdote in a degree not quite respectful; but when one laughs at what they say, and not in derision, kings excuse us. However, I injured my purpose in the audience, for, with my customary freedom, I said to his Majesty, "True, Sire, that was a droll idea; but the list must have been very long, and not a little tiresome to your Majesty to repeat."—"You mean tiresome for him to hear."

I laughed again, and the King seemed glad to see me so joyous. It was a happy moment for my purpose. I presented him my petition, and invoked his goodness for my son, relating to him the Prussian history, which I had not then communicated to any one. In listening to it Louis XVIII. coloured slightly; in fact, he perceived the humiliation of the proposal. It was at this audience I offered his Majesty my hotel for the depository of the crown wardrobe, and that he pledged his word that, at the end of the year, the purchase should be concluded. I spoke to him also of my brother, and he conceded every point, leaving me, on my withdrawing, as satisfied and content with Louis XVIII. as it was possible to be with a king. The Duke of Rovigo, that complete meddler in all things, having learnt that I had had a private audience of the King, came in a great hurry to inquire if Louis XVIII. had mentioned the Duke d'Enghien. I replied with the simple word, No!

The horizon meanwhile darkened, and heavy clouds portended a coming storm. Vienna was at this moment resplendent with all the rank and luxury of Europe concentrated upon one single point: every one went to Vienna to be present at the Congress. The wealthiest and most beautiful women of the continent were there, and England contributed her full share of nobility and loveliness. M. de Metternich, who was both Chancellor of the Court and of the State, with an influence extending throughout Europe, to which he gave laws, although Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Canning, and perhaps Capo D'Istria, were there as stars of secondary magnitude. I had seen Lord Wellington immediately after his arrival from Toulouse. The particular relations he had been in with my husband had established a sort of intimacy between us, which, on my part, was heightened by a knowledge of the admirable arrangements he had made in Spain for my safety. I asked him one day to dine with me. Several ladies of my acquaintance had been desirous of knowing him; amongst others, the Countess de Lucay, lady of the wardrobe to the Empress Maria-Louisa. "Ah," said Lord Wellington to me, "would you show me as something marvellous?"—"No, certainly. Whom would you have?"—"Whom you please: Metternich—he is amiable, and so

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witty." I thought with him, but etiquette induced me to pause. Which of the two should I place on my right? To which of the two should I give my hand in going to table? These petty considerations prevented me from asking them at the same time.

I invited Englishmen and Frenchmen; I would have asked Cardinal Maury, who was to leave in a day or two for Italy; but by virtue of his office he would claim precedence over all. It was necessary to omit him. I invited Sir George Murray, the Duke's Quartermaster-general, a French Lieutenant-general, and the Count de Lucay. The day arrived, and with it one of those mishaps so disagreeable to the mistress of a house. I had intimated to the Lieutenant-general that it was to be a dinner of ceremony, but not in uniform—no one but men of elegant manners. The Marquis de Balincourt, and two or three similar persons; Prince Wenzel de Lichtenstein and his brother, Prince Maurice. All were suitable to each other. The Duke of Wellington, who had then just assumed that rank, came in the full dress of a gentleman, with the order of the Garter, looking as well as a private attire would permit him to do. The ladies present consisted of Madame Duchâtel, Madame Lallemand, the Baroness Thomières, the Countess de Lucay, Madame Doumerc, and myself. We were all as elegant as we could be; and in those days, this was saying something. My house, always excellently furnished, was on this occasion ornamented with peculiar care, and seemed to join in our female coquetry. There were flowers every where—and flowers in the month of May—a month redolent of roses! "It seems," says the Duke, "that you have adopted our fashion of dining late. Is it not a delightful one?"

I dared not tell him that I was waiting for General Count de C——: but as he had desired to dine with one of our generals, I had selected a man who belonged both to the old and the new noblesse; and, in fact, my choice struck me as excellent. However, as time passed on, I ordered dinner, and two minutes after my expected guest arrived. But how? Heavens! in a riding-coat, with nankin trousers and dusty shoes. I cannot tell what I felt at this moment. It was a great act of rudeness to me, but still greater to the Duke of Wellington. "He did not intend to do any thing that might be disagreeable to me, and trusted I would excuse his want of ceremony!" *Mon Dieu!* as for the Duke, he was inclined to laugh, but said nothing. With regard to the rest, all went well. My self-love, as hostess, might even have been flattered. But that unfortunate surtout—those miserable nankin trousers! Wellington was very complaisant—friendly even—and stopped to hear Madame Emilie

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Doumerc sing; she was a particular friend of mine, and one of the most exquisite sirens ever created. M. de Metternich, to whom I related my embarrassment, respecting the place and the arm, excused me, and came after dinner.

When Lord Wellington was gone, I said to the General, "*Ah, ca!* Now, will you explain to me the trousers and the riding-coat? You, whom I have known in the country dress for our society alone!"—"So I would again," replied he. "But do you imagine that I would pay the least compliment to a personage who draws us along in chains after him, like Lord Wellington?" I stood astonished. "We are all of the same mind!" continued he. I confess I knew not what to say. He was so honest—so far from showing a disposition to offend *me*. I have set down the above anecdote, to show the spirit of the army at this epoch.

When the Allied Sovereigns were in London, I received intelligence of all the sumptuous entertainments, first by letter, from the Prince de Metternich, and afterwards by formal communication from that minister, on his brief residence at Paris. I parted from him with regret, for I loved him tenderly, and felt confident of finding in him a faithful friend. He wrote me from Vienna in November: "I have been passing a month at Baden. But my furlough has been very short, and already the political world is assembling at Vienna; as if life consisted but in attending to the requisitions of others. You will hear anon of a grand ball which I purpose giving in a charming house that I have in the Faubourg of Vienna." And this fête was given, and described in all the newspapers of the day. The Prince de Ligne observed, "*Pardieu!* if the Congress marches not, at least it dances well."

Vienna was at this period a place of enchantment and delicious pleasure: fêtes, joy, love, ambition, all were written on the golden and perfumed pages of enchantment. Those moments were among the fugitive ones which the hand cannot arrest as they glide quickly by, but which notwithstanding often leave imperishable recollections. In the midst of all this voluptuousness, when the ear was excited only by the music of the dance, or the words of love, suddenly a new sound was raised! It consisted of but one word, but that word suspended all! The surprise was more than surprise: it was disquietude, and that of the most disheartening nature. This cabalistic word was NAPOLEON! Yes, Napoleon had returned into his dominions. He came borne on the arms of his soldiers, more terrible than ever to trembling Sovereigns, for he came armed with vengeance. He returned to demand his cities, his cannon, his ramparts, his

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fortresses, and a thousand flags stained with the blood of those who had conquered them: all these might be regained. The brass would dissolve again in the furnace; the dismantled ramparts might be restored; we might regain the colours: but our glory was eclipsed! our beautiful France disgraced! placed under the yoke! our old soldiers humiliated—their widows and orphans without succour or asylum—with some exceptions, and I am grateful for being permitted to call myself one: these things it was that made Napoleon terrible to the Congress, trembling at his name even, and fearing, despite the six hundred leagues which separated them, that he might arrive, as if by magic, at the gates of Vienna, without their being able to prevent his conquering march. They fancied he stood before them, more fierce and menacing even than after the battles of Austerlitz and Wagram; speaking, as master, to that assemblage of Kings: "Give me back my son! give me back my wife!" And could he have so presented himself, his wife and child would assuredly have been restored to him, for never in all his career was Napoleon so truly great as on his return from Elba.

This event was not anticipated. Often an idea is given by peculiar circumstances, of the scenes that are to follow; but here, there was nothing of the kind. It resembled a thunderbolt in the middle of a serene day. When the first news reached Paris of Napoleon's disembarkation, we regarded each other with an almost stupid astonishment, and ere we could believe, we gazed around to ascertain if it were not a dream. Louis XVIII. was well advised not to quit France; had he only gone to Brussels, which was no longer ours, France would not again have received him. But all counsels offered to him were not equally wise, and this period was fatal in its results. He believed, like his advisers, that severity was necessary, but they inflicted punishment with as little judgment as they bestowed rewards.

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CHAPTER LIII.

M Dumoulin of Grenoble, at Porto Ferrajo—An audience—The Emperor's opinion on Dauphiné—Monsieur Fourrier prefect of Grenoble—Departure of M. Dumoulin—Resolution of the Congress—The landing—Orders for Grenoble—M. Gavin—Proclamation—Charles de Labédoyère—Dauphiné—Nobility offer their services—Projects for defence—Café Tortoni—Caricatures—Monsieur Jacqueminot (now General) the principal actor in this scene—Madame de Vaudé—Conferences—The Duke de Feltre minister of war—Alarm of the Congress—Order of march—Monsieur Barginet of Grenoble—Recollections of the château of Vizille—Successive desertions from the King—Orders are given twice to fire upon the Emperor.

In a stormy evening, of the month of September, 1814, a young man, calling himself a merchant, travelling for a house at Genoa, arrived at Porto Ferrajo, and put up at the inn of the port. He immediately, on landing, inquired for Monsieur Emery, chief surgeon of the guard, the same person who followed Napoleon to St. Helena, and to whom the Emperor left in his will 100,000 francs. This young man was M. Dumoulin, the son of a rich merchant at Grenoble, and the early friend of Monsieur Emery. "Here I am," said Dumoulin, "but what are you doing here? Why is not the Emperor in France? If his foot were once again on the shores of France, in three days he would be at the Tuileries. The enthusiasm in his favour has been increased by his humiliation. The Emperor must return, I say—can I be presented to him?"

"You shall see him this very night."

M. Dumoulin only took time to change his linen, when he was conducted to the wretched dwelling of Napoleon, who started on the entrance of a stranger, but immediately recovered himself on hearing his name. He conversed with him for some time on the state of Dauphiné, and then entered, at length, on the condition of the south of France, and of France itself; he afterwards listened with evident satisfaction to Dumoulin's suggestions as to his return. There were several maps in his room, and while he spoke he traced his purposed route upon them.

"But, Sire," said M. Dumoulin, "the roads that your Majesty is tracing are impracticable, especially for cavalry." "Resolution will over-

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come every thing," said Napoleon. "Cannon can be *carried*, and infantry can march twenty leagues a day. Do you not know the power of a firm resolve in important conjunctures?" These were the Emperor's own words, which I received from M. Dumoulin himself, who took them down the same evening that they were uttered at Porto Ferrajo. "And then," continued the Emperor, "Dauphiné is for us; they do not like the royal family—they and Brittany were the first who proclaimed liberty at the castle of Vizille, belonging to M. Perrier."

Napoleon then questioned M. Dumoulin respecting the *triumphal* journey of Count d'Artois through the south, and laughed heartily at the relation which he received: his gaiety, however, was checked on learning the conduct of Monsieur Fourrier, prefect of Grenoble, a man of some talent, who wrote the preface to the excellent work on Egypt, whither the Emperor had taken him, and who owed every thing to Napoleon. He was the son of a tailor of Auxerre, and should have been a liberal, but was, on the contrary, so anxious for the favour of the royal party, that, like St. Peter, he denied his master; asserting, in exculpation, that he had *forgotten* him; an excuse which would not, certainly, have occurred to every one. The Emperor, in speaking of him on this occasion, said, "I know him; he will not succeed; he would do better to remain a writer, for he will never make a courtier." The conference lasted some time; when Napoleon dismissed M. Dumoulin he started for France, having remained on the island about thirty-six hours. On his departure, the Emperor said to him, "Write frequently to Emery; be prudent; be faithful. I am not now rich, but I have still sufficient to assist those who may devote themselves to me."

I have spoken of this interview to show that the Emperor was aware of the feelings which existed in his favour throughout Dauphiné. As soon, therefore, as he learned the resolution of the Congress to shut him up in a fortress, or to send him to St. Helena, he no longer hesitated to embark for France. The details of his departure and arrival are well known, and as I have but little room to spare, I shall devote my remaining space to relations interesting although but little known. As soon as his foot touched the soil of France, Napoleon said to Dr. Emery, "Start for Grenoble; travel night and day until you arrive at the house of Dumoulin, who must set out immediately to join me." He intrusted him also with despatches to be forwarded by some safe and trustworthy person to the Duke de Bassano, and to the Colonel of the 7th regiment of the line, then at Chambéry. When the Doctor was about to set out, the Emperor called him back, and having pointed out to him on a map his route, said, "You will take

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the road by Grasse, Digne, and Gap. When you arrive at Grenoble, be sure to send me an account of each day's journey, and above all, of the disposition of the people.

Doctor Emery was high-minded and ardent, and well fitted for such a mission. He only stopped at Digne and Gap to change horses, so much did he fear an arrest, not for his own sake, but for the cause in which he was engaged. On the morning of the 4th of March Emery entered Grenoble, where every one was as yet in ignorance of the landing of the Emperor, but which was known at Paris by telegraph. He hastened to Dumoulin, and his first words were, "The Emperor has landed; let us thank God." He was overcome by fatigue: they were obliged to cut off his boots; but this was to be done with great caution, for important papers were concealed within them. These documents were to be printed, and Dumoulin placed them in the hands of M. Gavin, a printer, as determined a partisan as himself, who finished them that same evening, in the chamber of Dumoulin. While thus engaged they fancied themselves betrayed; they stopped to listen, then resumed their work, saying, "If they will only allow us to finish it."

About the same time letters arrived from Paris, enclosing MS. proclamations. These were to invite the patriots to unite in this one endeavour to cast off the foreign yoke, and once more become Frenchmen. "On the 1st of March," said this proclamation, "France again became free, and she must take her rank as the first of nations," &c.

Some asserted that this attempt was in favour of the Emperor; others, of Napoleon II. The style of the proclamation was not very hostile to the Bourbons. At the same time the Imperial Guard were reassembled under the command of Generals Lefebvre, Desnouettes, and Lallemand, and of Colonel Briche. They wished to possess themselves of La Fère, but the desertion of General *Lyons* frustrated this well-concerted project. There was a report which I consider altogether false, although it gained great credit at the time. It was said that this movement arose from a party belonging neither to the Emperor nor the Bourbons. I do not believe it. The fact is, that neither M. Emery nor M. Dumoulin knew by whom the proclamations were issued, nor have they ever been able to discover: nevertheless, a month later, when the Emperor was at the Tuileries, persons came to claim a reward.

When Dumoulin knew that the Emperor's letter to M. de Labédoyère was of great importance, he resolved to be the bearer of it himself, and immediately hastened, or rather flew, to Chambéry, where, incredible to relate, he arrived at nine on the same evening. Labédoyère read the letter with considerable emotion, and exclaimed,

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"Yes, indeed, the Emperor may reckon on me. I must wait till the news of his arrival be officially known before I can act. You may, sir, return to his Majesty, and assure him that I am his *for life or death!*" Alas! the unfortunate young man knew not that he was foretelling so truly his destiny!

Dumoulin again started, after a few moments' rest, for Grenoble, where he arrived at five in the morning. Positive intelligence of the landing of the Emperor had now spread through Grenoble, and official notice of it had reached the Prefect, and General Marchand, by whom precautions were taken for the protection of the city, and a company of soldiers were ordered to occupy a defile through which the Emperor would have to pass on his approach. On the morning of the 5th an extraordinary procession of old gentlemen appeared before General Marchand, and *offered him the services of the nobility of Dauphiné.* The General thanked them, and they went their way. At this time printed proclamations were scattered about in abundance, and appeared to be well received among the garrison. Murmurs were heard in the ranks, and death was even threatened to General Marchand should he attempt resistance. "We will do no harm to the Bourbons," exclaimed some; "but let them restore to the Emperor his place, and return as they came." Uneasy at the disposition of the town and troops, the General and Prefect convoked the principal inhabitants, and it was determined in this council that Grenoble should hold out to the last extremity. Another meeting took place on the same day, composed of officers of the 5th regiment, and of a company of engineers, who all solemnly engaged not to act in any way against the Emperor, or those who accompanied him; three hundred of whom were of the battalion of his guard at Elba.

The situation of Marchand was critical; the soldiers declared that they would not oppose the Emperor; every thing seemed to threaten a rising, and the murmurs of a discontented population were already heard. M. Fourrier (the Prefect) put forth an official proclamation, announcing the arrival of Bonaparte, which the people received with cries of contempt; it produced, indeed, a very droll effect, for it occasioned the mass to declare in favour of the Emperor. What completed the destruction of the royalist party was the call made to the *gentlemen;* for among such as could bear arms there were not two who were not devoted to the Emperor, having served in the army since 1792.

A few weeks after the arrival of Louis XVIII. Paris is said to have been inundated by a crowd of the old nobility, who filled the avenues of the palace, and greatly injured the cause of the Bourbons.

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One morning five persons entered Tortoni's in a very stately manner, and placed themselves at the same table. They were all habited alike, in the complete costume of the old times. They inquired for the bill of fare, and, looking disdainfully around them, appeared to pay no attention to the crowd, who were amusing themselves with the peculiarity of their dress and appearance—a conversation in the same spirit as their manners and dress, accompanied their scanty meal, which was terminated by a characteristic song. The police, however, will not allow a jest at the expense of those in power, however ridiculous that power may be; and the five persons who had ventured on this burlesque were conducted to prison, where they remained many weeks. I believe I may say many months. On leaving the prison of L'Abbaye they were ordered to ask pardon of the Duke d'Angoulême and the Duke de Berri, which they did. As they were leaving the Tuileries, M. Jacqueminot, one of the five offenders, and who is at present a general officer, met on the stairs a personage dressed precisely as he had been at the famous breakfast. He stopped him, and, taking him by the hand, said, "May I ask you if you have worn this dress long?"

"Yes, sir, very long," replied the other, with an air of indignant surprise. "And has no mischief ever happened to you from wearing it?" said Jacqueminot, with a plaintive expression.

"Sir! Sir! do you mean to insult me?—No, certainly not—no mischief."—"Ah, sir, you are very fortunate; I wore it but for two hours, and I have spent three months in prison for my frolic." These were so many blows levelled at the royal authority. I, however, did not approve of these gentlemen's jest. Old age and poverty are never fit subjects for raillery: they should always be respected.

A barrister of Grenoble offered to assassinate the Emperor; this was one scheme among many. Madame de Vaudé herself tells us, in her "Reminiscences," that she wished to go, like a new Judith, and slay this poor Holofernes. For this purpose she asked for neither dagger, nor pistol, nor cannon: she only required a post-chaise. But the person to whom she addressed herself was a man of honour and good sense; he looked upon her as insane, or as acting from other motives than those which she professed. The result of both of these proposals was the same.

During this time the partisans of Napoleon were busily employed. Conferences were held at the house of M. Dumoulin, and on the night of the 5th or 6th Dr. Fournier, a rich hemp-merchant of the Faubourg St. Joseph, M. Risson, and many others, determined that every sacrifice both of person and property should be risked. On perceiving

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these decided manifestations the authorities fortified the gate of Beaune, at the entrance of the Faubourg St. Joseph, through which the Emperor would have to pass, and thirty pieces of cannon were placed upon the ramparts; the soldiers of the 4th regiment of artillery received orders to stand in readiness on the batteries; they did so, and often did the inhabitants approach and shake them by the hand. "He is coming," said they; "but what will you do? you will not oppose him; it is not in your nature."—"We know what we have to do." In the mean time the Count d'Artois and the Duke of Orleans arrived at Lyons. They were entreated to hasten to Grenoble, and were assured that no engagement should take place with the troops of the *ursurper* before their arrival. Immediately after, orders were given to the artillery to fire on the Emperor as soon as he should appear on the road leading to the gate of Beaune. At this time Generals Marchand and Mouton-Duvernet were making careful search for Doctor Emery; but although he remained within the city, he was undiscovered. Grenoble was a point of considerable importance for the Emperor, on account of its large depot of artillery. While all was agitation in the South, the King convoked the Chambers, dismissed Marshal Soult, the Minister of War, and substituted for him the Duke de Feltre, a man wholly unfit for this office. The Congress of Vienna, too, felt extreme alarm on learning this miraculous return.

The discussions with which they were now fully occupied ceased at the voice which proclaimed the approach of Napoleon. Austria, France, and England, were already leagued against Russia and Prussia. Talleyrand felt assured of the success of his intrigue. Had the Emperor been willing or able to wait for the dissolution of the Congress, he might then have mounted his throne. Napoleon would then have had to contend only against internal enemies, whose numbers in a few months would have been greatly diminished. It has been said that he received certain intelligence that his banishment to St. Helena had been resolved on, and this was the reason of his hastening back to France.

Grenoble, while these deliberations were passing in it, presented a most extraordinary spectacle. All authority was at an end, for the people would acknowledge none. The troops kept within their barracks, while the whole population filled the square and streets through which Napoleon was expected to pass on the following day. In six days he had marched seventy-two leagues across a rough and mountainous country! On the morning of the 7th of March a squadron of the 4th Hussars entered Grenoble from Vienne, and at noon the 7th regiment of the line, commanded by Labédoyère. This morning

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at daybreak, Dumoulin quitted Grenoble. He started on horseback, at a gallop, and passed behind some gendarmes, whose duty it was to prevent any one from leaving the city. He rejoined the Emperor as he was leaving Lamure, a large town on the road from Grenoble to Marseilles. "Vive l'Empereur!" cried Dumoulin, as he gallopped past the advanced guard. "Vive l'Empereur," they replied, and he leaped from his horse and ran to Napoleon. "Who are you, young man?" said the Emperor. "I am Dumoulin, Sire, coming to offer you my arm and fortune. It was I who last autumn—"—"Oh, I recollect—mount your horse again, and let us converse." Dumoulin was again in the saddle, when, after many questions, the Emperor inquired what effect his proclamations had had upon the people and soldiers. "That which your Majesty might expect," said Dumoulin; "they have produced the greatest enthusiasm."—"The battalion sent out from Grenoble," said the Emperor, "joined me as soon as they saw me. I had only to show myself, my old soldiers soon recol lected me."

The line of march was arranged in this manner. The Emperor was preceded by four mounted chasseurs of his guard, and four Polish lancers, who cleared the way. Then came Napoleon, some paces be fore his attendants, and having at his side only Generals Bertrand, Drouot, and Cambronne. At five or six paces distant were several officers, among whom could be distinguished General Count Germa nouski, colonel of the Polish lancers. A dozen chasseurs and lancers followed, then the Emperor's guard, a body of a hundred horsemen, Poles, and chasseurs; behind these came the body of the army, a force of six hundred men, increased by a battalion of the 5th, and a company of engineers.

Napoleon appeared absorbed in thought, for at Grenoble was to be determined his success or failure. They were on the road from Lamure to Vizille. The Emperor had advanced before his compan ions, and was slowly descending the side of Laffray; he was in deep meditation. All at once he was struck by the appearance of a group of young men, who were advancing towards him. He stopped his horse, and, smiling, said, "Who are you, my children; and what would you say to me?"

The young men looked at each other; then one of them, chosen by his companions, advanced to the Emperor; the expression of his countenance was mild, and full of intelligence. Napoleon extended his hand towards him; he seized it, and kissed it with a sentiment of respect and delight; he wished to speak, but could only utter unconnected words:—"General!—Citizen!—Sire!"

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This was Barginet himself, then a pupil at the Imperial college at Grenoble. He is a highly estimable young man, and possesses a heart truly French. I beg to repeat to him the assurance of my esteem. He relates this anecdote with a feeling which will be shared by all his countrymen. "You have something to say to me, my friend," said the Emperor, "speak without fear. Where do you come from, and what would you have?"—"We come from Grenoble, Sire; we are pupils of the Imperial school, and, hearing of your return, my companions and myself wished to see you one day sooner, and to assure you, Sire, that we are ready to die for you." Napoleon was highly affected at a conduct so noble and so enthusiastic. "In devoting yourselves to me," said he, "you devote yourselves to France. But you are young to become soldiers. Do your parents know of your resolution?" M. Barginet answered, a little embarrassed: "Sire, we set out without informing any one."—"That is not right—our first duty in society is to obey our parents, never forget that; at least," he added, smiling, "you will never again fail in this duty on a similar occasion. But come, fear nothing; tell me what they say of me in Grenoble?"

This unexpected question produced on the young student, as he has since informed me, the effect of an electric shock. He answered, that Grenoble and its neighbourhood looked for him with the utmost anxiety and love; but that the people also expected from him liberal institutions, peace, and the total repeal of certain taxes, which were held in utter detestation. Louis XVIII. promised to abolish them, and his neglect of this promise was highly injurious to him. Napoleon turned away, and did not immediately reply; at length he said, "The people are right to reckon upon me. I love them, and wish them to be happy. Their rights have been outraged for the last year; I will repair this evil. France has been the most splendid empire of the world; it shall become the seat of liberty."

At this moment, on a sudden turn of the road, a pile of buildings presented themselves to his view, and Napoleon inquired what they were. "It is the castle of Vizille, Sire, where in 1788 the estates-general of Dauphiné proclaimed liberty." The Emperor then inquired particularly into the history of Dauphiné. This was a characteristic trait in Napoleon; he always conversed with those whom he met on subjects on which they were best informed. And as this young student might have been expected to be better acquainted with the history of his own province than with any other subject, the Emperor led him to speak of it. He seemed much surprised on learning that Hannibal had passed over the same road where he now was two

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thousand years before. Hannibal was his hero, as is well known.

"I will stop at Vizille and pass the night there," said the Emperor after a moment's hesitation.—"No, Sire," said the youth.—"Why so?" said Napoleon, astonished at his decided tone.—"Grenoble is but three leagues distant, Sire; you have enemies there, and should face them to-night."—"Who are my enemies at Grenoble?" said the Emperor, looking kindly on him.—"I cannot name them, Sire; I can only put you on your guard."—"How old are you, and where have you been educated?"—"I am sixteen, Sire, and my education is one of the benefits that I have received from you. I am a public pupil of the school of Grenoble."—"Do you understand mathematics?"—"No, Sire."—"What then do you know?"—"I have studied literature and history."—"Pooh! literature will not make a general officer. You must follow me to Paris, and you shall enter at St. Cyr or Fontainebleau."—"My parents are too poor to defray my expenses there."—"I will take care of that. I am your father also; so that is settled. Adieu; when *we* reach Paris you must remind the minister of war of the promise that I have just made you." This promise was fulfilled: a decree of the 10th April, 1815, named him as a public pupil at St. Cyr, or Fontainebleau, and a decision, dated a few days after, freed him from the payment of the fees required by the regulations.

I have mentioned the defection of the troops sent against the Emperor; I shall now give some particulars of this event. On the night of the 6th of March, a battalion of the fifth regiment of the line, and a company of sappers, marched out towards Lamure. They were commanded by an aide-de-camp of General Marchand, and the most violent measures were enjoined to them. These troops met about forty or fifty grenadiers, who had set out from Lamure, for the purpose of clearing the road. The officers not seeing Napoleon, would not allow the two bodies to approach. The grenadiers fell back to join the Emperor, and the others took up a position on a rising ground, between Lamure and the lakes of Laffray. On learning the resistance that his soldiers had met with, the Emperor felt uneasy: his fate was to be decided at Grenoble, or by the troops on that station. Of this he was well aware. The inhabitants of Lamure and the neighbouring villages received the Emperor as he passed, with every demonstration of joy; they did not even appear uneasy as to the issue of the struggle that was about to take place.

The Emperor rode a very small and spirited mountain pony, from which he rarely dismounted; but on seeing the troops that occupied the plain of Lamure, he quitted his horse, and advanced quickly

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towards them. The valley in which this important scene took place is wild and picturesque; it is, I think, called the vale of Beaumont. Napoleon stood on a little hill which overlooked the plain filled with the troops sent against him. He had his grenadiers with him, but they carried their pieces under their left arms. When he appeared a feeble voice ordered an advance—the soldiers stood still. Then the Emperor approaching them, and unbuttoning his great-coat, said, in a loud voice, "Soldiers, I am your Emperor: do you not recollect me? If there is one among you who wishes to kill his general, here I am." —"Vive l'Empereur!" shouted the soldiers, throwing down their muskets and running to him. The young aide-de-camp twice gave the order to fire upon the Emperor, but at the second time he was obliged to fly, for the soldiers would have killed him.

The Emperor was at this time superior to himself. He would not be the head of a party, the chief of a turbulent faction. He refused the services of the officers who came to join him, and who proposed returning to Grenoble, and obliging the authorities to open the gates to him. The inhabitants of Mateyline also offered to rise *en masse* in his favour; but he refused both. He wished to be a *Sovereign*, only depending upon the love of his people and of the army.

CHAPTER LIV.

Arrival of the Emperor at Vizille—What have you there, Sir Priest?—The white riband—The *Marseillaise*, and the *Chant du Départ*—The approach of the troops—Seventh regiment of the line—Labédoyère embraced by the Emperor—History of the Seventh—The eagle concealed in a drum—Triumphal march—The aide-de-camp always for firing—New obstruction—Dr. Emery—Gates of Grenoble burst open—Novel species of homage to be offered at the feet of an Emperor—Inn kept by one of the veterans of Egypt—Knight of the Legion of Honour and brevet-officer—M. Dumoulin in 1830—Lafayette twice fatal to the Imperial dynasty and the destinies of France—M. Champollion Figeac—Plan for reaching Paris without firing a gun—Diplomacy—Presentation of the Bishop and Curés of the four parishes of Grenoble—The Imperial court—Rejoicings—Kiss on both cheeks—Jury tricoloured flag—Speech of a free and brave man.

The Emperor was still at some distance from Vizille, when the sound of the bells, blended with the confused murmur of its whole population coming out to meet him, told him of his welcome. Scarcely, indeed, had he reached the bridge, than he was surrounded by a

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crowd, wild with joy, who strewed on his path a shower of violets and mountain hyacinths. "Long live the Emperor!" was the universal shout. "Down with the *calotte!*"—"What's that they say?" he asked. "They cry, 'Down with the priests,'" was Dumoulin's answer. "But this is not the fitting spot, my friends, to show our love to his Majesty; wait till we reach Grenoble!"—"Grenoble!" exclaimed the troop; "on to Grenoble!" In this manner Napoleon passed through Vizille, in the midst of a crowd intoxicated with zeal for him. When in front of the church, he perceived a man, dressed in black, who was vociferating like a madman, and crying, "Long live the Emperor, long live the great Napoleon!" This was the curé. The Emperor stopped before him. "Good day, sir," he said, "I am obliged to you. But pray, M. l'Abbé, what have you there?" and pointed to a small white riband. "Ah, Sire, your pardon; *it is nothing*," replied the curé, quite confused, and thrusting his lily white ribbon in his pocket. However, there arose from the crowd that fierce buzz which is, as it were, the voice of the people. The poor priest turned pale, and looked at Napoleon. The Emperor held out his hand, which the curé kissed with transport, exclaiming, "Vive l'Empereur!" The entire population of Vizille followed the Emperor, and at this moment there were more than six thousand of the country people around him. Almost all the young men of this town, in particular, wore tricoloured ribands in their hats, and preceded the Emperor, singing the *Marseillaise* and the *Chant du Départ*. Every house was thrown open, and the soldiers, who were overcome with fatigue, entered to refresh themselves, if but for a moment. There was something antique and beautiful, like the traditions of the olden times, in these popular rejoicings, and this universal demonstration of the love of a free nation. In this manner they reached the little village of Brié, between Grenoble and Vizille, about five in the evening, when suddenly the Emperor stopped, and, looking with his glass, exclaimed, "I am not mistaken; here are the troops—ha! ha! it looks as if they were coming to give us battle!"

Dumoulin, who, from his residing at Grenoble, was well acquainted with the country and the troops of the garrison, spurred on his horse to reconnoitre. After some minutes he returned with the news of his having encountered M. de Launay, Adjutant-major of the seventh regiment, who had been sent forward by Labédoyère to apprize the Emperor that he was on his march to join him. At that moment the soldiers of the seventh came up, running, and in the greatest disorder. It had been impossible to keep them in their ranks—they shouted, they wept! The Emperor was much affected. "Where is

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the Colonel?" he said. "Ah, Sire, do I see you once more!" exclaimed the noble young man, taking hold of Napoleon's stirrup; his fine face was radiant with joy, and his eyes filled with tears. "Come to my arms, *mon cher enfant*," cried the Emperor, who embraced him like a brother. "But my eagle?" Labédoyère presented it to him. Napoleon took it, gazed upon it, twice kissed it; tears fell upon this emblem of our glory, doubly sanctified by this noble baptism.

Here it becomes necessary to relate the remarkable events which had preceded this arrival of the seventh regiment of the line. I have spoken of the agitation which prevailed at Grenoble, and of the ill will of the Prefect, of General Marchand, and even of M. Renauldon, the mayor of the town, who willed nothing, and therefore was good for nothing. Every thing displayed a sinister aspect, as soon as the soldiers appeared, although with sadness, to prepare for the execution of their orders. Nevertheless, they feared, at the prefecture, that the troops would not fire, and, above all, there was a dread of civil war and its terrible scenes. In the midst of this agitation, the beat of a drum was heard on Monday, March 7th, about noon, and, directly after, a regiment was seen to march through the town, and draw up in order of battle on the *grande place*. This was the seventh, which had come from Chambéry; it was the finest regiment in France, whose colonel was one of the bravest and most singularly handsome men in the army. Labédoyère, at this epoch, was scarcely thirty years of age, and as handsome as Renaud. His fair hair hung in clusters over his head, and gave an imposing effect to his ample and commanding brow; his eyes were blue, yet brilliant and full of fire, he was elegantly made, tall, active, and of the noblest presence. His devotion to the Emperor was a worship.

On reaching the *grande place*, Labédoyère perceived that General de Villiers, commander of the department, had followed him; he was the bearer of orders from General Marchand: Labédoyère listened to them, and at first did not answer a word. Whilst the General was speaking, murmurs arose from the ranks, and already every thing presaged the scene about to follow. Suddenly their Colonel commands silence, and cries with a loud voice, "Soldiers, I am ordered to lead you to battle against your Emperor. Soldiers, I resign my command, and am no longer your Colonel. I never will conduct you in the road of dishonour!" Cries immediately arose on every side, of "No, no"—"Long live our Colonel"—"*Vive l'Empereur!*"—"Lead on, Colonel!"—"You have my thanks," exclaimed Labédoyère, "but I cannot command you. The Emperor

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received my first oath, he claims me, and I must repair to him. Soldiers, my dear comrades, you can remain under your flag; for me, I return to him under whom I have always fought. Adieu, I hasten to the national flag—adieu!" The cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* became enthusiastic; the ranks were broken, the Colonel surrounded. "Colonel," exclaims an officer, "you cannot forsake men who love you—lead them to the Emperor!"—"Yes, yes!" was the cry; "to the Emperor, to the Emperor! *Vive notre Colonel!*"

Labédoyère looked at them with emotion. Unfortunate young man! Heaven owed him these few hours of happiness, to counterpoise the misfortunes in store for him. "Then, you will have it so, my friends," he exclaimed: "well, forward! *Let him who loves me follow me!*"—"We will all go," cried an old soldier, "and had you led us against the Emperor, we would not have followed you. Colonel, look here!—Drummer!" Instantly the drummer tore open his drum, and drew from it the eagle of the seventh, which had been thus preserved. He placed it in the hands of the Colonel, who took it, and kissed it with respectful joy. At the moment, the white flag was torn, and trampled under foot, both by townsmen and soldiers; and immediately, as if by the stroke of an enchanter's wand, each soldier had a tricoloured cockade in his cap. The regiment forthwith began its march, drums beating, the band in front, and in quick time. More than six thousand persons left the town with them; it was a general madness.

To resume. Napoleon arrived before Grenoble, March 7th, at six in the evening. He had about 15,000 persons with him. The gates were closed, and the greatest confusion prevailed in the town. After the departure of the seventh, General Marchand held a review. harangued the soldiers, and endeavoured to raise the shout, *Vive le Roi!* The soldiery had remained dull and gloomy, and had not even lifted their eyes towards their leaders. General Marchand called a council of war, but no resolution was agreed upon, and the confusion increased at the approach of evening, with the news of the Emperor's marching upon Grenoble. At the same time, word was brought that the soldiers and officers of the fifth which were confined to their barracks, were escaping through the windows and along the ramparts to join the Emperor.

It was at this moment that Napoleon entered the Faubourg St. Joseph, and arrived at the entrance called the gate Beaune, which is separated from the road by a ditch twenty-five feet in width. The guard had just been withdrawn, and as the inhabitants were thronging over the wooden bridge, it could not be destroyed. Dr. Emery

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who had until now remained, actively employed, though concealed in Grenoble, came forth, and made himself known to the Emperor, who pulled him by the ear, to testify his joy at seeing him. "We have waited for you with impatience, Sire," said M. Emery. "Well," exclaimed one of the Emperor's suite, "we must force the gate."—"No, no," cried Napoleon, who discovered no uneasiness at the delay, but walked with folded arms and tranquil looks, in the midst of the admiring multitudes who had followed him so far from their homes. It was night; the soldiers and others lighted a quantity of torches they had purchased in the Faubourg, and exhibited those picturesque features which would well become the pencil of Horace Vernet, the perpetuator of so many interesting facts. A cry was heard from the ramparts, "They are going to fire!" and indeed, the young aide-de-camp of General Marchand was on the ramparts, endeavouring to excite the soldiers. At last, exasperated at the inactivity of the troops, he seized a match, and was about to fire a gun, when a woman threw herself upon him, and, wresting the match from him, exclaimed, "Wretch, what are you about to do! Know you not that our husbands and sons are with the Emperor? Besides, we will have the Emperor—Vive l'Empereur!" To this cry the name of the Emperor burst from a thousand tongues. However, so close was the Emperor to the battery, that M. Emery besought him to withdraw. "Come, come," said Napoleon, "what would you have happen to me? *A bullet may kill, but does not hurt.*" (His very words, which have been religiously preserved.)

At last it was known that General Marchand had quitted Grenoble, and taken away the keys of the town—a poor revenge in so great a conjuncture. Immediately, the inhabitants dashed open the gate of Beaune, and saw a glorious spectacle. Thirty thousand persons lined the streets and the *grande place;* every house was illuminated, and the Emperor never experienced such a reception, even at the height of his power. The townsmen lodged each a soldier, for they would not allow any one to invite two; all wished to share in what they called the festival of their city. The Emperor refused to repair to the prefecture, but, recollecting that one of his veterans of Egypt kept an inn at Grenoble, he insisted on going to the Three Dolphins; and scarcely was he there than a deputation from the people was introduced.

"Sire," said the spokesman, "we obeyed you when you ordered us not to burst the gates of our city, but if you will deign to turn to the window, your Majesty will perceive those very gates, which we now lay at your feet, to prove that we did not take any part in the

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unworthy resistance that has been offered you;" and, throwing open the window, he pointed to the two gates, which were lying before the inn. The Emperor smiled at these testimonies of profound affection, when more violent cries than ever of *Vive l'Empereur*, seeming to proceed from 20,000 men, were heard. This was from a battalion of the fifth, which had forcibly returned to the city, led by Captain Pelaprat, and crying, "*Vive l'Empereur! down with the Bourbons!*"

Dumoulin and Emery, who had hitherto taken no rest, had just thrown themselves on a bed, when a friend came to summon the former to the Emperor. He rose, and repaired to the Three Dolphins. He was introduced by the Grand-marshal, and the Emperor said, on seeing him, "I wish to testify to you, M. Dumoulin, my satisfaction at your noble conduct: you are a member of the Legion of Honour —you will follow me to Paris?" "Ah, Sire! how can I acknowledge your kindness? and in what quality?"—"Brevet-officer. Come with me; my fortune will be yours; I attach you to my person;" and, tapping him on the shoulder as he was taking leave, "wait," he said; opening a writing desk, he took a cross out of it: "take this," he continued, "and to-morrow, early, begin your office near my person. Grand-marshal, here is a new officer of my household," he said, pulling the ear of the newly made knight of the Legion of Honour. Thus did this man create his *séides*, and make himself adored.*

* A few words concerning M. Dumoulin, who played too conspicuous a part in 1815 not to be omitted; but the truth is on record. None of Napoleon's officers were more devoted to him. When, in 1818, Dumoulin gained many millions by transactions in the stocks, he opened a negotiation with Lord Bathurst, to be empowered to send 100,000 francs yearly to the Emperor at St. Helena. He was arrested eight hundred and nine times under the restoration, for attempts in favour of Napoleon, and July the 29th, 1830, he was the first to enter the Hôtel de Ville, dressed in his uniform as a household officer of the Emperor. As his reward, the provisional government appointed him commandant of the Hôtel de Ville. Then, calling to mind his oath to the Emperor to die in his cause, he hastened to David, a printer in the Faubourg Poissonnière, and caused several thousand copies to be printed of a proclamation calling Napoleon II. to the throne of France, in conformity with the decree of the Chambers of the 21st of July, 1815; and the 30th of July, at nine in the morning, with the connivance of three members of the Town Council, *whose names I know*, they were about to proclaim Napoleon II., when Colonel Carbonel, partner of the money broker, Lombard, and secretary to Lafayette, informed M. Dumoulin that his general wished to speak with him, and, decoying him into a retired room, shut him up with two sentinels over him till seven in the evening. This is the second time that Lafayette was fatal to the Imperial dynasty. M. de Lafayette was fatal to France under every regime. He wished, I think, to rule himself

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On leaving the room where the Emperor was, M. Dumoulin met M. Champollion Figeac, now keeper of the manuscripts in the Royal Library at Paris, and brother of the famous Champollion. He was the second of the friends, to whom the secret of the voyage from Elba had been entrusted. He was going to undertake the office of secretary, a post which he filled during the eight-and-forty hours which the Emperor sojourned at Grenoble. The Emperor knew nothing of him, but, having asked Dumoulin for a *sure* man, the latter had recommended M. Champollion, who was devoted. I adduce this circumstance, merely for the sake of still showing Napoleon in a new light. After thanking M. Champollion, he spoke to him of Egypt, and seemed to forget Grenoble, the island of Elba, and even Paris; he talked of his beloved Egypt, of the fourteen dynasties of the Lagides, shut up in the Pyramids, of the Arab people, of the isthmus of Suez. "What say they of the great works which I have directed respecting the translation of the Chinese Dictionary, and the new French translation of Strabo? When I shall arrive at Paris, I will require an account of these literary labours." The conversation prolonged itself thus until one o'clock in the morning. "Go to bed," said the Emperor to M. Champollion, "and return to-morrow as early as you can."

Next day, March the 8th, at six o'clock in the morning, M. Champollion was in the bed-chamber of the Emperor. He had risen an hour previously, and awaited him. "To work!" said he. At half-past eight, an officer arrived, who came from Lyons in the name of General Brayer. He belonged to the General's staff, by name Molien de St. Yon, and came to assure the Emperor of the devotion of General Brayer. "Return immediately," said Napoleon, "and assure Brayer of my friendship." M. Molien assured the Emperor of the enthusiasm of the Lyonais. Napoleon kept him a short time, and gave him a number of instructions. "Above all things," said he, on parting, "tell Brayer that I will reach Paris without firing a shot."

From the morning of the 8th, the Emperor was longed for and expected by the whole city; but he occupied himself meanwhile with important cares. "M. Fourrier has done justice to himself," said Napoleon, "in quitting Grenoble. But whom can I nominate Prefect?" A voice named M. Savoie Rollin, formerly Prefect of Rouen. "Is Savoie Rollin here?" cried the Emperor. "And your National Guard: it should be numerous. But he who commanded it yesterday for the Count de Lillie, cannot command it now. Mention the most worthy citizen of your town," added he, turning towards the inhabitants of Grenoble.

On seeking M. Savoie Rollin, he was found to be in the country

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They offered to M. Alphonse Perrier, or M. Adolphe, (I am not sure which, but it was a brother of the Minister), the command of the National Guard; but, as he was a friend of the Count de Montal, he objected to supersede him. They offered to M. Didier, Sub-Prefect of the Isère, the vacant post of Prefect: he was a timid man, and refused. "Well," said the Emperor, "a counsellor of the prefecture can perform the functions of Prefect." And, to command the National Guard, he named an old major of the Imperial army.

It was at Grenoble also, on the 8th of March, that Napoleon dictated to M. Champollion his letter to the Emperor of Austria. As soon as the Emperor was visible, M. Simon, the Bishop, presented himself at the head of his chapter, and of the four curates of the city of Grenoble. He had, in fact, all his clergy, with the exception of his Vicar-General, M. Bouchard. A curious incident took place at this audience. As the Bishop presented the curates to the Emperor, designating them by their proper names, to the moment when he said, "I have the honour to present to your Majesty M. de la Grez—" —"Ah! it is you, M. le curé," said Napoleon, "who spoke so injuriously of me every Sunday in your sermons to the cook-maids."— "Ah! mon Dieu!" answered the troubled ecclesiastic, "I assure you, Sire—"—"Oh, I know you are a good priest! go on if it amuses you. I permit liberty of worship." The poor curate remained stupified. Napoleon seeing him so unhappy, said, "Come, think no more about it. Only be kind and charitable towards all. That is the true law of Jesus Christ."

The judges were also announced. The Emperor was marvellously great in this audience. He talked jurisprudence like the most skilful amongst them, and, above all, mentioned the necessity of reforming several ill-constructed laws.—"I have long discussed in the Council of State," said he, "the necessity of repairing the civil code as well as the criminal. But what could I do? I had always to struggle against men who spoke only of giving the strong arm to power." His ideas flowed lucid, powerful, just, and precise. "We shall, I trust," pursued he, "find ourselves in more peaceable circumstances, and, working together, we shall construct a good work." But the most touching scene was to see the Emperor approached by the different officers. They seemed as if they had recovered a brother: they wept tears of joy, and trembled in speaking to him. "The Bourbons had repudiated your glories," said Napoleon. "In so doing, they not only committed a fault, but inflicted an insult on France."

After giving these audiences, the Emperor descended at length to pass in review the garrison, consisting of the 5th and 7th regiments

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of the line, some squadrons of the 4th hussars, some engineers, and two companies of artillery, all in good order, together with 1500 of the National Guard. He was carried on the shoulders of the people. A young girl approached him with a laurel branch in her hand, reciting some verses. "What can I do for you, my pretty girl?" said the Emperor. The maiden blushed, then lifting her eyes on Napoleon answered, "I have nothing to ask of your Majesty: but you would render me very happy by embracing me." The Emperor kissed her. "I embrace, in you, all the ladies of Grenoble," said he aloud, turning his head on every side with a charming smile.

As he was advancing towards the place of the review, it was discovered that there was no tricoloured flag. On the instant, Dumoulin ran into a magazine of merinos, and selecting the proper colours—white, red, and blue—he stitched them together, and in a few minutes the flag was ready. Enthusiastic plaudits followed, and nothing could paint the delirium spread over the whole assembly when the military music struck up the Marseillaise Hymn. After the review, a deputation of respectable citizens presented themselves with an address to offer to the Emperor. It was in the first instance received by Marshal Bertrand, who, having looked through it, observed that there was one line too strongly put, which it would be necessary to suppress. "The Emperor," said he, "with all his goodness, could not accord so much as you would here have him promise." "Monsieur," replied M. Boissonet, an advocate and a man of energetic talent, "if we drive away these Bourbons, whom foreigners have imposed on us, it is liberty that we ask. We doubt not possessing it with the Emperor, but we intended also to have it *without* him: we await, sir, your announcing us to his Majesty." This language, from a man of free principles, and of heart, should have made Napoleon aware that liberty had been only compromised by him, and his reflections might have still further impressed on him the proper course which opened itself on his return into the country.

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CHAPTER LV.

Departure from Grenoble—Approach to Lyons—The old farrier, mayor, and orator—Appearance of resistance—Marshal Macdonald—The Count d'Artois at Lyons—Napoleon enters Lyons—His address to the National Guard, and to the Lyonnais—The Duke of Orleans defeated by the Emperor's troops at Bourgoing—M. de Blacas—Sitting of the Chamber of Deputies—Oath of the Princes to the constitutional charter—M. Dandre—Departure of Louis XVIII. —Melancholy impressions—Arrival of the Emperor in Paris—His reception by the people—Secret influence of Fouché—Sinister presentiments—The French Marshals of 1815—Reverses—Waterloo—Conclusion.

On the 8th of March, at four o'clock in the evening, Napoleon quitted Grenoble with all his staff, and slept at Bourgoing, a large town ten leagues distant. From the Gulf Juan to Grenoble he had constantly travelled either on horseback or on foot. At the latter place he purchased a carriage. Next morning, on approaching Lyons, the Emperor ordered Colonel Germanouski to take with him six men and push a reconnoisance on to La Guillotière. Scarcely had they perceived the Polish lancers, when the entire population hastened to present themselves before the Emperor. The enthusiasm that prevailed during two days was indeed greater than that at Grenoble. At St. Denis de Brou, two stages before Lyons, Napoleon encountered the population of that city. Marshal Soult had not foreseen this when he said to the King on the 5th of March, "Bonaparte will remain this year in Dauphiné, and next year he will attempt to take Bourgoing."

Napoleon disembarked on the 1st of March with nine hundred men. It was on the 9th of the same month that he entered Lyons with eight thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon. The road from Grenoble to Lyons is strewed with villages, or rather small wealthy towns, the entire population of which surrounded the open carriage in which the Emperor travelled, and formed an enthusiastic cortège.

It was during the journey from Grenoble to Lyons, and not on his road from Cannes to Grenoble, that Napoleon was accosted by a respectable old man, who was at once the farrier and mayor of his village. He descended, together with all the inhabitants of his district, from their mountains, and presented themselves to the Emperor. On seeing this old man—his head covered with snowy hair, and his

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loins bound with a tricoloured sash,* while his leather apron had not been laid aside, Napoleon stopped his carriage, and beckoned him to approach. "Sire," said the aged spokesman, "you have re-entered France, and are proceeding to Paris! When you shall have arrived there, forget not those who have opened to you the road. They are freemen, and determined to be so. We will have neither priests nor foreigners for our masters. We are ready to give you all you ask, but you must preserve our rights in their full integrity; recollect that we are poor, and are your children. Adieu, Sire! May God guide and protect you. Remember that you represent the people." This was an harangue very different from that of M. de Fontanes. Napoleon was silent at first, but after a while he replied, "Yes, I will never forget you, people of Dauphiné. You have recalled to my mind all those grand and noble sentiments which, twenty years ago, made me designate France as the *great nation*. She is so still, and will be always so. As to you, Mr. Mayor," said he to the old farrier, "you have spoken to my soul! Give me your hand." Then, suddenly, he leapt from his carriage, and embraced the old farrier heartily. I give this fact from the testimony of an eye-witness, who told me that when the Emperor re-entered his carriage he spoke to no one, but remained in a profound reverie.

At Bourgoing the Emperor perceived the first marks of serious resistance he would have to encounter. The Count d'Artois had arrived at Lyons, the second city in the kingdom. Macdonald, who commanded the troops, loved not the Emperor, and therefore nothing was to be expected from him. He was of the class of those republican generals who, for a single warlike act, had acquired a reputation which since they had failed to maintain. He was not, in fact, worthy to be the brother in arms of Napoleon; but he cherished a sentiment of fierce revenge against the Emperor because he had been only made a Marshal in 1809. I have heard that when this officer returned from his audience of Louis XVIII., he expressed regret at going to fight the Emperor. I would believe this, but cannot. His influence with the troops was but slight. His name had, indeed, a little éclât, but it was of no avail in opposition to that of Napoleon. This was evident at a review which took place in presence of the Count d'Artois. The 13th regiment of dragoons, at that period recently returned from Spain, was composed of old soldiers. The Colonel, interrogated first by the Marshal and then by the Prince, replied, "Monseigneur, I will shed my blood for the cause of your Royal Highness," and, drawing

* The mayors in France wear a sash as the insignia of office: the colour designates the government in fashion.

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his sabre, he shouted "Vive le Roi!" No voice echoed him. The regiment remained dull and stern. The Prince then made a last effort: he approached a subaltern whose breast was adorned with the eagle. "Give me your hand, my brave comrade," said the Count d'Artois, "and shout with me—'Vive le Roi!'" "No, Monseigneur," firmly, but respectfully answered the old veteran; "I honour your Royal Highness, but I cannot join your cry. Mine is, *Vive l'Empereur!*" And, at the same instant, the whole regiment repeated this name, so cherished, so beloved. The Prince retreated, and, throwing himself into his carriage, exclaimed, "All is lost!"

And the chariot of the King's brother was not escorted to the gates of the town, even by one of the yeomanry of the National Guard of Lyons. The 13th regiment, although it had refused to join the Count d'Artois, was very indignant at this conduct, and furnished a small escort, which was joined by a single mounted National Guard; and I was assured at the time, I know not with what truth, that the Emperor bestowed on this young man the cross of the Legion of Honour. While the unfortunate Prince fled before the Emperor, Marshal Macdonald occupied the bridge of La Guillotière, and there, with two battalions of infantry, made preparations to dispute the Emperor's passage: but as soon as his men perceived the red cloaks of the 4th hussar regiment, they raised one unanimous cry of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" I own I should like to have seen the Marshal's physiognomy on hearing these cries, and when, a few minutes after, the Emperor himself traversed this bridge. He waited His Majesty's approach, and they conversed together for a few minutes. Napoleon then bade him a friendly adieu. The Marshal took immediately the road to Paris, and Napoleon entered Lyons without any obstacle.

What he said to the mounted National Guard of Lyons is well known. When they presented themselves, he addressed them as follows: "The original institution of the National Guard does not permit it to become cavalry. You have besides behaved ill to the Count d'Artois: in his misfortune you have abandoned him. I will not accept your services."*

But it was not thus he spoke to his good city of Lyons at large. The address he uttered on quitting it was almost wholly written by himself, and merits to be exactly copied. It shows the Ossianic turn of his mind, and affords good materials for estimating him. "Lyonnais! at the moment of quitting your town, to repair to my capital, I feel

* Napoleon, it has often been observed, had a very peculiar faculty of replying in energetic terms, and was seldom known to hesitate.

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that it behooves me to make known to you the sentiments with which you have inspired me. You have always occupied a first place in my affections. Upon the throne, and in exile, you have always shown towards me the same sentiments. The elevated character by which you are distinguished merits, indeed, all my esteem. In more tranquil moments, I shall return and occupy myself respecting your city and its manufactures. People of Lyons, I love you!"

In this last simple phrase, placed at the termination of a speech equally simple, might be recognised a seal of affection between the Sovereign and his people. The Lyonnais were in a delirium of joy the day the speech was delivered.

I confess I cannot comprehend what the ministry of M. de Blacas proposed, by making an officer of the Garde-du-Corps appear at the balcony of the Tuileries, and announce officially that the Duke d'Orleans had completely defeated the Emperor in the environs of Bourgoing. I might amuse myself here by relating the several conversations full of boasting which some persons of the royal cause held with me after the publication of this verbal bulletin. But those events were too serious and grave. Alas! the enchantment was likewise too short. Next day came couriers from Monsieur, stating the real condition of things.

Louis XVIII. was not without talents for government, but he was unequal to these circumstances, and undoubtedly, but for the Allied Powers, would have lost his throne once more, never to regain it. His infatuation in employing M. de Blacas, a country squire, turned into a first gentleman of the court, was excessive. The impertinence of this man weighed on France as a plague, despised as he was by all the Allied Sovereigns, who saw in him nothing but a pernicious favourite of the court. He had no idea of the direction of public opinion in this crisis, and had conducted the monarchy to the brink of a precipice, whilst his creatures plied him with incense and flattery, which effectually turned his poor head. Had Louis XVIII. but known what the Allied Princes said of him, or even seen them shrug their shoulders in pity! M. de Blacas was no doubt very learned in some points, but what availed all his knowledge of the history of the Lower Empire, since he was ignorant of that of yesterday as regarded his own country? In the twelve months which preceded Napoleon's return, I can trace nothing but an odious system of fraud and deception. Truth was never made manifest to the King until Napoleon arrived at Fontainebleau. Neither had any measures been taken to ensure the escape of the Royal Family, although from the 15th instant the authorities were aware of the rapid advance of the Emperor. Was

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this the result of heedlessness or of treason? In truth, one knows not what name to give it.

I must here describe the scene, the memory of which will never fade from the minds of those who witnessed it. I allude to the sitting of the Chamber of Deputies on the 18th or 19th of March. The King made a speech, a good one doubtless, but nothing took effect like the exclamation of the Count d'Artois: "Sire," cried he, "permit that I unite my voice, and that of all your family, with your own. Yes, Sire, it is in the name of honour that we swear fidelity to your Majesty and to the Constitutional Charter, which secures the happiness of the French!"

The Duke de Berri, the Duke d'Orleans, and the Prince de Condé, all exclaimed, "We swear it!"

It is difficult for any one but a witness of this remarkable scene to have a just idea of it. The solemn oath taken, in the midst of the tempest, by the Sovereign and his heir, had an august character, which penetrated whilst it reassured. I confess that it made upon me a deep impression. They had talked of defending Paris with a *corps d'armée* commanded by the Duke de Berri; but this was a silly thought. In fact, if one could have laughed at all just then, it would have been at the men who surrounded Louis XVIII. The most absurd was M. Dandre, prefect of police, who was altogether a most singular personage. When he was at length convinced of what every body else had known long before, namely, that Bonaparte had disembarked in France, he did nothing but repeat the fact. "How!" said he, rubbing his hands, "has he *dared* to come here? But so much the better: they will shoot him!"

Were time and place not wanting, one might recount strange things relating to this unhappy court. It had received a stigma too strongly marked to change. It was in 1816, as it had been in 1791, wrapped in complete blindness. M. de Blacas sought to persuade the King that Bonaparte's disembarkation was to his great advantage. Louis XVIII. said himself, to an individual of my family who was greatly in his confidence, "This poor Blacas brought to my mind Olivarès announcing to Philip IV. the loss of Portugal, when he spoke to me of the good I should derive from the arrival of Bonaparte."

About midnight, on the 19th of March, Louis XVIII. quitted the château of the Tuileries, which he now inhabited after an exile of twenty-three years. He perhaps suffered at this moment more than formerly, for he was about to recommence a life of misfortune, and courage is exhausted by grief. He knew also the extent of the evil

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that his departure might occasion—the melancholy result of emigration was evident in 1791—of that court-spirit which had already produced such profound misfortunes, and was now in action again. The staircases, the courts, the avenues of the château were crowded with persons, all silent and in consternation. At the moment when his carriage, drawn by eight horses, drew up, there was an almost spontaneous movement of every eye towards the top of the grand staircase. The King descended slowly, for his infirmities pressed the more heavily on him in this agonizing hour. This departure of a decrepit Prince in the middle of the night, quitting his capital as a fugitive, could not be otherwise than affecting—manifesting, as he did throughout, an elevated heart, and a soul capable of great things.

Twenty-four hours had not intervened ere this palace witnessed a scene of a very different nature—the return of the Emperor. He had arrived on the eve at Fontainebleau, with his brave grenadiers; and, upon hearing of the departure of the Bourbons, he perceived that there must be no interregnum. He therefore hastened forward, desirous of reaching the capital without any delay; but the crowd assembled on the road impeding him at every step, it was not till nine o'clock P. M. that he entered Paris. What must have been his emotions on passing under the triumphal arch of the Tuileries! on finding himself borne thither by that faithful army, which now conducted him through the shades of night to this royal residence long his own!

But on arriving at Paris Napoleon found, as has been remarked, a great difference, as contrasted with the enthusiasm of Lyons and Dauphiné. The metropolis was, in fact, surprised. Paris is not like another city: it contains a swarming population, who know not how to direct their own emotions. And although its population thronged to behold Napoleon, the city presented on the evening of the 20th of March a triste and sullen aspect. The theatres were shut; and when the Emperor reached the gates of the Tuileries, he found, indeed, an immense crowd; but the absence of many faces he expected to see was remarked by him with the greater bitterness, as the enthusiasm of the provinces had led him to anticipate very different things. The fact is, that Paris was secretly influenced by the faction at whose head was Fouché. I have related the strange circumstance, that from fifty to sixty letters arrived at Grenoble on the morning of the 5th of March with the Paris post-mark. The Emperor declared he had no knowledge of these letters. Who was at work, then? It has been said that the Duke of Otranto was an agent for the Duke of Orleans. I believe this to be likely enough · but it matters

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not. The vicinity of Murat, who came within twenty leagues of Paris, also excites in me strange suspicions. The Duke of Otranto was well with the Queen of Naples—an intriguing woman, to whom France was always a point of aim and of hope—she had then lost all.

However this might be, the state of Paris was throughout forced and unnatural. The very spirit, nay, the love of change, seemed attached to the walls of the Tuileries; and Napoleon was subject to its influence when, on the 20th of March, he again crossed the threshold of the palace: on the 20th of March, that day which had, in the same mansion, witnessed Fortune's last smile upon him at the birth of the King of Rome. He desired to consecrate that event by a miraculous return. But by what thoughts was that return accompanied? what resolutions passed through his gigantic mind, now mastered by destiny? He perceived, on the instant, unhappy man! that fate had reversed his chances—for that infant which, like a new Messiah, had spread peace and hope throughout his immense capital—the joy of whose population reverberated round his throne—and seemed calculated to sustain it—that infant was no longer in his power. Oh! who can divine what were the reflections which occupied the great soul of Napoleon when he placed his hand on the marble balustrade of that staircase which, but a few months before, so many kings had ascended and descended simply as his courtiers. Doubtless he imagined he should again see them crouch before him. His mistake was in forgetting that it was the people alone who had borne him on their arms to the Tuileries.

What were the Marshals doing all this time? One of them (Marshal N——) said to Louis XVIII., "Sire, I will bring him to you like a wild beast, in an iron cage." Another (Marshal S——) issued a proclamation in which he designated Bonaparte a *villain:* while a third of those men, who should have made for him a rampart with their bodies, (Marshal M——,) made an arrangement to invest his own property in an enemy's country.

It was then that Napoleon, destitute of all the aid he should have received from these individuals, (brave, doubtless, in themselves, but *illustrious* only through him,) re-entered on the 20th of March the château of the Tuileries, while the fire lighted on the previous evening for the use of Louis XVIII. still burnt in the principal kitchen. Napoleon did not well comprehend his position; it was new to him; and he should therefore have employed new assistants. He believed the Marshals less fickle, and regretted *his own men*, as he termed them. But these men were no longer *his*—they were for *themselves*

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—and his error concerning them ruined him. He had formed plans ill cemented together to enable him to cross a bottomless abyss. He could but perish.

The 20th of March was perhaps the most important day in the life of Napoleon. It *might* have been a day of regeneration both for him and France: it *was* a day fatal to both.* Thus I regard the 20th of March, 1815, as the termination of the grand military and political existence of Napoleon Bonaparte. Here we must stop,—for his last great day was accomplished! Waterloo was the tomb of all that had escaped the sabre of the Cossacks and the cannon of the Austrians and Russians. Thus was engulfed our national honour, weighed down by infamous treasons. Waterloo came upon us like a flame kindled in hell, and destroyed our fortune—our glory—our all!—even hope. Oh, Waterloo! Waterloo! No! I will not dwell on that horrible day. I will not divulge that which I *know*. I will not publish the disgrace of a French name. I will not tell that the battle *might* have been gained, yet *was* not. In such a case silence is duty.

The 20th of March, then, is the day whereon, in these Memoirs, I quit Napoleon. I have conducted him, as it were, by the hand, almost from his cradle to mature age, through the world, which rang with his marvellous deeds, and unto this day, when, more surprising than ever, he re-entered alone, at the head of a few brave men, the palace conquered by his sword—whence he issued to front entire Europe, armed against him.

Let us pause awhile on the recollection of so many great actions—so many brilliant achievements. Even yet we may bow before a destiny not resembled by any other. I review it with a sentiment profoundly religious. Napoleon was to France, from 1795 to 1814, a tutelary Providence—a light which will shine during ages to come. Under gilded ceilings or roofs of thatch this truth will always be proclaimed and recognised; and I am happy that my name should be attached to this relation of events designed to perpetuate the memory of that epoch.

* For a very circumstantial and interesting narrative of the "Hundred Days," and of the subsequent events of Napoleon's life, we refer our readers to the 4th volume of Bourrienne's Memoirs of Bonaparte (London, 1836).

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